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REVISED EDITION.

CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY

OF

USEFUL & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

VOLUME VI.

W. & R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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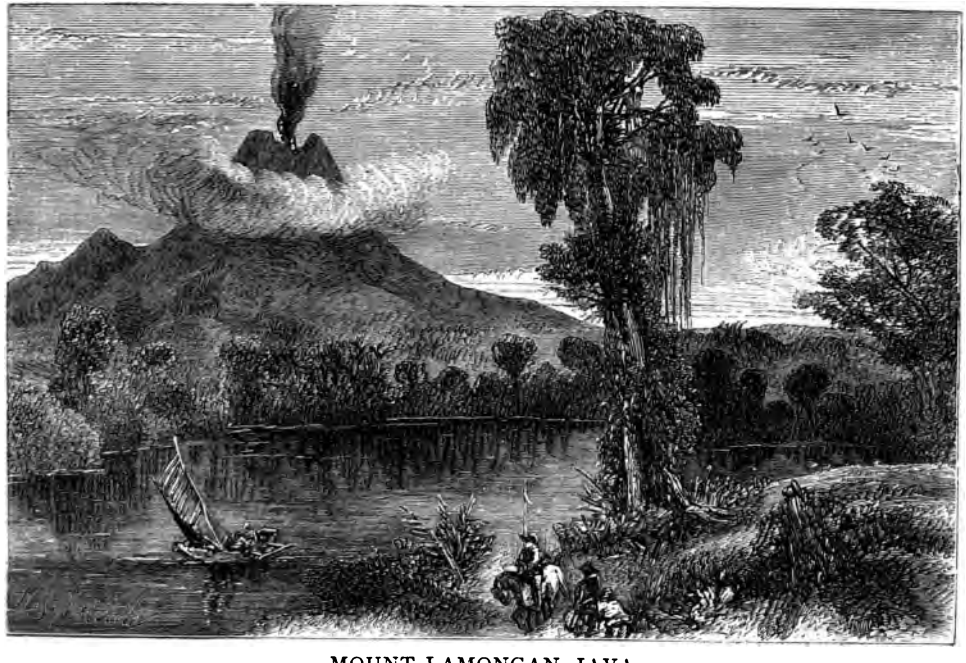

MOUNT LAMONGAN, JAVA.

CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. VI.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

W. AND R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH
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A LOVE of maritime enterprise is one of those well-known characteristics of British youth which have led to innumerable instances of daring intrepidity on the seas around our coasts, as well as the most distant parts of the ocean. This quality of mind, to which Britain owes so much of her supremacy in the scale of nations, has been seldom more strikingly manifested than in the case of Captain Cook, a man who, from the humblest rank in life, and after encountering the difficulties which usually lie in the path of a sailor, rose, by dint of good behaviour, intelligence, and the energy of his character, to the highest honours of his profession. As an inspiring page in general

biography, we offer a sketch of the life of this distinguished individual.

JAMES COOK was born in a mud hut at Marton, in the north riding of Yorkshire, 27th October 1728. His father was an agricultural servant, who, with his wife, bore a most unexceptionable character for honesty and industry. The village schoolmistress taught the boy to read; but at eight years of age, his father, through his good conduct, was appointed to be bailiff of a farm near Great Ayton, belonging to Thomas Skottowe, Esq., who at his own expense put James to a day-school in that town, where he was taught writing and the first rules in arithmetic. The predilection of the lad inclined him for the sea; but as this stood contrary to the wishes of his parents, he was soon after his twelfth year apprenticed to William Sanderson, a general dealer in haberdashery, grocery, hardware, &c. at Staith, upon the coast, about ten miles north of Whitby. The youth's mind, however, continued more occupied upon maritime affairs than anything else, and though he faithfully discharged his duty to his master, he longed to be at sea. An opportunity occurred to favour his desires. Mr Sanderson cancelled his indentures, and left him to pursue his inclinations. Thus freed, he bound himself to Messrs John and Henry Walker, who owned the *Freelove*, in which Cook embarked. She was principally engaged in the coal-trade, but made a voyage or two to the north; and when his time was out, the youngster still continued to serve as a foremast-man till he was made mate of one of Mr John Walker's ships. During this period he evinced no particular marks of genius. His associates, however, were not exactly the class of persons to observe the real bent of his mind; they thought him taciturn, and sometimes sullen; but this doubtless arose from his studious habits, and endeavours to acquire knowledge. As for practical seamanship, there could be no better school than a collier.

When in his twenty-seventh year, war broke out between England and France, and Cook, who was then in the Thames, tried to escape the pressgang, which was sweeping the river of every seaman that could be picked up. This restraint, however, did not meet his views; he looked upon the service of his country as honourable, and at once entered for the *Eagle*, of 60 guns, commanded by Captain Hamer, who, a few months afterwards, was superseded by Captain (subsequently Sir Hugh) Palliser. The young man's steady conduct and seamanlike qualities soon attracted this officer's attention. His knowledge of the coasts was excellent; and Mr Skottowe having applied to Mr Osbaldeston, M.P. for Scarborough, to exert his influence to raise Cook to the quarter-deck, by the joint interest of this gentleman with Captain Palliser, a warrant as master was obtained on 10th May 1759, James being then in his thirty-first year. He joined the *Grampus*, but she had a master already; he was then appointed to the *Garland*, but she was abroad; and eventually he

sailed in the *Mercury*, to join the fleet under Sir Charles Saunders, then engaged in conjunction with General Wolfe in the reduction of Quebec. Here the peculiar talents of Mr Cook were called into active operation. The buoys in the navigation of the St Lawrence had all been removed by the French at the first appearance of the English fleet, and it was essentially necessary that a survey should be made of the channels, and correct soundings obtained, to enable the ships to keep clear of the numerous shoals. By the recommendation of his old commander, Captain Palliser, this onerous duty was confided to Mr Cook, who readily undertook it in a barge belonging to a 74. This could only be executed in many parts during the darkness of the night, on account of the enemy; and he experienced a narrow escape one night when detected, his boat having been boarded by Indians in the pay of the French, and carried off in triumph, he and his companions getting away just in time to save their lives and scalps. Through Mr Cook's judicious arrangements, the fleet reached the island of Orleans in safety; and he afterwards surveyed and made a chart of the St Lawrence, which, together with sailing directions for that river, were published in London.

On his return from Quebec, Mr Cook was appointed master of the *Northumberland*, under Lord Colville, who was stationed as commodore at Halifax. Here he enjoyed much leisure during the winter; but instead of frittering it away in the frivolous or worse amusements of a seaport, he diligently employed it in studies suitable to his profession. No sailor can possibly advance beyond the rank of an ordinary seaman unless he be acquainted with the theory as well as the practice of navigation; and to gain this knowledge, he must attain a certain proficiency in mathematics. Aware of this, Cook began by gaining an accurate knowledge of Euclid's *Elements of Plane Geometry;* and proceeded thence to the higher branches of mathematical study, including nautical astronomy. By these means he learned to take astronomical observations, to calculate a ship's progress, and to ascertain the degree of latitude and longitude at any given spot on the trackless ocean. In short, he became an accomplished mariner, ready for any office of trust. Besides improving himself in these useful branches of education, he possessed sufficient tact to cultivate urbanity of manner, and to gain the confidence and esteem of his acquaintance. This was a point of some consequence; for intellectual acquirements, without a polite and high moral bearing, are of small avail in the general intercourse of the world, and, personally, may do more harm than good. It is gratifying to know that Cook aimed at gentlemanly behaviour not less than skill in his profession; and to this commendable effort—which the most humble may practise—is perhaps owing not a little of his future success in life.

In 1762 the *Northumberland* was ordered to Newfoundland, to

assist in the recapture of that island; and here the talents and assiduity of our hero were again conspicuous. Greatly improved by his winter's studies, he was now still more able to make nautical surveys, and these he carried on to a considerable extent on the coast of Newfoundland; laying down bearings, marking headlands and soundings, and otherwise placing on record many facts which proved highly advantageous to future voyagers, especially those engaged in fishing speculations.

Towards the close of this year (1762), Mr Cook returned to England, and was married at Barking, in Essex, to Miss Elizabeth Batts, who has been spoken of as a truly amiable and excellent woman. In the following year, through the intervention of Captain (afterwards Admiral) Graves, the governor of Newfoundland, who was well acquainted with Cook's worth, he was appointed to survey the whole coast of that island, which he accomplished with great ability, as well as Miquelon and St Pierre, which had been ceded to the French. Cook then returned to England, but did not remain long. His constant friend, Sir Hugh Palliser, assumed the command at Newfoundland, and took Mr Cook with him, bearing the appointment of marine surveyor, and a schooner was directed to attend upon him in his aquatic excursions. His charts and observations, particularly on astronomy, brought him into correspondence with the members of the Royal Society; and some scientific observations on the eclipse of the sun were inserted in the 57th volume of the *Philosophical Transactions.*

Here may be said to close the first chapter in Cook's life. We have traced him from the humble home of his father, an obscure peasant, through the early part of his career, till his thirty-fourth year, at which time he had gained a footing among the most learned men in England. The youthful aspirant will observe that this enviable point had not been reached without patient study. Cook could have gained no acquaintanceship with members of the Royal Society, nor could he have placed himself in the way of promotion, had he been contented to remain an illiterate seaman.

FIRST VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

Prepared by diligent self-culture, Cook was ready for any enterprise which circumstances might bring in his way. The project of a voyage of discovery, involving certain important astronomical observations, fortunately came under discussion while he was in a state of hesitation as to his future movements. The principal object of the expedition was to observe a transit of the planet Venus over the face of the sun, which could only be done somewhere in the Pacific or Southern Ocean. The transit was to happen in June 1769. The Royal Society, as interested in the phenomenon for the sake of science, applied to George III. to fit out an expedition suitable to

take the observations. The request was complied with; and no other man being so well calculated to take the command, it was given to Cook. The appointment was quite to the mind of our hero, and he was soon ready for sea. He received the commission of a lieutenant from his majesty, and the *Endeavour*, of 370 tons, was placed at his disposal. About this time, Captain Wallis returned from his voyage of discovery, and reported Otaheite (now called Tahiti) to be the most eligible spot for the undertaking. That island was therefore fixed upon for the observation. Mr Charles Green undertook the astronomical department, and Mr Banks (afterwards Sir Joseph) and Dr Solander, purely through a love of science, and at great expense to themselves, obtained permission to accompany the expedition.

The *Endeavour* was victualled for eighteen months, armed with twelve carriage guns and twelve swivels, and manned with a complement of 84 seamen. Every requisite preparation was made for such a voyage that human foresight could suggest; trinkets and other things were put on board to trade with the natives; and on the 26th August 1768 they sailed from Plymouth Sound for the hitherto but little explored South Seas. On the 13th September they anchored in Funchal Roads, Madeira, and here commenced the researches and inquiries of the men of science. From hence they departed on the night of the 18th; and falling short of water and provisions on the Brazil coast, they put into the beautiful harbour of Rio Janeiro on the 13th November. The viceroy of this fine city could make nothing of the scientific intentions of the English, and was exceedingly troublesome and annoying. When told that they were bound to the South Seas to observe the transit of Venus, he could form no other conception of the matter than that it was the passing of the north star through the south pole. Numerous difficulties were thrown in the way of the departure of the voyagers after they had victualled and watered; and when they sailed, shots were fired at them from the fort of Santa Cruz, a heavy battery at the entrance of the harbour; and on inquiry, Mr Cook ascertained that the pass for the *Endeavour* had not been sent from the city. A spirited remonstrance was made, and the viceroy apologised.

On the 7th December the voyagers finally quitted this place, and on the 14th January 1769 entered the Strait of Le Maire, where the sea was running tremendously high, and on the following day anchored in the Bay of Good Success. Although the season was extremely inclement, yet the love of botany induced Mr Banks, Dr Solander, Mr Monkhouse, the surgeon, and Mr Green, the astronomer, to ascend the mountains in search of plants. They took with them their attendants and servants, with two seamen; and after suffering severe hardships from the cold and the torpor it produced, they got back to the ship on the second day, leaving two black men, who had

accompanied them, dead from the extreme severity of the weather. They could not be got on, but lay down to rest, and slept the sleep of death. Dr Solander with great difficulty was saved; for although the first to warn others against the danger of reposing, yet he was eventually himself so overcome, that great exertion was required to force him along. They found the inhabitants on the coasts of this strait a wretched set of beings, with scarcely any covering; dwelling in hovels made of sticks and grass, that offered no obstruction to the entrance of the wind, the snow, and the rain. They wandered about, picking up a scanty subsistence wherever they could, though they had not a single implement to dress their fish when caught, or any other food: still, they appeared to be contented; and the only things they coveted from the English were beads and useless trinkets.

On the 26th January the *Endeavour* took her departure from Cape Horn, and before March 1, had run 660 leagues. Several islands were discovered in their progress, most of which were supposed to be inhabited; and their beautiful verdure and delightful appearance were highly gratifying to the sea-worn mariners. On the 11th April they came in sight of Otaheite, and two days after anchored in Port Royal (Matavai), where the scientific gentlemen landed, and fixed upon a spot to serve them for an observatory. The natives displayed much friendship; but, to prevent collision, Mr Cook drew up a code of regulations by which communication and traffic were to be carried on. A tent was erected on the site proposed—the natives keeping outside a marked boundary—and a midshipman with thirteen marines were placed over it as guards. As soon as this was accomplished, the party proceeded to examine the interior of the island; but soon after their departure, one of the natives snatched away the musket of the sentry. The marines were ordered to fire, and the thief was shot dead. This greatly alarmed the natives; but in a day or two they again became familiarised and friendly. Mr Cook proceeded to erect a fort round the observatory, and mounted six swivel guns, which caused apprehensions amongst the chiefs; but the natives assisted in the works; and the commander displayed his sense of justice by publicly flogging the butcher for having attempted or threatened the life of a wife of one of the chiefs, who was particularly favourable to the English. On the first stroke of the lash, the natives earnestly solicited that the man should be forgiven; but Mr Cook deemed the example essential, and inflicted the whole punishment, greatly to the pain and regret of the compassionate Indians, many of whom shed tears.

As soon as the fort was completed, and the astronomical instruments were landed, they sought for the quadrant by which the transit was to be observed, but it was nowhere to be found. Diligent search was made, and a reward offered, but without success; and it was feared that the object of their long and arduous

voyage would remain unaccomplished. At length, through the judicious intervention of Mr Banks, the quadrant was recovered from the natives who had stolen it, and with great joy set up in its place. The approach of the time of observation produced anxiety and excitement; and hoping that the atmosphere would be clear and favourable, as well as to make assurance sure, Mr Cook established two other observatories—one on the island of Eimeo, under Mr Banks, and the other to the eastward of the main observatory, under Mr Hicks (the master). The morning of the 3d June was ushered in with a cloudless sky, and at the fort the transit was observed in the most satisfactory manner. The success of their enterprise was highly gratifying to the voyagers; but their pleasure was somewhat damped by the violence which at times was engendered between the natives and the seamen, the former of whom proved to be dexterous thieves. But Mr Cook would not allow the plunderers to be fired upon, as he considered the issue of life and death to be of too important a nature to be intrusted to a sentinel, without any form of trial or show of equity; nor did he deem a petty theft as meriting so severe a punishment. On one occasion, however, he seized upon all their fishing canoes, fully laden; and though, from motives of humanity, he gave up the fish, yet he detained the vessels, under a hope that several articles which had been pilfered would be restored. But in this he was mistaken; for nothing of value was given up, and ultimately he released the canoes. Mr Cook and Mr Banks circumnavigated the island, and visited many villages, where they renewed acquaintance with the several chiefs. Exploring parties were also sent into the interior; and Mr Banks planted the seeds of water-melons, oranges, lemons, limes, and other plants and trees which he had collected for the purpose (some of which are now in rich perfection); and it was ascertained that parts of the island manifested appearances of subterranean fire.

On the 7th July the carpenters began to dismantle the fort preparatory to departure, and on the 13th the ship weighed anchor. Tupia, one of the principal natives, and chief priest of the country, with a boy of thirteen, having obtained permission from Mr Cook to embark for England, they took an affecting and affectionate leave of their friends. Few places possess more seductive influences than Otaheite. The climate is delightful, the productions of the earth bountiful and almost spontaneous, and the people, at that time at least, though addicted to pilfering, simple, kind-hearted, and hospitable.

After quitting Otaheite, the *Endeavour* visited the islands Huaheine, Ulietea (now Raiatea), Otaha, and Bolabola, where Mr Cook purchased various articles of food. They also anchored at Owharre, and exchanged friendly gifts with the natives; and presents of English medals, &c. with inscriptions, were made to the king, Oree. Ulietea had been conquered by the king of Bolabola, but

he received the English with considerable courtesy. These visits occupied rather more than three weeks; and Ulietea, Otaha, Bolabola, Huaheine, Tabai, and Mawrua, as they lay contiguous to each other, were named by Mr Cook the Society Islands.

In their intercourse with the natives of these places (all of whom more or less resembled the Otaheitans in manners and habits), they were greatly assisted by Tupia, who was very proud of the power possessed by his new friends. On the 9th August, the *Endeavour* quitted Ulietea, and on the 13th made the island Oheteroa, where they attempted to land; but the natives displayed so much hostility, that Mr Cook deemed it best to desist, and proceeded on his way to the southward in search of a supposed continent. On the 25th they celebrated the anniversary of their departure from England, and on the 30th they observed a comet; it was just above the horizon, to the eastward, at one A.M.; and about half-past four, when it passed the meridian, its tail subtended an angle of forty-five degrees. Tupia declared that its appearance would be the signal for the warriors of Bolabola to attack the Ulieteans and drive them to the mountains. The vessel was now proceeding in a south-westerly direction from the Pacific towards New Zealand, Cook designing to return by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and thus circumnavigate the globe. On the 6th October, land was discovered, which proved to be a part of New Zealand; where, having anchored, an attempt was made to open a communication with the natives, but without effect. Their hostile menaces and actions were all of a decidedly warlike nature, and it was only when they felt the superiority of firearms, of which they seemed to have been in ignorance, that they desisted from attacks. Tupia addressed them to be peaceable, and they understood his language; but he could not prevail upon them to put confidence in the English. A conflict took place, in which some of the New Zealanders were rather unnecessarily killed, and three boys were taken prisoners, who were treated with much kindness. As the place afforded nothing that the voyagers wanted, Mr Cook named it Poverty Bay. The boys were dismissed, and the treatment they had experienced induced some of the New Zealanders to come off to the ship; but it appeared almost impossible to conciliate any one of them for long. Armed parties in large canoes assembled, and paddled off to the *Endeavour*, under pretext of trading, but in reality to plunder; and in various instances it was deemed essentially necessary to fire upon them. They also seized Tayeto, Tupia's boy, but were compelled to relinquish their prey through the effects of a musket-ball; and the lad, taking advantage, leaped from the canoe, in which he had been held down, and swam back to the ship. Whilst standing along the coast, they fell in with the largest canoe they had yet seen: her length was 68½ feet, her breadth 5 feet, and her depth 3 feet 6 inches. About this time the *Endeavour* narrowly

escaped being wrecked on the rocks that lay some distance from the land; but by the skill and judgment of Mr Cook, the danger was avoided. On the 9th November, Lieutenant Cook, accompanied by Mr Green, landed with the necessary instruments to observe the transit of Mercury over the sun's disc, and this they performed to their entire satisfaction.

On the 5th December, whilst turning out of the Bay of Islands, it fell calm; and the *Endeavour* drifted so close to the shore, that notwithstanding the incessant roar of the breakers, they could converse with the natives on the beach. The pinnace was got out to tow the vessel's head round; but none expected to escape destruction, when a light land-breeze sprang up, and gradually they got clear from their perilous situation—the ground was too foul to anchor. About an hour afterwards, just as the man heaving the lead sang out 'Seventeen fathoms,' she struck on a sunken rock with force; but the swell washed her over, and she was again in deep water. On the 30th December they made the land, which they judged to be Cape Maria Van Diemen; and on the 14th January 1770, anchored in a snug cove in Queen Charlotte's Sound, to refit the ship and clean her bottom. Here they caught a great quantity of fish by means of the seine—at one time not less than three hundredweight at two hauls. They also found an excellent stream of fresh water. In one of their researches they discovered an 'Indian' family; and it is related that they had indisputable proofs of the custom of eating human flesh. The place they were in is described as very delightful; and Mr Cook took several opportunities of obtaining views from the high hills, and examining the nearest coast. The inhabitants were friendly disposed, and everywhere received the English with hospitality. Mr Cook selected a favourable spot, on which he erected a pole, and having hoisted the union-jack, named the place Queen Charlotte's Sound, in honour of her majesty. Coins and spike-nails were given to the 'Indian' spectators; and after drinking the queen's health in wine, the empty bottle was bestowed upon the man who had carried it when full, with which he was much delighted.

On the 5th February he quitted this part of New Zealand, and proceeded to explore three or four islands in that locality, giving names to capes, headlands, rocks, &c. But this was not accomplished without considerable peril, on account of the strength of the currents. To one place he gave the name of Admiralty Bay, where he took in wood and filled his water-casks, and sailed again on the 31st March, intending to return home by way of the East Indies. On the 19th April they came in sight of New Holland (or New South Wales, as it is now called), and anchored in Botany Bay on the 28th, where they landed, but contrary to the will of two or three natives, who attacked the English with their lances, but on the firing of muskets, fled. The voyagers left beads and trinkets

in the huts of the natives, and during the time they remained at that place they were untouched. The inhabitants seemed utterly regardless of the ship, though they could never have seen such a spectacle before. Here they caught a fish called a string-ray, which, after the entrails were taken out, weighed 336 pounds.

Mr Cook prosecuted his discoveries in New South Wales with zeal and energy over a track of 1300 miles; but on the 10th June, near Trinity Bay, the *Endeavour* struck on a reef of coral rocks, and was compelled to start her water, throw her guns overboard, and use every mode to lighten the vessel; but with four pumps at work, they could not keep her free; and every soul, though struggling hard for life, yet prepared for that death which now appeared to be inevitable. Upon these rocks the ship remained for nearly forty-eight hours, her sheathing ripped off, and the very timbers nearly rubbed through: by great exertion, however, she was got afloat at high tide, and it was found that she made no more water than when aground; and the men, by working incessantly at the pumps, kept her afloat. At the suggestion of Mr Monkhouse, a sail was fothered (that is, pieces of oakum and other light materials were slightly stitched to it), and being hauled under the ship's bottom, the loose pieces were sucked into the leaks, and in a great measure stopped the holes, so that they were enabled to keep the water in the hold under with only one pump. On the morning of the 17th, after running aground twice, they got into a convenient harbour for repairing their damages; and here, when the vessel was hove down, they found a large piece of rock in the ship's bottom, firmly jammed in the hole it had made, so as to exclude the sea, and which, if it had fallen out, must have proved fatal to all.

About this time the scurvy broke out amongst them, and attacked indiscriminately both officers and men; but the quantity of fish that was caught, allowing each man two pounds and a half per day, together with turtle and herbs, somewhat checked its progress. Three of the turtle caught weighed together 791 pounds. The natives took but little notice of the voyagers at first, but afterwards became familiar; and on one occasion, when refused something which they wanted, one of them seized a firebrand, and going to windward of the place where the armourer was at work, set fire to the high grass, so that every part of the smith's forge that would burn was destroyed. A musket-ball was fired at them, and they ran away. The fire was repeated in the woods shortly afterwards, but without injury, as the stores and powder that had been landed were already on board. The hills all round burned fiercely for several nights.

It must here be mentioned that the injuries sustained by the vessel proved destructive to many valuable specimens that had been collected by Mr Banks, which had been put for security in the bread-room, but the salt water saturating a great portion, they were

utterly spoiled. The place where they refitted was named by Mr Cook Endeavour River. Its entrance for many miles was surrounded with shoals, and the channels between them were very intricate. On the 4th August they quitted their anchorage, and it was not till the 24th that they got clear of the reefs and sandbanks. After another narrow escape from being wrecked, they made New Guinea on the 3d September, where they anchored, and went on shore; but the hostility of the natives, who resembled those of New South Wales, prevented intercourse. They used a sort of combustible material that ignited without any report. The land looked rich and luxurious in vegetation, and the cocoa-nut, the bread-fruit, and the plantain trees flourished in the highest perfection. Mr Cook made sail to the westward, contrary to the wish of his people, who wanted to cut down the trees to get their fruit, but which, through humanity to the natives, he would not permit. In pursuing their voyage, they fell in with islands which were not upon the charts, and passed Timor and others, intending to run for Java: on the 17th they saw a beautiful island, and found Dutch residents, with cattle and sheep. The crew of the *Endeavour* had suffered many privations and hardships, and the scurvy was making havoc among them, so that they complained of their commander not having put in at Timor; but now they obtained nine buffaloes, six sheep, three hogs, thirty dozen of fowls, &c. with several hundred gallons of palm syrup. This was the island Savu, and the natives are spoken of as highly pure in their morals and integrity, and their land a perfect paradise.

On the 21st Mr Cook again sailed, and on the 1st October came within sight of Java, and on the 9th brought up in Batavia Roads, where they found the *Harcourt* East Indiaman, and once more enjoyed the pleasure of communicating with their countrymen, and obtaining news from home. As it was deemed necessary to re-examine the *Endeavour's* bottom, preparations were made for that purpose. Tupia and his boy Tayeto were almost mad with delight on viewing the display of European manners on shore; but sickness assailed all who resided in the city, and the two Indians became its victims. In about six weeks there were buried Mr Spearing, assistant to Mr Banks; Mr Parkinson, artist; Mr Green, astronomer; the boatswain, the carpenter and his mate, Mr Monkhouse and another midshipman, the sailmaker and his assistant, the ship's cook, the corporal of marines, and eleven seamen.

On the 27th December the *Endeavour*, being completed, stood out to sea, and on the 5th January 1771 anchored at Prince's Island, but sailed again on the 15th for the Cape of Good Hope, where she arrived on the 15th March. On the 14th April, Mr Cook resumed his voyage home, touched at St Helena (1st May to 4th), made the Lizard on the 10th June, and anchored the next day in the Downs, where Mr Cook left her.

The arrival of Mr Cook, and the publication of sketches of his voyage, produced earnest desires to ascertain the full extent of his discoveries. Unknown parts had been explored; vast additions were made to geographical and scientific knowledge; the productions of various countries, together with the manners, habits, and customs of the natives, excited universal curiosity and deep interest; so that, when Dr Hawkesworth's account of the voyage, from the papers of Mr Cook and Mr Banks, was published, it was eagerly bought up at a large price. The astronomical observations threw much information on the theory of the heavenly bodies; navigation had eminently proved its vast capabilities: it had been in a great measure determined that no southern continent existed, or at least that neither New Zealand nor New South Wales were parts of such a continent; and most interesting accounts were given of the places visited and the perils encountered.

Mr Cook was promoted to the rank of Commander; the Royal Society honoured him with especial favour and notice; and his society was courted by men of talent and research, eager for information. His worthy patrons, Sir Charles Saunders and Sir Hugh Palliser, were gratified to find their recommendations had been so well supported; the Earl of Sandwich, then at the head of the Admiralty Board, paid him considerable attention; and his majesty George III. treated him with more than ordinary consideration. Captain Cook enjoyed sufficient to make him proud; but he was too humble in mind, too modest in disposition, and too diffident in manners, to cherish one atom of unbecoming self-estimation.

SECOND VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

The idea of the existence of a southern continent, or, as the learned called it, *Terra Australis Incognita*, had existed for more than two centuries; and though Cook had sailed over many parts where it was said to be situated, without seeing land, yet his first voyage did not altogether destroy the expectation that it might yet be found. Besides, his discoveries in the South Seas had whetted the public appetite for still further knowledge on the subject. The king, well pleased with what had been done, wished more to be accomplished; and accordingly, two stout ships built at Hull were purchased—the *Resolution*, of 462 tons, commanded by Captain Cook, with a complement of 112 persons; and the *Adventure*, of 336 tons, commanded by Tobias Furneaux, with a crew, including officers, of 81 souls. These appointments took place on 28th November 1771, and the most active exertions were immediately called into operation to fit them for the undertaking. Experience had taught Captain Cook what was most essential and requisite for such a voyage; not only for the comforts and preservation of his people from scurvy, not only for commerce with the natives, but

cattle and seeds of various kinds, and numerous things which philanthropy suggested, were shipped for the purpose of spreading the advantages of propagation and fertility amongst the South Sea Islands; the benefits of which have since been experienced by other voyagers in an eminent degree. The Admiralty engaged Mr W. Hodges as landscape-painter; Mr J. R. Forster and son were appointed to collect specimens of natural history; and Mr Wales in the *Resolution*, and Mr Bayley in the *Adventure*, were sent by the Board of Longitude to superintend astronomical observations, for which they were furnished with admirable instruments and four excellent time-pieces.

The instructions given to Captain Cook were: 'To circumnavigate the whole globe in high southern latitudes, making traverses from time to time into every part of the Pacific Ocean that had not undergone previous investigation, and to use his best endeavours to resolve the much agitated question of the existence of a southern continent.'

On the 13th July 1772 the two vessels quitted Plymouth, and after touching at Madeira for wine, and at the Cape de Verds for water, crossed the line with a brisk south-west wind, and anchored in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 30th October. Here Captain Cook ascertained that the French were prosecuting discoveries in the South Seas, and that, about eight months before, two French ships had sailed about forty miles along land in the latitude of 48 degrees, but had been driven off by a gale of wind. He also learned that two others had recently left Mauritius for a similar purpose. On the 22d November Captain Cook took leave of Table Bay, and pursued his voyage for Cape Circumcision, but encountered very severe gales, which destroyed much of the live-stock, and the people experienced great inconvenience from the intensity of the cold. The judicious management of the commander, however, prevented any fatal result. Warm clothing was given to the men; the decks below were kept well dried and ventilated, as well as warmed; and an addition was made to the issue of grog. On the 10th December they fell in with immense icebergs, some two miles in circuit at the edge of the water, and about sixty feet in height, over which the sea was breaking with tremendous violence. On the 14th the ships were stopped by a field of low ice, to which no end could be seen, either east, west, or south. On the 18th they got clear of this obstruction, but continued amongst the fields and bergs, with heavy gales of wind, till the 1st January 1773, when it was clear enough to see the moon, which they had only done once before since quitting the Cape; the fogs had been so impenetrable as to obscure the heavens. Various indications had induced a belief that land was not far distant, and Captain Cook had as near as possible pursued a course for the supposed Cape Circumcision. By the 17th January they had reached the latitude of 67° 15'

south, where they found the ice closely packed from east to west-south-west, and further progress debarred, unless by running the hazard of getting blocked up, as the summer in this part of the world was rapidly passing away. The captain therefore desisted from penetrating further to the south, and returned northerly, to look for the asserted recently discovered land of the French. On the 1st February they were in latitude 48° 30′ south, and longitude 58° 7′ east, where it was stated to have been seen; but nothing of the kind presented itself to view. He traversed this part of the ocean with similar results; and during a dense fog, parted company with the *Adventure*. On the 23d they were in latitude 61° 52′ south, and longitude 95° 2′ east; the weather thick and stormy, and the ship surrounded by drifting ice. Captain Cook therefore stood to the north in a hard gale with a heavy sea, which broke up the mountains of ice, and rendered them, by their numbers, still more dangerous, especially in the long dark nights. On the 13th and 14th March the astronomers got observations which shewed the latitude to be 58° 22′ south, and the longitude 136° 22′ east, whilst the watches shewed the latter to be 134° 42′ east. Captain Cook had become convinced he had left no continent south of him, and consequently shaped a course for New Zealand, to refresh his men, refit his ship, and look for the *Adventure*. He made the land, and anchored in Dusky Bay on the 26th March, after having been 117 days at sea, and traversed 3660 leagues without seeing any land; whilst during the whole time, through the arrangements and supplies of Captain Cook, scarcely a single case of scurvy occurred. From Dusky Bay they removed to another anchorage, where fish were plentifully caught, and the woods abounded with wild-fowl; timber and fire-wood were close at hand, and a fine stream of fresh water within a hundred yards of the ship's stern. This place was named Pickersgill Harbour, in honour of the lieutenant who discovered it. The workmen erected tents for the forge, the carpenters, the sailmakers, coopers, and others, and a spot was selected for an observatory. Some tolerably good beer was manufactured from the branches and leaves of a tree resembling the American black spruce, mixed with the inspissated juice of wort and molasses.

On the 28th some of the natives visited them, and though at first shy, a friendly intercourse was subsequently established. Captain Cook surveyed Dusky Bay, where, in retired spots, he planted seeds, and left several geese. They also caught a number of seals, from which they procured a supply of oil. On the 11th May they quitted this place for Queen Charlotte's Sound, and on the 17th it fell perfectly calm, and they had an opportunity of seeing no less than six waterspouts, one of which passed within fifty yards of the *Resolution*. The next day they made the Sound, where the *Adventure* had already arrived, and great was the joy at meeting.

On the 4th June they celebrated the birthday of George III.; and a chief and his family, consisting of ninety persons, were shewn the gardens which had been made, which they promised to continue in cultivation. A male and female goat were put on shore on the east side of the Sound, and a boar and two sows near Cannibal Cove, which it was hoped would not be molested.

On the 17th June the ships sailed, and on the 29th July the crew of the *Adventure* manifested rather alarming symptoms of a sickly state. The cook died, and about twenty of her best men were incapable of duty through scurvy and flux; whilst at this period only three men were sick in the *Resolution*, and but one of these with the scurvy. The difference was attributed to the people of the former ship not having fed much upon celery, scurvy-grass, and other greens, whilst at Queen Charlotte's Sound. On the 1st August they were in the supposed position of Pitcairn's Island, laid down by Captain Carteret in 1767; but as its longitude was incorrectly stated, they did not see it, but must have passed it about fifteen leagues to the westward. On the 6th of August the ships got the advantage of the trade-winds at south-east, being at that time in latitude 19° 36′ south, and longitude 131° 32′ west. The captain directed his course west-north-west, passed a number of islands and rocks, which he named the Dangerous Archipelago, and on the 15th August came in sight of Osnaburgh Island, or Maitea, which had been discovered by Captain Wallis, and sail was immediately made for Otaheite, which they saw the same evening.

On the 17th the ships anchored in Oaiti-piha Bay, and the natives immediately crowded on board with fruits and roots, which were exchanged for nails and beads; and presents of shirts, axes, &c. were made to several who called themselves chiefs. Their thieving propensities, however, could not be restrained; and some articles of value having been stolen, Captain Cook turned the whole of them out of the ship, and then fired musketry over their heads, to shew them the hazard which they ran. It is worthy of remark, that though Tupia was well known to the islanders, yet very few inquired what had become of him; and those who did, on being informed that he was dead, expressed neither sorrow, suspicion, nor surprise; but every one anxiously asked for Mr Banks and others who had accompanied Captain Cook in his former voyage. With respect to the Otaheitans, considerable changes had occurred. Toutaha, the regent of the great peninsula of that island, had been slain in battle about five months before the *Resolution's* arrival, and Otoo was now the reigning chief. Several others friendly to the English had fallen; but Otoo manifested much friendship for them. A few days subsequent to their anchoring in the bay, a marine died; the rest of the men, who had laboured under sickness and scorbutic weakness, very soon recovered, through the supplies of fresh meat and vegetables.

On the 24th the ships got under weigh, and the next evening,

anchored in Matavai Bay, where the decks became excessively crowded by natives, who had visited them the voyage previous. On the following day Captain Cook went to Oparre to see Otoo, whom he describes as a fine well-made man, six feet high, and about thirty years of age. He was not, however, very courageous, for he declined accompanying the captain on board the *Resolution*, as he was 'afraid of the guns.' The observatory was fitted up, the sick were landed, as well as a guard of marines, and the natives brought hogs and fruits to barter. Some disturbance that took place through two or three marines behaving rudely to the women, caused at the time considerable alarm; but the men were seized and punished, and tranquillity restored.

Everything being ready for sea, on the 1st September the ships quitted Matavai Bay, and visited the other islands. At Owharre, the chief brought the presents he had received from Captain Cook on the previous voyage, to shew that he had treasured them. He also behaved very generously in sending the best fruits and vegetables that could be procured for the captain's table. The intercourse with the natives was proceeding very quietly, when, on the 6th, without any provocation, a man assailed Captain Cook with a club at the landing-place; and Mr Sparrman, who had gone into the woods to botanise, was stripped and beaten. The 'Indians' expressed great contrition for this outrage; and the king, on being informed of it, not only wept aloud, but placed himself under the entire control of the English, and went with them in search of the stolen articles. His subjects endeavoured to prevent this, but his sister encouraged him; and not meeting with success, Oree insisted on being taken on board the *Resolution* to remain as a hostage. He dined with Captain Cook, and was afterwards landed by that officer, to the great joy of the people, who brought in hogs and fruits, and soon filled two boats. The only thing recovered belonging to Mr Sparrman was his hanger. The next day the ships unmoored, and put to sea for Huaheine, where they remained a short time, and received on board a native named Omai, who afterwards figured much in England.

The inhabitants of the Society Islands generally manifested great timidity; on some occasions they offered human sacrifices to a supreme being. The voyagers quitted this part of the world on the 17th, and sailed to the westward, and gave the name of Harvey's Island to land they discovered on the 23d. It was in 19° 18′ south, and 158° 4′ west. By 1st October they reached Middleburg, and were welcomed with loud acclamations by the natives. Barter commenced; but the people ashore seemed more desirous to give than to receive, and threw into the boats whole bales of cloth, without asking or waiting for anything in return. After leaving some garden-seeds and other useful things, the ships proceeded to Amsterdam, where they met a similar reception; but Captain Cook putting a stop to the purchase of curiosities and cloth, the natives brought off pigs,

fowls, and fruits in abundance, which they exchanged for spike-nails. The island was extensively cultivated; there appeared to be not an inch of waste ground; and the fertility of the soil was excellent. Captain Cook paid a visit to the head chief, who was seated, and seemed to be in a sort of idiotic stupor, nor did he take the slightest notice of the captain or any one else. The inhabitants of these islands are described as being of good shape, regular features, brisk and lively; particularly the women, who were constantly merry and cheerful. Most of the people had lost one or both of their little fingers, but no reason could be gathered as to the cause of amputation.

The voyage was renewed on the 7th October; and on the 21st they came in sight of New Zealand, eight or ten leagues from Table Cape, when Captain Cook presented the chief with two boars, two sows, four hens, two cocks, and a great variety of seeds—wheat, peas, beans, cabbage, turnips, onions, &c., and a spike-nail about ten inches in length, with which latter he seemed to be more delighted than with all the rest put together. After beating about the coast in a variety of tempestuous weather, the *Resolution* anchored in Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte's Sound, on the 3d November; but the *Adventure* was separated from them in a heavy gale, and was never seen or heard of during the remainder of the voyage. In this place they made the best use of the means they possessed to repair the damage they had sustained; but, on examining the stock of bread, ascertained that 4992 pounds were totally unfit for use, and other 3000 pounds in such a state of decay that none but persons situated as our voyagers were could have eaten it. On inquiry after the animals left on the island by Captain Cook, most of them were preserved in good condition, with the exception of two goats that a native had destroyed. The articles planted in the gardens were in a flourishing condition. To his former gifts the captain now added many others, and placed them in such situations that they were not likely to be disturbed. Whilst lying here, complaint was made that some of the *Resolution's* men had plundered a native hut. The thief was discovered, tied up to a post, and flogged in the presence of the chiefs and their people, who expressed themselves satisfied with the punishment inflicted. It was a great principle with Cook to set an example of strict honesty.

In this second voyage the captain gained indisputable proofs that the New Zealanders were eaters of human flesh; but he firmly believed that it was the flesh of captives, or those who had been killed in battle.

Captain Cook quitted New Zealand on the 26th November, his ship's company in good health and spirits, and nowise daunted at the prospects of hardships they were about to endure in again searching for a southern continent or islands in high latitudes. They were not long before they once more encountered fields and

islands of ice, and when in latitude 67° 5′, they were nearly blocked up. On the 22d December they attained the highest latitude they could venture—this was 67° 31′ south, and in longitude 142° 54′ west; but no land was discovered. The crew of the *Resolution* were attacked by slight fever, caused by colds, but on coming northward, it was cured in a few days; and on the 5th January 1774, when in 50° south, there were not more than two or three persons on the sick list.

After traversing the ocean as far south as it was prudent to go, all the scientific men expressed their belief that ice surrounded the pole without any intervening land; the *Resolution* consequently returned to the northward to look for the island of Juan Fernandez. About this time Captain Cook was seized with a dangerous and distressing disease, and it was several days before the worst symptoms were removed. On his amending, there being no fresh provisions on board, and his stomach loathing the salt food, a favourite dog of Mr Forster was killed and boiled, which afforded both broth and meat, and upon this fare he gained strength. The *Resolution*, on the 11th March, came in sight of Easter Island, situated in 27° 5′ south, and 109° 46′ west, where they remained a few days, and found the inhabitants very similar in appearance and character to the people of the more western isles. The place, however, afforded scarcely any food or fuel, the anchorage was unsafe, and the only matters worthy of notice were some rudely carved gigantic statues in the interior. Captain Cook left Easter Island to pursue a course for the Marquesas, and got sight of them on the 6th April. During the passage the captain had a recurrence of his disorder, but it was neither so violent nor so long in duration as before. The ship was anchored in Resolution Bay, at the island of St Christina, where thievery was practised as much as at the Society and other isles; and one of the natives was unfortunately killed whilst in the act of carrying away the iron stanchion of the gangway. They had now been nineteen weeks at sea, entirely on salt provisions; but still, owing to the anti-scorbutic articles and medicines, and the warmth and cleanliness preserved, scarcely a man was sick. Here they obtained fresh meat, fruits, yams, and plantains, but in small quantities; and the captain having corrected, by astronomical observations, the exact position of these islands, once more made sail for Otaheite. During the passage they passed several small islands, and discovered four others, which Cook named after his old commander, Sir Hugh Palliser. On the 22d April the anchor was again let go in Matavai Bay, where the usual process was gone through of erecting the observatory to try the rates of the watches; but no tent was required for the sick, as there was not a man ill on board.

During the stay of Captain Cook at this island, where refreshments of all kinds were readily obtained, and particularly in exchange for

some red feathers that had been brought from Amsterdam, the old friendships were renewed with Otoo and other chiefs; there was a constant interchange of visits; and on one occasion the Otaheitans got up a grand naval review.

The large canoes in this part of the world are extremely graceful and handsome in display, particularly the double war-canoes, with flags and streamers, paddling along with great swiftness, and performing their evolutions with considerable skill. No less than 160 of the largest double war-canoes were assembled, fully equipped, and the chiefs and their men, habited in full war costume, appeared upon the fighting stages, with their clubs and other instruments of warfare ready for action. Besides these large vessels, there were 170 smaller double canoes, each of these last having a mast and sail, and a sort of hut or cabin on the deck. Captain Cook calculated that the number of men embarked in them could not be fewer than 7760, most of them armed with clubs, pikes, barbed spears, bows and arrows, and slings for throwing large stones; in fact, strongly resembling the representations of engagements with galleys in the Mediterranean described some centuries before. The spectacle at Otaheite was extremely imposing, and greatly surprised the English.

Whilst lying at Matavai Bay, one of the islanders was caught in the act of stealing a water-cask. Captain Cook had him secured and sent on board the *Resolution*, where he was put in irons, and in this degraded situation was seen by Otoo and other chiefs, who entreated that the man might be pardoned. But the captain would not comply with their requests; he told them that 'any act of dishonesty amongst his own people was severely punished, and he was resolved to make an example of the thief he had caught.' Accordingly, the culprit was taken ashore to the tents, the guard turned out, and the offender being tied to a post, received two dozen lashes, inflicted by a boatswain's mate. Towha, one of the chiefs, then addressed the people, and recommended them to abstain from stealing in future. To make a further impression on them, the marines were ordered to go through their exercise, and load and fire with ball.

A few days afterwards one of the gunner's mates attempted to desert, and it was soon ascertained that he had formed an attachment on shore, and if he had got away, the natives would have concealed him up the country. Indeed, the temptations for remaining in this beautiful country were very great. Every requisite to sustain existence was abundant, the scenery splendid, the earth spontaneously fertile, the waters abounding with fish—in short, a few hours' exertion was sufficient to obtain a week's supply; and in a climate replete with health, a European might have rendered others subservient to his will, and lived without labour of any kind.

They next anchored in Owharre harbour, at Huaheine, and the former amicable intercourse was repeated. The stock of nails and

articles of traffic being much reduced, the smiths were set to work to manufacture more. Whilst lying here, the voyagers had an opportunity of witnessing a theatrical representation, principally founded on an actual occurrence. A young girl had quitted Otaheite and her friends to accompany a seaman to Ulietea, and she was now present to see the drama. It described her as running away from her home, the grief of her parents, and a long string of adventures, which terminated in her returning to her native place, where her reception was none of the most gentle that can be conceived. The poor girl could hardly be persuaded to wait for the conclusion, and she cried most bitterly.

They parted from the inhabitants with much regret, and having called at Ulietea, they sailed past Howe Island, and discovered another nearly surrounded with reefs, to which the name of Palmerston was given. On the 20th June fresh land was seen, on which they went ashore, but found the natives fierce and hostile. The firing of muskets did not deter them; and one came close enough to throw a spear at the captain, which passed just over his shoulder. The captain presented his piece, but it missed fire, and the daring fellow was saved. They named this Savage Island. It lies in latitude 19° 1′ south, longitude 169° 37′ west. From thence, after passing a number of small islets, they anchored on the 26th on the north side of Anamocka, Rotterdam, and commenced trade for provisions. But here, as at the other islands, frequent disputes and conflicts took place with the inhabitants on account of their thievish propensities. Here they ascertained that a chain of islands, some of which they could see, existed in the neighbourhood, forming a group within the compass of three degrees of latitude, and two of longitude, and which Captain Cook named the Friendly Isles; which designation they certainly merited, for the social qualities and conduct of the natives.

Pursuing their course westward, they came, on the 1st July, to a small island, which, on account of the great number of turtle, was named after that amphibious creature; and on the 16th they saw high land; and after coasting it for two other days, they anchored in a harbour in the island of Mallicollo, to which the captain gave the name of Port Sandwich. At first the natives were hostile, but they were soon conciliated through the bland manners of Cook, and were found strictly honest in all their dealings. In fact, they are described as totally different to any they had yet visited. They were very dark, extremely ugly, and ill proportioned, and their features strongly resembled those of a monkey.

Soon after getting to sea, various other islands were seen and named; and an affray took place with some of the natives, in which two of them were wounded. A promontory near where the skirmish occurred they called Traitor's Head. After cruising about amongst the great number of islands in this locality, making observations

and taking surveys, they steered towards New Zealand, to wood and water, previous to a renewal of their search to the southward; and on the 4th September discovered land, and entered a pleasant harbour on the following day, where they were well received. On the 13th they weighed again, and surveyed the coast, by which they ascertained that the island was very extensive; and, from certain peculiarities, Cook named it New Caledonia. Botany here received great accessions. Many plants were collected hitherto unknown: and both geography and natural history afforded much research to the scientific men. A small island, on which were growing some pine-trees, received the name of Pine Island; and another was called Botany, from the great variety of specimens obtained.

The *Resolution*, in proceeding for New Zealand, touched at an uninhabited island, abounding with vegetation, which was named Norfolk Island, and on the 18th October anchored in Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte's Sound, where she refitted, and the captain completed his survey. Captain Cook had buried a bottle near the Cove when he was here before, and in digging now it was not to be found. It was therefore supposed that the *Adventure* had anchored here, and her people had removed it. On the 10th November they took their departure; and having sailed till the 27th in different degrees of latitude, from 43° to 54° 8′ south, Captain Cook gave up hopes of falling in with any more land in this ocean. He therefore resolved to steer for the west entrance of the Strait of Magellan, in order to coast along the south side of Tierra del Fuego, round Cape Horn to the Strait of Le Maire. On 17th December he reached his first destination, and here the scenery was very different from what they had before beheld. Lofty rocky mountains entirely destitute of vegetation, craggy summits, and horrible precipices; the whole aspect of the country barren and savage. Yet near every harbour they were enabled to procure fresh water and fuel; and there were plenty of wild-fowl and geese. The inhabitants were wretchedly poor and ignorant.

On the 25th January 1775, having coasted it as far as 60° south, the land presenting the same uncouth appearance, covered with ice and snow, and the ship being exposed to numerous storms, and the people to intense cold, the course was altered to look for Bouvet's Land; but though they reached the spot where it was laid down on the charts, and sailed over and over it, yet no such place could be discovered; and after two days' search more to the southward, Cook came to the conclusion that Bouvet had been deceived by the ice, and once more bent his thoughts towards home—especially as the ship stood in need of repairs, and her sails and rigging were nearly worn out—and consequently steered for the Cape of Good Hope, where he heard of the *Adventure*, and anchored in Table Bay on the 22d March. From thence he sailed again on the 27th April, touched at St Helena on the 15th May, and remained till the

21st, and then got under weigh for Ascension, where he arrived on the 28th; and from thence shaped a course for the remarkable island Fernando de Noronha, which he reached on the 9th June; and pursuing his way for the Western Islands, anchored in Fayal Roads on the 14th July, where Mr Wales the astronomer determined the position of the Azores by a series of observations. The *Resolution* ultimately entered Portsmouth on the 30th; and Captain Cook landed after an absence of three years and eighteen days, having sailed twenty thousand leagues in various climates—from the extreme of heat to the extreme of cold. But so judicious had been the arrangements for preserving health, and so carefully had Captain Cook attended to the ventilation between decks, and the mode of promoting warmth, as well as the food, &c. of the people, that he lost only one man by sickness. It may naturally be supposed that the wear and tear of the ship was great, her rigging scarcely trustworthy, and her sails unfit to meet a fresh breeze; yet so careful were the officers of the masts and yards, that not a single spar of any consequence was carried away during the whole voyage.

The fame of Captain Cook as a navigator, coupled with his marked humanity as a man, now exalted him in public estimation far beyond what he had before experienced; and the utmost anxiety prevailed to obtain intelligence relative to his discoveries, &c. The king, to testify his approbation, made him a post-captain nine days subsequent to his arrival; and three days afterwards, a captaincy in Greenwich Hospital was conferred upon him, to afford an honourable and competent retirement from active service. On the 29th February 1776 he was elected a member of the Royal Society, and in a short time he was honoured with the gold medal; Sir John Pringle, in presenting it, uttering a well-merited eulogium on the worthy receiver. The account of his second voyage was written by Captain Cook himself, and manifests a plain manly style, giving facts rather than embellishments.

COOK'S LAST VOYAGE.

The discovery of a supposed north-west passage from the North Atlantic to the North Pacific oceans had for many years been ardently sought for both by the English and the Dutch. Frobisher in 1576 made the first attempt, and his example was in succeeding times followed by many others. But though much geographical information had been gained in the neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay, Davis' Strait, Baffin's Bay, and the coast of Greenland, yet no channel whatever was found. By act of parliament, £20,000 was offered to the successful individual. But though Captain Middleton in 1741, and Captains Smith and Moore in 1746, explored those seas and regions, the object remained unattained. The Honourable Captain Phipps (afterwards Earl Mulgrave) was sent out in the *Racehorse*, accompanied by Captain Lutwidge in the *Carcase* (Lord

Nelson was a boy in this latter ship), to make observations, and to penetrate as far as it was practicable to do so. They sailed on the 2d June 1773, and made Spitzbergen on the 28th; but after great exertions, they found the ice to the northward utterly impenetrable. Once they became closely jammed, and it was only with great difficulty they escaped destruction. On the 22d August, finding it impossible to get further to the northward, eastward, or westward, they made sail, according to their instructions, for England, and arrived off Shetland on the 7th September.

Notwithstanding these numerous failures, the idea of an existing passage was still cherished; and Earl Sandwich continuing at the head of the Admiralty, resolved that a further trial should be made, and Captain Cook offered his services to undertake it. They were gladly accepted; and on the 10th February 1776 he was appointed to command the expedition in his old but hardy ship, the *Resolution*, and Captain Clerke, in the *Discovery*, was ordered to attend him. In this instance, however, the mode of experiment was to be reversed, and instead of attempting the former routes by Davis' Strait or Baffin's Bay, &c., Cook, at his own request, was instructed to proceed into the South Pacific, and thence to try the passage by the way of Behring's Strait; and as it was necessary that the islands in the Southern Ocean should be revisited, cattle and sheep, with other animals, and all kinds of seeds, were shipped for the advantage of the natives.

Every preparation having been made, the *Resolution* quitted Plymouth on the 12th July (the *Discovery* was to follow), taking Omai, the native brought from the Society Isles, with him. Having touched at Teneriffe, they crossed the equator on the 1st September, and reached the Cape on the 18th October, where the *Discovery* joined them on the 10th November. Whilst lying in Table Bay, the cattle were landed; and some dogs getting into the pens, worried and killed several of the sheep, and dispersed the rest. Two fine rams and two ewes were lost; but the two latter were recovered; the others could not be got back. Captain Cook here made an addition to his stock, and, besides other animals, purchased two young stallions and two mares.

The ships sailed again on the 30th November, and encountered heavy gales, in which several sheep and goats died. On the 12th December they saw two large islands, which Cook named Prince Edward's Islands; and three days afterwards several others were seen; but having made Kerguelen's Land, they anchored in a convenient harbour on Christmas day. On the north side of this harbour one of the men found a quart bottle fastened to a projecting rock by stout wire, and on opening it, the bottle was found to contain a piece of parchment, on which was an inscription purporting that the land had been visited by a French vessel in 1772–3. To this Cook added a notice of his own visit; the parchment was

then returned to the bottle, and the cork being secured with lead, was placed upon a pile of stones near to the place from which it had been removed. The whole country was extremely barren and desolate; and on the 30th they came to the eastern extremity of Kerguelen's Land. To his great chagrin, whilst exploring the coast, Captain Cook lost through the intense cold two young bulls, one heifer, two rams, and several of the goats.

On the 24th January 1777 they came in sight of Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania), and on the 26th anchored in Adventure Bay, where intercourse was opened with the natives, and Omai took every opportunity of lauding the great superiority of his friends the English. Here they obtained plenty of grass for the remaining cattle, and a supply of fresh provisions for themselves. On the 30th they quitted their port, convinced that Van Diemen's Land was the southern point of New Holland. Subsequent investigations, however, have proved this idea to be erroneous; Van Diemen's Land being an island separated from the mainland of Australia by Bass's Strait.

On the 12th February Captain Cook anchored at his old station in Queen Charlotte's Sound, New Zealand; but the natives were very shy in approaching the ships, and none could be persuaded to come on board. The reason was, that on the former voyage, after parting with the *Resolution*, the *Adventure* had visited this place, and ten of her crew had been killed in an unpremeditated skirmish with the natives. It was the fear of retaliatory punishment that kept them aloof. Captain Cook, however, soon made them easy upon the subject, and their familiarity was renewed; but great caution was used, to be fully prepared for a similar attack, by keeping the men well armed on all occasions. Of the animals left at this island in the former voyages, many were thriving; and the gardens, though left in a state of nature, were found to contain cabbages, onions, leeks, radishes, mustard, and a few potatoes. The captain was enabled to add to both. At the solicitation of Omai he received two New Zealand lads on board the *Resolution*, and by the 27th was clear of the coast.

After landing at a number of islands, and not finding adequate supplies, the ships sailed for Anamocka, and the *Resolution* was brought up in exactly the same anchorage that she had occupied three years before. The natives behaved in a most friendly manner, and but for their habits of stealing, quiet would have been uninterrupted. Nothing, however, could check this propensity, till Captain Cook shaved the heads of all whom he caught practising it. This rendered them an object of ridicule to their countrymen, and enabled the English to recognise and keep them at a distance. Most of the Friendly Isles were visited by the ships, and everywhere they met with a kind reception. On the 10th June they reached Tongataboo, where the king offered Captain Cook his house to

reside in. Here he made a distribution of his animals amongst the chiefs, and the importance of preserving them was explained by Omai. A horse and mare, a bull and cow, several sheep and turkeys, were thus given away; but two kids and two turkey-cocks having been stolen, the captain seized three canoes, put a guard over the chiefs, and insisted that not only the kids and turkeys should be restored, but also everything that had been taken away since their arrival. This produced a good effect, and much of the plunder was returned.

Captain Cook remained at the Friendly Islands nearly three months, and lived almost entirely during that period upon fresh provisions, occasionally eating the produce of the seeds he had sown there in his former visits. On the 17th July they took their final leave of these hospitable people, and on the 12th August reached Otaheite, and took up a berth in Oaiti-piha Bay, which it was discovered had been visited by two Spanish ships since the *Resolution* had last been there.

Animals of various kinds had been left in the country by the Spaniards, and the islanders spoke of them with esteem and respect. On the 24th the ships went round to Matavai Bay, and Captain Cook presented to the king, Otoo, the remainder of his live-stock. There were already at Otoo's residence a remarkably fine bull and some goats that had been left by the Spaniards, and to these the captain added another bull, three cows, a horse and mare, and a number of sheep; also a peacock and hen, a turkey-cock and hen, one gander and three geese, a drake and four ducks. The geese and ducks began to breed before the English left the island.

They here witnessed a human sacrifice, to propitiate the favour of their gods in a battle they were about to undertake. The victim was generally some strolling vagabond, who was not aware of his fate till the moment arrived, and he received his death-blow from a club. For the purpose of shewing the inhabitants the use of the horses, Captains Cook and Clerke rode into the country, to the great astonishment of the islanders; and though this exercise was continued every day by some of the *Resolution's* people, yet the wonder of the natives never abated.

On the return of Omai to the land of his birth, the reception he met with was not very cordial; but the affection of his relatives was strong and ardent. Captain Cook obtained the grant of a piece of land for him on the west side of Owharre harbour, Huaheine. The carpenters of the ships built him a small house, to which a garden was attached, planted with shaddocks, vines, pine-apples, melons, &c. and a variety of vegetables; the whole of which were thriving before Captain Cook quitted the island. When the house was finished, the presents Omai had received in England were carried ashore, with every article necessary for domestic purposes, as well as two muskets, a bayonet, a brace of pistols, &c.

The two lads brought from New Zealand were put on shore at this place, to form part of Omai's family; but it was with great reluctance that they quitted the voyagers, who had behaved so kindly to them.

Whilst lying at Huaheine, a thief, who had caused them great trouble, not only had his head and beard shaved, but, in order to deter others, both his ears were cut off. On the 3d November the ships went to Ulietea, and here, decoyed by the natives, two or three desertions took place; and as others seemed inclined to follow the example, Captain Clerke pursued the fugitives with two armed boats and a party of marines; but without effect. Captain Cook experienced a similar failure: he therefore seized upon the persons of the chief's son, daughter, and son-in-law, whom he placed under confinement till the people should be restored; which took place on the 28th, and the hostages were released. One of the deserters was a midshipman of the *Discovery*, and the son of a brave officer in the service. Schemes were projected by some of the natives to assassinate Captain Cook and Captain Clerke; but though in imminent danger, the murderous plans failed.

At Bolabola, Captain Cook succeeded in obtaining an anchor which had been left there by M. Bougainville, as he was very desirous of converting the iron into articles of traffic. They left this place on the 8th December, crossed the line, and on the 24th stopped at a small island, which he named Christmas Island, and where he planted cocoa-nuts, yams, and melon seeds, and left a bottle enclosing a suitable inscription.

On the 2d January 1778 the ships resumed their voyage northward, to pursue the grand object in Behring's Strait. They passed several islands, the inhabitants of which, though at an immense distance from Otaheite, spoke the same language. Those who came on board displayed the utmost astonishment at everything they beheld; and it was evident they had never seen a ship before. The disposition to steal was equally strong in these as in the other South Sea islanders, and a man was killed who tried to plunder the watering-party; but this was not known to Captain Cook till after they had sailed. They also discovered that the practice of eating human flesh was prevalent. To a group of these islands (and they were generally found in clusters) Captain Cook gave the name of the Sandwich Islands, in honour of the noble earl at the head of the Admiralty.

The voyage to the northward was continued on the 2d February, and the long-looked-for coast of New Albion was made on the 7th March, the ships being then in latitude 44° 33′ north; and after sailing along it till the 29th, they came to an anchor in a small cove lying in latitude 49° 29′ north. A brisk trade commenced with the natives, who appeared to be well acquainted with the value of iron, for which they exchanged the skins of various animals, such as bears,

wolves, foxes, deer, &c. both in their original state and made up into garments. But the most extraordinary articles were human skulls, and hands not quite stripped of the flesh, and which had the appearance of having been recently on the fire. Thieving was practised at this place in a more scientific manner than they had before remarked; and the natives insisted upon being paid for the wood and other things supplied to the ships; with which Captain Cook scrupulously complied. This inlet was named King George's Sound; but it was afterwards ascertained that the natives called it Nootka Sound. After making every requisite nautical observation, the ships being again ready for sea on the 26th, in the evening they departed, a severe gale of wind blowing them away from the shore. From this period they examined the coast, under a hope of finding some communication with the Polar Sea; and one river they traced as high as latitude 61° 30′ north, and which was afterwards named Cook's River.

They left this place on the 6th June, but notwithstanding all their watchfulness and vigilance, no passage could be found. The ships ranged across the mouth of the strait in about latitude 60°, where the natives of the islands, by their manners, gave evident tokens of their being acquainted with Europeans—most probably Russian traders. They put in at Oonalaska and other places, which were taken possession of in the name of the king of England. On the 3d August, Mr Anderson, surgeon of the *Resolution*, died from a lingering consumption, under which he had been suffering more than twelve months. He was a young man of considerable ability, and possessed an amiable disposition.

Proceeding to the northward, Captain Cook ascertained the relative positions of the two continents, Asia and America, whose extremities he observed. On the 18th they were close to a dense wall of ice, beyond which they could not penetrate, the latitude at this time being 70° 44′ north. The ice here was from ten to twelve feet high, and seemed to rise higher in the distance. A prodigious number of sea-horses were crouching on the ice, some of which were procured for food. Captain Cook continued to traverse these icy seas till the 29th: he then explored the coasts in Behring's Strait both in Asia and America; and on the 2d of October again anchored at Oonalaska to refit; and here they had communication with some Russians, who undertook to convey charts and maps, &c. to the English Admiralty; which they faithfully fulfilled. On the 26th the ships quitted the harbour of Samganoodah, and sailed for the Sandwich Islands; Captain Cook purposing to remain there a few months, and then to return to Kamtschatka. In latitude 20° 55′, the island of Mowee was discovered on the 26th of November; and on the 30th they fell in with another, called by the natives Owyhee (now Hawaii); and being of large extent, the ships were occupied nearly seven weeks in sailing round it, and examining the coast; and they found the islanders more frank and free from suspicion

than any they had yet had intercourse with; so that on the 16th January 1779 there were not fewer than a thousand canoes about the two ships, most of them crowded with people, and well laden with hogs and other productions of the place. A robbery having been committed, Captain Cook ordered a volley of musketry and four great guns to be fired over the canoe that contained the thief; but this seemed only to astonish the natives, without creating any great alarm. On the 17th the ships anchored in a bay called by the islanders Karakakooa. The natives constantly thronged to the ships, whose decks consequently, being at all times crowded, allowed of pilfering without fear of detection; and these practices, it is conjectured, were encouraged by the chiefs. A great number of the hogs purchased were killed and salted down so completely, that some of the pork was good at Christmas 1780. On the 26th Captain Cook had an interview with Terreeoboo, king of the islands, in which great formality was observed, and an exchange of presents took place, as well as an exchange of names. The natives were extremely respectful to Cook; in fact, they paid him a sort of adoration, prostrating themselves before him; and a society of priests furnished the ships with a constant supply of hogs and vegetables, without requiring any return. On the 3d February, the day previous to the ships sailing, the king presented them with an immense quantity of cloth, many boat-loads of vegetables, and a whole herd of hogs. The ships sailed on the following day, but on the 6th encountered a very heavy gale, in which, on the night of the 7th, the *Resolution* sprung the head of her foremast in such a dangerous manner, that they were forced to put back to Karakakooa Bay, in order to get it repaired. Here they anchored on the morning of the 11th, and everything for a time promised to go well in their intercourse with the natives. The friendliness manifested by the chiefs, however, was far from solid. They were savages at a low point of cultivation, and theft and murder were not considered by them in the light of crimes. Cook, aware of the nature of these barbarians, was anxious to avoid any collision, and it was with no small regret that he found that an affray had taken place between some seamen and the natives. The cause of the disturbance was the seizure of the cutter of the *Discovery* as it lay at anchor. The boats of both ships were sent in search of her, and Captain Cook went on shore to prosecute the inquiry, and, if necessary, to seize the person of the king, who had sanctioned the theft.

The narrative of what ensued is affectingly tragical. Cook left the *Resolution* about seven o'clock, attended by the lieutenant of marines, a sergeant, a corporal, and seven private men. The pinnace's crew were likewise armed, and under the command of Mr Roberts; the launch was also ordered to assist his own boat. He landed with the marines at the upper end of the town of Kavoroah, where the natives received him with their accustomed tokens of

respect, and not the smallest sign of hostility was evinced by any of them; and as the crowds increased, the chiefs employed themselves as before in keeping order. Captain Cook requested the king to go on board the *Resolution* with him, to which he offered few objections; but in a little time it was observed that the natives were arming themselves with long spears, clubs, and daggers, and putting on the thick mats which they used by way of armour. This hostile appearance was increased by the arrival of a canoe from the opposite side of the bay, announcing that one of the chiefs had been killed by a shot from the *Discovery's* boat. The women, who had been conversing familiarly with the English, immediately retired, and loud murmurs arose amongst the crowd. Captain Cook perceiving the tumultuous proceedings of the natives, ordered Lieutenant Middleton to march his marines down to the boats, to which the islanders offered no obstruction. The captain followed with the king, attended by his wife, two sons, and several chiefs. One of the sons had already entered the pinnace, expecting his father to follow, when the king's wife and others hung round his neck, and forced him to be seated near a double canoe, assuring him that he would be put to death if he went on board the ship.

Whilst matters were in this position, one of the chiefs was seen with a dagger partly concealed under his cloak lurking about Captain Cook, and the lieutenant of marines proposed to fire at him; but this the captain would not permit; but the chief closing upon them, the officer of marines struck him with his firelock. Another native grasping the sergeant's musket, was forced to let it go by a blow from the lieutenant. Captain Cook, seeing the tumult was increasing, observed, that 'if he were to force the king off, it could only be done by sacrificing the lives of many of his people;' and was about to give orders to re-embark, when a man flung a stone at him, which he returned by discharging small-shot from one of the barrels of his piece. The man was but little hurt; and brandishing his spear, with threatenings to hurl it at the captain, the latter, unwilling to fire with ball, knocked the fellow down, and then warmly expostulated with the crowd for their hostile conduct. At this moment a man was observed behind a double canoe in the act of darting a spear at Captain Cook, who promptly fired, but killed another who was standing by his side. The sergeant of marines, however, instantly presented, and brought down the native whom the captain had missed. The impetuosity of the islanders was somewhat repressed; but being pushed on by those in the rear, who were ignorant of what was passing in front, a volley of stones was poured in amongst the marines, who, without waiting for orders, returned it with a general discharge of musketry, which was directly succeeded by a brisk fire from the boats. Captain Cook expressed much surprise and vexation: he waved his hand for the boats to cease firing, and to come on shore to embark the marines. The pinnace unhesitatingly

obeyed; but the lieutenant in the launch, instead of pulling in to the assistance of his commander, rowed further off at the very moment that the services of himself and people were most required. Nor was this all the mischief that ensued; for, as it devolved upon the pinnace to receive the marines, she became so crowded, as to render the men incapable of using their firearms. The marines on shore, however, fired; but the moment their pieces were discharged, the islanders rushed *en masse* upon them, forced the party into the water, where four of them were killed, and the lieutenant wounded. At this critical period Captain Cook was left entirely alone upon a rock near the shore. He, however, hurried towards the pinnace, holding his left arm round the back of his head, to shield it from the stones, and carrying his musket under his right. An islander, armed with a club, was seen in a crouching posture cautiously following him, as if watching for an opportunity to spring forward upon his victim. This man was a relation of the king's, and remarkably agile and quick. At length, he jumped forward upon the captain, and struck him a heavy blow on the back of his head, and then turned and fled. The captain appeared to be somewhat stunned: he staggered a few paces, and, dropping his musket, fell on his hands and one knee; but whilst striving to recover his upright position, another islander rushed forward, and with an iron dagger stabbed him in the neck. He again made an effort to proceed, but fell into a small pool of water not more than knee-deep, and numbers instantly ran to the spot, and endeavoured to keep him down; but by his struggles he was enabled to get his head above the surface, and casting a look towards the pinnace (then not more than five or six yards distant), seemed to be imploring assistance. It is asserted that, in consequence of the crowded state of the pinnace (through the withdrawal of the launch), the crew of that boat were unable to render any aid; but it is also probable that the emergency of this unexpected catastrophe deprived the English of that cool judgment which was requisite on such an occasion. The islanders, perceiving that no help was afforded, forced him under water again, but in a deeper place; yet his great muscular power once more enabled him to raise himself and cling to the rock. At this moment a forcible blow was given with a club, and he fell down lifeless. The savages then hauled his corpse upon the rock; and ferociously stabbed the body all over, snatching the dagger from each other's hands to wreak their sanguinary vengeance on the slain. The body was left some time exposed upon the rock; and as the islanders gave way, through terror at their own act and the fire from the boats, it might have been recovered entire. But no attempt of the kind was made; and it was afterwards, together with the marines, cut up, and the parts distributed amongst the chiefs. The mutilated fragments were subsequently restored, and committed to the deep with all the honours due to the rank of the deceased.

Thus (February 14, 1779) perished in an inglorious brawl with a set of savages, one of England's greatest navigators, whose services to science have never been surpassed by any man belonging to his profession. It may almost be said that he fell a victim to his humanity; for if, instead of retreating before his barbarous pursuers, with a view to spare their lives, he had turned revengefully upon them, his fate might have been very different.

The death of their commander was felt to be a heavy blow by the officers and seamen of the expedition. With deep sorrow the ship's companies left Owyhee, where the catastrophe had occurred, the command of the *Resolution* devolving on Captain Clerke, and Mr Gore acting as commander of the *Discovery*. After making some further exploratory searches among the Sandwich Islands, the vessels visited Kamtschatka and Behring's Strait. Here it was found impossible to penetrate through the ice either on the coast of America or that of Asia, so that they returned to the southward; and on the 22d August 1779 Captain Clerke died of consumption, and was succeeded by Captain Gore, who in his turn gave Lieutenant King an acting order in the *Discovery*. After a second visit to Kamtschatka, the two ships returned by way of China, remained some time at Canton, touched at the Cape, and arrived at the Nore, 4th October 1780, after an absence of four years, two months, and twenty-two days, during which the *Resolution* lost only five men by sickness, and the *Discovery* did not lose a single man.

By this as well as the preceding voyages of Cook, a considerable addition was made to a knowledge of the earth's surface. Besides clearing up doubts respecting the Southern Ocean, and making known many islands in the Pacific, the navigator did an inestimable service to his country in visiting the coasts of New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, and Norfolk Island—all now colonial possessions of Britain, and rapidly becoming the seat of a large and flourishing nation of Anglo-Australians—the England of the southern hemisphere.

The intelligence of Captain Cook's death was received with melancholy regrets in England. The king granted a pension of £200 per annum to his widow, and £25 per annum to each of the children; the Royal Society had a gold medal struck in commemoration of him; and various other honours at home and abroad were paid to his memory. 'Thus, by his own persevering efforts,' as has been well observed by the author of the *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, 'did this great man raise himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself, and certain to last as long as the age in which he flourished shall be remembered by history. But better still than even all this fame—than either the honours which he received while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory—he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual being;

had won for himself, by his unwearied striving, a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among the instructors and best benefactors of mankind. This alone is true happiness—the one worthy end of human exertion or ambition—the only satisfying reward of all labour, and study, and virtuous activity or endurance. Among the shipmates with whom Cook mixed when he first went to sea, there was perhaps no one who ever either raised himself above the condition to which he then belonged in point of outward circumstances, or enlarged in any considerable degree the knowledge or mental resources he then possessed. And some will perhaps say that this was little to be regretted, at least on their own account; that the many who spent their lives in their original sphere were probably as happy as the one who succeeded in rising above it; but this is, indeed, to cast a hasty glance on human life and human nature. That man was never truly happy—happy upon reflection, and while looking to the past or the future—who could not say to himself that he had made something of the faculties God gave him, and had not lived altogether without progression, like one of the inferior animals. We do not speak of mere wealth or station; these are comparatively nothing; are as often missed as attained, even by those who best merit them; and do not of themselves constitute happiness when they are possessed. But there must be some consciousness of an intellectual or moral progress, or there can be no satisfaction, no self-congratulation on reviewing what of life may be already gone, no hope in the prospect of what is yet to come. All men feel this, and feel it strongly; and if they could secure for themselves the source of happiness in question by a wish, would avail themselves of the privilege with sufficient alacrity. Nobody would pass his life in ignorance, if knowledge might be had by merely looking up to the clouds for it: it is the labour necessary for its acquirement that scares them; and this labour they have not resolution to encounter. Yet it is, in truth, from the exertion by which it must be obtained that knowledge derives at least half its value; for to this entirely we owe the sense of merit in ourselves which the acquisition brings along with it; and hence no little of the happiness of which we have just described its possession to be the source; besides that, the labour itself soon becomes an enjoyment.' Let these observations meet with a ready reception among youth, in whatever rank in life. Honour and fame are not to be achieved by seeking for them alone, nor are their possession the end and aim of human existence. It is only by an *unwearied striving after a new and nobler nature;* only by being useful to our fellows, and making the most of those qualities of mind which God has given us, that happiness is to be attained, or that we fulfil the ends of our being.

MOUNT HECLA.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

IN such a country as Britain, where from time immemorial the outlines of hill and valley have remained the same, we instinctively look upon the solid earth on which we tread as a kind of type or standard of durability. The sky is ever changing; the sea is never at rest; the brook, the river, the cataract, the lake are swollen by the storm or dried up by the drought; but the firm framework of the land seems to lie motionless all the while. True, if we watch, we shall find that its surface, even where it consists of the hardest rock, is slowly crumbling away, that it cannot resist the universal process of change which runs through nature. Yet, after all, this decay affects merely the outer skin, and its advance seems to most men so slow that it is not taken into account. Beneath the wasting surface, the solid foundations of the country seem to stand century after century firm as at the first.

So deeply is this faith in the stability of the dry land fixed in the mind, that comparatively few of us ever adequately realise that the tranquillity might come to an end, and that the firm earth on which we and our forefathers have for generations built our cities and towns, might heave and break open under our feet, and our cities

might be tossed into ruins. Hardly a year passes, indeed, without tremors of greater or less distinctness being felt in some part of England. Sometimes we read in the papers that throughout the western counties an underground rumbling, as of thunder, has been heard, houses have been shaken, and the inhabitants startled out of sleep; at other times, accounts from the north tell of the rocking of beds, the jingling of dishes, the tinkling of bells, or even of the fall of plaster from walls or ceilings. The narratives are duly read, a little curiosity is excited, and in a few days the subject passes out of mind.

Within the period embraced by human history and tradition, no volcanic eruption nor any earthquake shock of magnitude has been witnessed in the British Islands; we have happily escaped from any visitation of one of the most dreadful calamities which can befall us. And yet there was a time, which, in a geological sense, is not very remote, when a line of volcanos blazed all along the north-west of Britain, and extended even onwards to Iceland. The subterranean fires have for the present died out. We may wander among the old lava-beds and ashes without perhaps ever suspecting what has really been their origin. No hot springs rise from them, nor emanations of gas, such as occur in some districts of extinct volcanos. They have been wasted by the elements, carved into picturesque glens and ravines and mountains, and all trace of their early contour has been wholly effaced. We have, however, no good reason for asserting, or even for suspecting, that the underground forces have finally died out in our region, and that no future volcano or great earthquake is possible. In the past geological history of this country there have been many volcanic periods separated from each other by vast intervals of tranquillity. It is quite possible that the present is another of these intervals, and that the volcanic forces may break out again. From the bygone history of our country, therefore, as well as from its possible future, we have good grounds for taking an interest in all that relates to underground movements.

The present short paper proposes to give a sketch of the effects produced on the surface of the earth by the action of forces which are lodged within the interior. We shall first consider the phenomena of sudden movements, or what are known as earthquakes; next, the nature of volcanos; and lastly, the gradual rising or sinking of wide tracts of land or sea-bed. Having examined these phenomena separately, we may then look at them as a whole, and glance at the theories which have been proposed to account for them.

EARTHQUAKES.

The term *earthquake* is loosely applied to all subterranean noises or tremors, whether of so slight a kind as to be hardly perceptible, or so violent as to cause vast destruction, and permanently to

alter the face of the earth. Sometimes all that is felt is an indistinct underground rumbling like that of distant thunder, or of a heavily laden wagon drawn along a causeway. Such noises are often experienced in countries where they are the only evidence of any movement or action going on within the crust of the earth. In Britain, for example, probably no year passes without examples having occurred in different parts of the country, affecting perhaps a whole county or parts of several counties, though not extending over the whole island. From such feeble indications, we can trace a gradual increase of intensity until we reach the great earthquake, when the ground rocks to and fro like a billowy sea, the earth is rent open, cities are reduced to ruins, and the sea is driven with fearful violence over the land. All the different stages of this series of underground movements are classed under the general name of Earthquakes.

It is now well known that the force which produces an earthquake radiates from a central point, in what might be called undulating waves; and that the strength of the undulations, and also the distance to which they proceed, depend on the nature of the rocky strata operated upon. The looser and less elastic the medium, the slower is the rate of motion of the wave; and, on the other hand, the more elastic, homogeneous, and free from fissures the rock is, the more rapidly does it allow the undulations to pass through its mass.

It has been estimated that the earthquake of Lisbon in 1755 travelled on an average at the rate of 1760 feet in a second. This calculation, however, is merely a rough one, founded on the recorded time at which the shock was felt at different places in the same line of divergence from Lisbon. More accurate observations of the Calabrian earthquake of 1857 gave a rate of about 820 feet per second. It is evident that where the rocks underneath the surface differ greatly among themselves in compactness, and where, even when tolerably uniform in texture, they are broken up by many fissures, the earthquake wave, as it spreads outward, will be constantly varying both in speed and in direction.

Mr Mallet, who has contributed so much to our knowledge of the dynamics of earthquakes, has endeavoured to ascertain the depth at which these concussions take their origin. He believes that there is some point or focus whence the movement is transmitted straight up to the surface. Directly over this focus the shock is first felt, and is recognised as coming up perpendicularly. As we recede from it, we find the angle of emergence of the earth-wave to grow less and less inclined, until the vibration appears to be spreading horizontally outwards, like the rings round the spot where a stone has descended upon the surface of a pool of water. If, now, we can accurately fix, first the central point where the wave has ascended vertically, and then some point outside where the wave has come up

at a certain measured angle, two straight lines drawn in the path of the wave from these two points downward will meet at a certain distance below ground, which will be the point or focus from which the vibration or earth-wave took its rise. Mr Mallet visited Calabria after the great earthquake of December 1857, and succeeded in making a number of observations, from which he arrived at the conclusion that the seat of that earthquake was probably somewhere about seven or eight miles below the surface. He has been led to the belief that earthquake phenomena generally are not to be traced to the operation of forces acting deep within the central mass of the earth, but that, viewed on the great scale, they are quite superficial, never perhaps having their source at a greater depth than thirty miles.

Let us now endeavour to follow the changes which an earthquake brings with it.

The occurrence of a violent earthquake is sometimes preceded by peculiar states of the atmosphere, which, though their meaning may be wholly unguessed at the time, are afterwards connected with the subterranean commotions. Great heat and closeness of the atmosphere, sudden gusts of wind, heavy rains, thunder-storms and other electric discharges, have been observed to occur before an earthquake. But these portents are seldom such as to cause any disquietude at the time, or to furnish any sure prognostication as to whether an earthquake is about to take place; they acquire all their interest from the events which follow them. In the case of a slight shock, a long, low, rumbling noise is sometimes heard in advance, variously compared to the muttering of distant thunder, the discharge of artillery, the growl of a tempest, the roll of heavily laden wagons, the explosion of a mine or of a powder-work, and even to the whistling of a locomotive steam-engine. Windows, glasses, pictures, and other loose objects shake and jingle, doors creak or open, and the inhabitants, who have probably often had experience of these portents, know that it is an earthquake. Sometimes nothing more takes place, and after some anxiety, the people return to their vocations.

Movements of this kind are in many countries the only forms of subterranean movement which have been known within human memory. In Britain, for example, many hundreds of cases are recorded as having taken place in different parts of the country. In the first forty years of the present century, at least two hundred shocks of greater or less consequence occurred. Most of these were observed in Scotland, particularly throughout the southern and central parts of the Highlands. But smart shocks were likewise experienced in the north of England, in the central and south-western counties, as well as in the south and south-west of Ireland. During that interval, too, the tremors of the ground seemed to come, as it were, by fits and starts. For a year or two, hardly any, and

these of scarcely perceptible effect, would take place, and then would come a series of marked shocks, extending over a good many months. Thus, after a comparative immunity of several years' duration, a succession of tremors, some of them somewhat alarming, lasted through the greater part of the years 1816, 1817, and 1818. In 1819 there was not much disturbance, but there was a good deal of subterranean uneasiness during the next two years. Again, in the winter of 1833–4, the ground in the county of Dorset began to suffer a succession of shocks, which lasted until the early part of 1835 —almost every month in that interval having been signalised by a slight earthquake. In the year 1840, at least fifty shocks were felt at Comrie and the surrounding parts of Perthshire.

During the forty years which have just been referred to, the most widely felt subterranean movement was probably that which occurred on the 23d October 1839. The weather had been dull and wet, and the barometer, already low, had fallen still farther during the evening of that day, when, at half-past ten o'clock P.M., the ground beneath Comrie, in Perthshire, seemed to be suddenly jerked upward to the height of several inches. From that central point the movement appeared to spread itself outward; and it was felt over two-thirds of Scotland, reaching north-westward to the line of the Great Glen, and southward to the Solway Firth. The nature of the shock is variously described. In the centre of the disturbed region it consisted of several distinct undulations, which passed into a kind of tremulous motion. At other points the only motion perceived was tremulous. At the time of the shock a loud noise was heard: it has been compared by different observers to the firing of cannon, the sound of the explosion of a powder-work, very loud thunder, the roar of a tempest or of wind through a forest. Furniture was displaced in houses, walls were shaken, plaster was dislodged, doors and windows quivered, and bells jingled. The river Earn ceased to flow in some parts of its course for a few seconds, and in other places was seen in violent agitation.

This earthquake shock is a good type of the form which underground movements take at present in the British Islands. The shock is often preceded by a low rumbling sound like that of a loaded wagon drawn over a causeway, then comes the vibration of the movable articles indoors, and in a few seconds all is over. Nevertheless, in not a few instances, more permanent tokens of the event have been left in chimneys overturned, walls rent, and even in houses and churches destroyed. On the 21st of April 1841, a smart earthquake shock was felt over the south-west Highlands of Scotland, and the Connal ferry-house was rent. On the 13th of August 1816, a still more severe and extended shock was experienced in Inverness-shire. An octagonal spire in the town of Inverness had its upper part so twisted round that the angles of the octagon projected over the smooth faces of the unmoved part underneath. The Masonic

Lodge was rent from top to bottom, and chimneys thrown down. Nearly half a century before, the same town had suffered from an earthquake which ruined several houses.

In earlier centuries, too, we find that similar and even more marked effects were produced by earthquakes in this country. Thus, on the evening of the 26th February 1574, a rather violent shock affected the south-western counties of England. People on their knees in chapel were thrown down, and a part of Ruthin Castle was destroyed. In 1275, an earthquake, according to Matthew of Westminster, threw down or otherwise injured many of the most famous churches in England, among others that of St Michel-du-Mont, near Glaston. The year before that, an earthquake, accompanied with thunder, lightning, a comet, and 'a fiery dragon,' had spread terror through the country. In 1185, a violent shock extended over the eastern counties, throwing down the cathedral of Lincoln and many other buildings.

Nor have the effects of such subterranean movements been confined to human constructions, though these have naturally suffered most. The solid rocks have been shattered, and the ground has been rent open. Thus, in the spring of 1755, a smart shock affected the north of England. In Yorkshire, large masses of rock were detached from the hill-sides, and sent in fragments into the valleys below, while the ground was thrown into undulations. On the 9th of February 1827, along with a tremendous explosion, the ground at Ripon opened, and formed a rent twenty-four yards deep and nearly twenty yards wide. A fissure had been cleft there by another earthquake thirty-one years previously. Early in the year 1838, an earthquake shock was felt in Northumberland, and after it had passed, some fields were found to be traversed by a fissure more than a mile in length.

Water, whether in the form of the sea, or of rivers, lakes, ponds, canals, &c., is peculiarly sensitive to tremors of the earth. Sheets of water have sometimes been seen in commotion when no wind was blowing, and when no one experienced any sensation of an earthquake. Some of the deep fresh-water lochs of Scotland have shewn these movements in a singular manner, more particularly at the time when any severe earthquake has affected some other part of Europe, as we shall see a few pages farther on. Even small and shallow pieces of water afford a sensitive indication of the tremors, as, for instance, when, in the winter of 1789, during an earthquake at Comrie, the ice on a pond was shattered to pieces. The sea exhibits like sympathetic movements. When, on the 27th August 1834, a marked shock passed under the south of England, a sloop of war lying in Chichester harbour was shaken, and bent over to one side so violently, that the crew supposed she had been struck by another vessel. At the time of the Lisbon earthquake, the sea rose to a great height along the coast-line of Britain.

The subterranean movements experienced in this country are, however, of very trifling moment when compared with those of the first magnitude which have happened within human experience in other regions. We shall first consider briefly the nature of the results produced by these violent movements, and then look for a little at the details of one or two great earthquakes, by way of illustration.

1. The heaving or undulatory movement of the ground causes perpendicular objects to sway to and fro. If we watch the vessels in a harbour when a strong swell is coming in from the sea outside, we see the masts rocking uneasily backwards and forwards, as each undulation passes under them. The motion produced by an earthquake wave is of the same kind. Trees are bent over, now to the one side and now to the other; sometimes their upper branches touch the ground. In a wooded country, the crashing of boughs is heard far and wide as the trees are thrown against each other; after the calamity has passed, the ground is found strewed with broken branches and prostrated trunks. Among the still erect trees, some are found locked into each other, the boughs of one having been inextricably twisted into those of its neighbour as they were swung to and fro by the rocking ground. Tall pinnacles of rock, in like manner, after reeling backwards and forwards, sometimes fall in headlong ruin into the valley below, hurling down woods and hamlets, and spreading desolation over cultivated fields.

It is natural, however, that these effects should be more noticeable among human works than in nature. Accordingly, it is the results of earthquake shocks on buildings which have been chiefly chronicled, and which have enabled us to arrive at some knowledge of the nature of the movements by which these shocks are produced. When a very gentle earthquake wave, such as those of the British Islands, passes under a building, its progress is marked by the reverberation of such loose objects as bells, pictures, windows, &c. A little more intensity suffices to displace chairs and tables, while a person lying in bed is conscious that first the one end of the room, and then the other, is lifted up and let down again. By a still sharper shock, the walls are made to vibrate, chairs and loose objects indoors, and chimneys, slates, and plaster out-of-doors, are thrown down. If this should happen at night, the terrified inhabitants escape for shelter to the nearest open space, and wait anxiously for the cessation of the earthquake. But when a shock of full violence passes under an inhabited country, the houses and other buildings rock to and fro like the ship-masts in the harbour. The result is, that in a few seconds the walls give way, and the buildings sink in ruins to the ground, burying such of the luckless inmates as have been unable to escape. Sometimes it is the buildings solidly constructed of stone which suffer most, and lamentable instances are on record of thousands of people having been crushed under the

ruins of churches, into which they had gone either for the purposes of devotion, or for greater security. At other times, the well-built houses escape, whilst those more slimly formed of wood or of brick tumble down as if they had been built of cards. In such cases, the different modes in which the houses suffer appear to depend upon the nature of the ground on which they are built, as well as of the materials of their construction. There seems something almost capricious in the earthquake shock. A whole street will sometimes be levelled to the ground, except one house, which may be but little injured; half of a house will be thrown down, while the other half remains not much the worse; a pillar or obelisk will have its stones twisted round upon each other, and yet the whole remain still standing. Instances are also recorded of buildings having been cracked in two, the one half sinking down several feet below the level of the other.

But it is not only perpendicular objects which suffer, for besides the undulatory movement of the earthquake, which causes these to sway to and fro, there is often in the centre of the disturbed area an upward jerking motion which affects even horizontal bodies. For instance, cases are known where the paving-stones of a street have been pitched out of their sockets, and have been found after the earthquake lying with their under surfaces uppermost. This motion, combined with the wave-like one, produces sad havoc in a town. On sloping surfaces, stupendous results are often brought about. Thus, along river-courses, banks of loose earth, sand, or gravel are shattered, and masses are launched down towards the river. On mountain slopes also, large areas of soil and débris have been shaken loose from the rock on which they rested, and hurled into the valleys. It was a case of this kind occurring last century in Calabria, which was described at the time thus: 'Two mountains on the opposite sides of a valley, walked from their original position until they met in the middle of the plain, and there joining together, they intercepted the course of a river.' Similar results take place along the margin of the sea. Earth, soil, and stones are thrown from steep slopes to the beach; and cattle browsing on these declivities are likewise swept down—even solid cliffs are shaken, and large fragments of them detached to fall into the waves below.

2. Besides the effects produced by the undulatory or jerking motion of the earthquake on objects at the surface, another highly important feature is the actual rending open of the ground. This does not necessarily take place in all earthquakes; but it is one of their frequent and terrible accompaniments. Cracks of the soil are formed, and these vary in size from only a foot or two in length, and an inch or two in breadth, up to rents ninety miles long, and sometimes several yards in diameter. During the progress of an earthquake such cracks are observed to open and close again sometimes in rapid succession. Trees, houses, men, cattle, anything, in short,

which may happen to be on the surface at the time, fall into the chasm opening beneath them, and may be there engulfed for ever. Yet cases are known where men have fallen into the cracks, and though the walls have closed upon them, they have been thrown out again alive when the chasm reopened. Quantities of mud and sand along with water are sometimes ejected from the rents, or from curious funnel-shaped cavities formed in the ground at the time. The fissures either close again permanently, and, after the earthquake, cease to be visible, or they remain open, and may continue so for many years, until, as their sides crumble down, they become filled up, and in the end gradually obliterated, or in some cases they may give rise to new minor valleys.

3. It is evident that no shaking of the solid land could take place without affecting more or less the waters of the ocean. This would be the case if the seat of the earthquake shock, or the place where it first reached the surface from below, lay beneath the inland parts of a country, and the earthquake wave undulated outwards to the sea-margin. But it often happens that the point of origin of an earthquake lies somewhere beneath the bed of the ocean, and though the actual earthquake wave may never be propagated through the solid crust to reach the land, the commotion it produces in the waters gives rise to an ocean-wave which rolls landward until it breaks upon the coast. In truth, in all maritime districts subject to earthquakes, the amount of disaster achieved by the shaking of the ground is often far less than that which is worked by the inroad of the sea. The inhabitants have perhaps been terrified by the first shock of the earthquake, when before they have recovered from their surprise, they see the sea in front of them retire for several hundred yards, laying bare the bottom of the harbour or the beach. By-and-by, when it has reached its farthest limit of retreat, they watch it surge and foam, and gathering itself into a broad breast of water, rush furiously towards the shore. Then arises the cry to flee to the heights; but the wave is instantly upon them. In a few minutes hundreds or thousands of the inhabitants are drowned or dashed against houses, or transfixed with broken wreck. What of their city has been left unprostrated by the earthquake is now inundated, and in great part levelled by the torrent of sea-water. Ships riding in the roadstead, even heavily armed men-of-war, are swept inland, and left high and dry half a mile, it may be, from the shore. In short, wherever the sea-wave reaches, it carries with it indescribable desolation. Property of every kind is destroyed, and in a few moments a busy seaport town is actually blotted out of existence.

4. The effects which we have hitherto been considering, although of terrible import in relation to man and his works, are not those features of earthquake phenomena which leave the most permanent marks on the surface of the earth. A city may be shaken to pieces or

destroyed by the ocean-wave, but its site may become again covered with a new town, and every memorial of the catastrophe be effaced. The present city of Lisbon is built on the ruins of that which was destroyed by the great earthquake of 1755; and in digging the foundations of new houses and streets, the remains of the destroyed city are continually met with. A forest may be shattered, but time will eventually replace the prostrated trees. Masses of earth or blocks of rock may be loosened and fall into the valleys below, but the scars which they leave will ere long be healed. Let us now, however, look for a little at some of the accompaniments of earthquakes which more permanently alter the surface of a country, and which shew that earthquakes play an important part among the agencies by which the external contour of our globe is modified.

By the shifting of large masses of rock or débris in the manner above described, the drainage of a country may be considerably altered. When these loosened materials fall across the course of a river, one of two results follows—either the river is deflected from its old course, and compelled to form a new channel, or its waters are ponded back, and a lake is formed. In the former case, over and above the destruction of cultivated ground which may have been caused by the landslip, the river, in cutting out its new course, may have to traverse fields and gardens, which are of course destroyed by it. When its course has been thus fairly altered, the river is likely to retain for a long time the channel into which it has been driven, and hence the drainage of the valley is considerably modified. In like manner, the formation of a new lake may entail the loss of much valuable soil. Moreover, as the barrier by which the waters of the lake are dammed back may be of loose incoherent material, there is the risk that, during some season of unusual rains, it may give way, when the contents of the lake will of course rush down the valley, carrying ruin to wherever they reach.

During the concussion of the ground, it sometimes happens that the barrier of an old lake is lowered or cracked in such a manner as to allow of the escape of the waters. After the earthquake is over, the lake is found to have disappeared. Rivers, too, have been known to be engulfed, pouring into rents of the ground, to reappear again perhaps at the surface some way down the valley. Although the amount of change effected by any single earthquake upon the drainage of a country may not be very great, we must nevertheless bear in mind that, if even slight changes are produced year after year, or century after century, the sum total of their results may come in the end to be not inconsiderable Whatever influences the flow of water across a country, necessarily exercises an important influence upon the outline which the surface of that country will eventually assume; for it is mainly by the power of running water that the valley systems are carved out, widened, and deepened.

But of all the results which are brought about during the passage of an earthquake, there is none which so appeals to our imagination, as evincing the mighty energy of the underground forces, or which is in itself really of such importance in the history of a land-surface, as the permanent change of level of the region affected by the earthquake. Sometimes the movement is an upward one, and the ground remains at the height to which it has been raised; sometimes it is in a downward direction, and the land is left permanently at a lower level than it had before. In either case, the effects may be traced over wide areas, hundreds or thousands of square miles of country having been upheaved or depressed to a distance of several feet above or below their former level. The reality and extent of this change of level are best seen along the sea-margin. When the land has been elevated, it seems as if the sea had retired from its ancient limit. The beach and all the rocks which used to be washed by the tides are laid bare. Shell-fish are found still adhering to the places where they used to live, though now far removed above the reach of the waves; large quantities of fish, killed by the shock or cast ashore by the irruption of the sea, are strewn along the beach, and the air soon becomes foul with the smell of the decayed animal matter. In the end, the upraised beach comes to be covered with vegetation; it may be that even villages and towns are built upon it; and as it becomes absorbed into the general body of the land, the traces of its former occupation by the sea gradually fade away. In this manner a new selvage of land is added to the coast-line.

If, on the other hand, the earthquake has been accompanied by a subsidence of the ground to a lower level than it formerly had, this will be marked along the maritime districts by an encroachment of the sea. The waves are then found breaking over ploughed fields; trees, roads, houses are submerged; villages and towns are inundated, and their inhabitants compelled to build anew within the narrowed limits of the land.

Let us now consider in some detail the manner in which one or two violent earthquakes have affected the surface of the earth. One of the most disastrous and widespread earthquakes ever experienced was that of Lisbon, on the 1st November 1755. Although equalled, perhaps, in the New World, it has had no parallel in the Old. About nine o'clock in the morning, a hollow thunder-like sound was heard in the city, although the weather was clear and serene. Almost immediately afterwards, without any other warning, such an upheaval and overturning of the ground occurred as destroyed the greater part of the houses, and buried or crushed no less than 30,000 human beings. Some of the survivors declared that the shock scarcely exceeded three minutes in duration. Hundreds of persons lay half-killed under stones and ruined walls, shrieking in agony, and imploring aid which no one could render. Many of the

churches were at the time filled with their congregations; and each church became one huge catacomb, entombing the hapless beings in its ruins. The first two or three shocks, in as many minutes, destroyed the number of lives above mentioned; but there were counted twenty-two shocks altogether, in Lisbon and its neighbourhood, destroying in the whole very nearly 60,000 lives. In one house, four persons only survived out of 38. In the city-prison, 800 were killed, and 1200 in the general hospital. The effects on the sea and the sea-shore were scarcely less terrible than those inland. The sea retired from the harbour, left the bar dry, and then rolled in again as a wave fifty or sixty feet high. Many of the inhabitants, at the first alarm, rushed to a new marble quay which had lately been constructed; but this proceeding only occasioned additional calamities. The quay sank down into an abyss which opened underneath it, drawing in along with it numerous boats and small vessels. There must have been some actual closing up of the abyss at this spot; for the poor creatures thus engulfed, as well as the timbers and other wreck, disappeared completely, as if a cavern had closed in upon them. The seaport of Setubal, twenty miles south of Lisbon, was engulfed and wholly disappeared. At Cadiz, the sea rose in a wave to a height of sixty feet, and swept away great part of the mole and fortifications. At Oporto, the river continued to rise and fall violently for several hours; and violent gusts of wind were actually forced up through the water from chasms which opened and shut in the bed beneath it. At Tetuan, Fez, Marocco, and other places on the African side of the Mediterranean, the earthquake was felt nearly at the same time as at Lisbon. Near Marocco, the earth opened and swallowed up a village or town with 8000 inhabitants, and then closed again. The comparisons which scientific men were afterwards able to institute, shewed that the main centre of the disturbance was under the Atlantic, where the bed of the ocean was convulsed by up-and-down heavings, thereby creating enormous waves on all sides. Many of the vessels out at sea were affected as if they had struck suddenly on a sand-bank or a rock; and, in some instances, the shock was so violent as to overturn every person and everything on board. And yet there was deep water all round the ships. Although the mid-ocean may have been the focus of one disturbance which made itself felt as far as Africa in one direction, England in another, and America in a third, Lisbon must unquestionably have been the seat of a special and most terrible movement, creating yawning gaps in various parts of the city, and swallowing up buildings and people in the way above described. Many mountains in the neighbourhood, of considerable elevation, were shaken to their foundations; some were rent from top to bottom, enormous masses of rock were hurled from their sides, and electric flashes issued from the fissures. To add to the horrors of such of the inhabitants as survived the shocks, the city

was found to be on fire in several places. These fires were attributed to various causes—the domestic fires of the inhabitants igniting the furniture and timbers that were hurled promiscuously upon them; the large wax-tapers which on that day (being a religious festival) were lighted in the churches; and the incendiary mischief of a band of miscreants, who took advantage of the terror around them by setting fire to houses in order to sack and pillage. The wretched inhabitants were either paralysed with dismay, or were too much engaged in seeking for the mangled corpses of their friends, to attend to the fire; the flames continued for six days, and the half-roasted bodies of hundreds of persons added to the horrors.

This fatal earthquake was felt over a wide region. Throughout Italy, the lamps swung to and fro in the churches, doors and windows clashed, and water from canals was jerked out upon the banks. In France, subterranean noises were heard, some of the waters were much agitated, and in one place a cleft opened in the ground. The lakes of Switzerland shewed the passage of the shock by the way in which their water rose, sometimes, for a few seconds, to a height of ten or twelve feet above their usual level. In Germany too, lakes, rivers, and wells shewed considerable agitation. Similar movements took place in Denmark and in Holland, some of the waters there seeming for a short while, as it were, to boil. Even in the Scandinavian peninsula the ground quivered under foot; large trees were thrown down, and the lakes were greatly disturbed, surging up on their banks, and sometimes casting out wood that had been lying among the muddy deposits at their bottom. In Iceland, too, it is said that one of the volcanos was in active eruption, and that many houses were shaken down. In the British Isles, at three or four places, the ground was actually felt to tremble. But the chief effects of the earthquake were visible in the agitation of the waters all over the country. This was the case both in the larger lakes and even in some small ponds, as well as in canals. At Loch Lomond, the air being perfectly calm at the time, the water rose suddenly and violently along its banks: it then retired, and again rolled inland, thus ebbing and flowing for an hour and a half. So forcible was the rush of the wave that it carried with it from shallow water a large stone which it threw ashore, leaving a furrow to mark the course of the stone. In Loch Ness, also, a remarkable flux and reflux of the water was observed—one of the waves running up the bank for more than thirty feet. There is a story preserved of a man watering his horse at a pond in Surrey on the same eventful morning, when suddenly the waters retired from the animal's mouth, leaving part of the bottom uncovered, and then immediately returning with great violence.

Such were the wide-spread effects of the propagation of the earthquake wave through the solid crust. The sea-wave, produced by the upward impulse of the earthquake, and transmitted outwards in

all directions from its point of origin, extended even farther. Along the coast-line of the Spanish peninsula itself, the sea-wave was first felt, and did most damage. At Cadiz, it came in with fearful force, tearing down a solid rampart of stone, and sweeping away many people. Many of the seaport towns were inundated, and the same fate befell the shore towns on the African side. Vessels at sea felt the shock, sometimes so violently that the men were jerked up a foot or more from the deck. All along the coast-line of Britain the sea-wave rolled in upon the land. At Portsmouth, large men-of-war rocked to and fro as in a heavy ground-swell. At Dartmouth, the water rose above the level of the highest tides. At Plymouth, Mount's Bay, Penzance, and other places in the south-west of England, the tide ebbed and flowed in quick succession for some hours. At Cork, the sea was much agitated. In the harbour of Kinsale, a body of water rushed in with great violence, breaking iron cables, whirling the vessels to and fro, and pouring over the quay, where it threw many people down. Such was the great earthquake of 1755. Since it happened, Lisbon has often been shaken by subterranean movements, but no such great calamity has again befallen any wide district of Europe.

Probably no earthquake within human experience has spread ruin and death over a wider area than that which devastated Peru and Ecuador on the 13th of August 1868. That region of South America was convulsed over a length of not less than two thousand miles. Many towns and cities, both on the coast and inland, were entirely reduced to ruins, and thousands of the inhabitants perished. Along the coast-line, beside the destruction caused by the earthquake shocks, great devastation and loss of life were effected by the sea. The waters were observed to retire for several hundred yards, laying bare the beach for that distance; then gathering into a huge angry wave, they rolled in, completing the ruin of the buildings, and sweeping men, ships, boats, houses, furniture, and wreck of all kinds in one promiscuous flood far into the country. Arica, the principal port in the south of Peru, was levelled to the ground, and its shipping destroyed. As the sea retreated, the vessels were carried out helplessly seaward; when it stopped and grew into a vast wave fifty feet high, which rolled back upon the town, the shipping was swept on, reeling and circling on the water which was bearing it irresistibly to destruction. In a few minutes every vessel was either ashore, or wrecked, or floating bottom upwards. The American man-of-war *Wateree* was carried about a quarter of a mile inland, and escaped with the loss of only one man. The storeship *Fredonia*, heavily laden with supplies for the American navy, was capsized, losing every one of her crew, except three who happened to be on shore. The Peruvian steam-corvette *America* was driven from her anchors and wrecked, losing sixty of her crew. The British barque *Chanarcillo*, wrecked far up on the beach,

lost half of her crew; while an American barque, laden with guano, was swallowed up, and no vestige of her seen afterwards.

At Iquique the destruction caused by the inroad of the sea was appalling. One of the sufferers thus describes it: 'In an instant, the sea moaned and retired hundreds of yards into the bay, leaving all the shore exposed. I saw the whole surface of the sea rise as if a mountain side, actually standing up. Another shock, accompanied with a fearful roar, now took place. I called to my companions to run for their lives on to the pampa. Too late! With a horrid crash the sea was on us, and at one sweep dashed what was Iquique on to the pampa. I lost my companions, and in an instant was fighting with the dark water. The mighty wave surged, and roared, and leaped. The cries of human beings and animals were dreadful. . . . . I knew no more until I found myself on the pampa, and all dark around me. In the morning I found Iquique gone, all but a few houses round the church.'

From the information which has now been collected from all parts of the world, it appears that there is probably no large section of the earth's surface wholly free from earthquakes. Some countries are much more subject to them than others; certain districts are liable to frequent sharp and occasionally destructive shocks; others only experience gentle tremors at wide intervals. It would seem, however, that hardly a day passes without a concussion of some kind being observed in one or more parts of the globe.

Earthquakes are very commonly regarded with horror as unmitigated calamities; and certainly their immediate effects on animated existence seem to more than justify the belief. When we read of fifty thousand or sixty thousand people deprived of life in the course of a few minutes by one earthquake, and when we reflect that over and above the victims who are at once killed, many thousands perish miserably from hunger, from injuries received among falling ruins, from exposure, and from epidemics caused by the new pools of stagnant water and the vast number of dead bodies, we cannot but admit that men have good grounds for contemplating with terror the possible advent of an earthquake, and for doubting whether such a catastrophe can serve any beneficent purpose in nature, or is not rather to be looked upon in the light of a judgment from Heaven. And yet, dire as an earthquake is for man and his works, it forms part of an orderly system of change. It is connected with other subterranean movements which affect the surface, and but for which there could be no land and no human race, for a shoreless ocean would otherwise 'tumble round the globe.' The nature of this connection will appear in the sequel, after we have considered these additional underground changes.

VOLCANOS.

The earthquake, as we have seen, reveals to us the existence of tremendous forces lodged within the interior of the earth, and powerful enough at times to break open the solid crust, to rend mountains, overturn cities, and hurl the ocean in huge waves over the adjacent land. But the earthquake is not the only evidence which we possess of the nature and power of these underground agencies. In many parts of the world there are communications between the interior of the earth and the outer surface—openings which have been made through the thick crust, and which are kept open by the discharge of heated materials from beneath. These openings take a variety of shapes. Sometimes they are merely holes in the ground from which gas or steam rises; sometimes they are little cones of mud, from which hot vapours and water escape; sometimes they stand out conspicuously as hills, or even as huge mountains, pouring out rivers of molten rock and clouds of ashes. All these phenomena are embraced under the general term *Volcanic Action.*

A *volcano* is a hill or mountain, more or less conical in form, composed chiefly or entirely of rock which has been erupted from below. Its summit is truncated, and bears a cup-shaped cavity called the *crater.* From this cavity, or from openings on the sides of the hill, heated vapours are given out; and at intervals discharges of dust and stones, or streams of melted rock called *lava,* are emitted. Such, in brief, is the general type of the form and nature of a volcano. Each of these hills forms a vent, by which the pent-up gases and steam of the interior can escape to the surface.

When an active volcano is not in eruption, a mass of steam rises from its top. If the air is still, this vapour ascends as a snowy column, visible from a great distance. In dull windy weather it is blown off, and looks like a cloud, such as we sometimes see clinging to a mountain-top even when a strong gale is blowing. For months or years together this vapour-cap may crown the hill, ever changing in form with the vicissitudes of the weather, yet never absent. During all that time, it may continue to be the only evidence visible at a distance that the mountain is a volcano. But if we ascend to the top, and look down into the great crater, we shall probably soon discover other and still more striking proofs of the proximity of the fiery interior. The crater itself, when it belongs to a volcano of the first magnitude, is a huge caldron, a mile or more in diameter, and a thousand feet or more in depth. Its dark, rough, craggy sides bear everywhere, in the aspect of their rocks, testimony to the agency which produced them. They sweep round in a rude circle, now jutting sharply out beyond the general line, and now retreating within it. At their base lies the bottom of the crater—a more or

less level space, dotted with cones of cinders, sometimes with cavities at the bottom, in which red-hot lava is in a state of ebullition, or with little cones throwing out ashes. Steam issues from numerous points of this plain, and it is the condensation of this vapour which forms the cloud so conspicuous on the mountain-top. All around is a verdureless waste of rock. The cone, as we can see from the section of it laid open along the crater-walls, consists of successive irregular layers of lava and ashes, dipping outwards on all sides away from the crater. Thus the whole mountain has evidently been formed by the accumulation of thousands of streams of lava and showers of ash around the orifice from which they were ejected. River after river of molten rock has poured over the sides of the cone; dust, cinders, and stones have fallen there also; and in this manner the great conical mountain has been built up.

A volcano may remain for centuries in the quiescent state which has just been described; at last, without warning, it will burst forth afresh: the cake of hardened lava and cinders which formed the bottom of the crater is blown into the air, and a large part of the cone itself is shattered and thrown down. In the latter half of last century, the crater of Vesuvius was nearly filled up with three huge conical hills, one rising within the other. Successive eruptions formed these hills into one, and filled up the crater. But in 1794 a tremendous eruption occurred, by which the hills were blown out, and a new huge caldron was formed on the top of the mountain. For six-and-twenty years, quantities of lava and ash were ejected, until the crater was completely filled again. In 1822, however, another violent eruption took place, extending over several weeks. At the end of that time, it was found that not only was the mass which had accumulated in the crater thrown out, but that a considerable extent of the upper part of the mountain had been blown away, so as to lower the height of Vesuvius several hundred feet. A new crater was formed, some 4000 feet broad, and 2000 feet deep.

It is clear that this alternate filling and emptying of the crater must be constantly increasing the dimensions of the volcano. The top of the mountain is, indeed, sometimes destroyed, and thus for a time the effect of the eruptions seems to be that of lowering its height. But this temporary diminution is in the end more than compensated by the results of the succeeding eruptions. When the filled-up crater is broken open, and its huge contents are scattered into the air, they do not simply fall back again to be re-arranged where they lay before—such, indeed, is the case with some of these contents—but the rest, after being thrown high into the air, fall back upon the sides of the cone, and though perhaps not adding to its height, yet augment its diameter.

Let us now turn for a little to look at the nature of the materials thrown out by these volcanic explosions. They are of a threefold character: 1. Some are in the form of vapour or of gas; 2. Others

exist as ashes, cinders, or stones; while, 3. Some are poured out in the form of melted rock.

We need not enter into detail here regarding the gaseous products. Steam, however, plays a most important part in all volcanic phenomena. It is always present, and there is a growing belief among geologists that one great, if not the chief proximate cause of these phenomena is the expansive force of steam generated by water, which, passing downward from the ocean or from the land, reaches highly heated portions of the earth's interior. Even from the rivers of melted rock which pour down the mountain-slopes, a constant escape of steam takes place.

The fragmentary materials thrown out from the crater of a volcano vary in size from large blocks of rock down to the finest impalpable powder. Different names are given to these varieties. Thus, the rough ragged stones, like pieces of slag from an iron furnace, are called *scoriæ*, while the fine dust is usually known as *volcanic ash.* The quantities of these materials sometimes ejected during a series of eruptions are almost incredible. Cases are on record where the dust and stones projected from a volcano have fallen over a space of 100 miles radius, covering the country, burying cattle and crops, breaking down trees, and forcing in, from mere weight, the roofs of houses. One of the most memorable examples of this kind occurred in the year 1835, during an eruption of Coseguina—a volcano of Guatemala. So vast a mass of ash, sand, and scoriæ was then thrown out that the ground, even at a distance of five-and-twenty miles, was covered to a depth of ten feet or more. Woods, villages, cattle, and wild animals were buried. At the time of the eruption, the ordinary east wind was blowing, but such was the force of the explosions that the finer ash was thrown high above this lower stratum of the atmosphere into an upper current. The latter was moving in the opposite direction, and carried the ashes along with it in its course, dropping them at last, four days afterwards, over the island of Jamaica, a distance of 700 miles from the volcano. In the spring of 1815, a volcano in the island of Sumbawa broke into eruption. It threw out such a mass of ashes that, even at a distance of forty miles, the roofs of the houses fell in from the mere weight of the fallen material. In this case, also, some of the finer dust was thrown high enough to reach an upper current of air, by which it was carried for a distance of 800 miles. During this disastrous eruption, which lasted several months, streams of lava descended even as far as the sea. The noise of the successive discharges was heard for a distance of about 1000 miles. The air was thrown into the most violent commotion, like that of the fiercest tornado or whirlwind. Trees were dragged out of the ground, and men and beasts were whisked up like leaves. Previous to the eruption, the inhabitants of the province amounted to 12,000; after it was over, only 26 were found to have survived. During the eruptions of the

Icelandic volcanos, fine ashes have been carried as far as the north of Scotland; sometimes, indeed, this volcanic material has fallen there so thickly as to injure the crops. From the shores of Caithness to the nearest active volcano in Iceland is a distance of fully 550 miles.

When the steam which is so copiously discharged from a volcano in violent eruption condenses, it falls as rain. This sometimes takes place on such a gigantic scale that the collected waters pour down the slope of the mountain in rushing torrents. In their course they sweep over the loose dust and ashes, and take them up, soon becoming in consequence moving streams of mud. Such *mud-lavas*, as they have been called, are often more destructive than the streams of molten rock, since they do not so soon harden and come to rest. Many examples are recorded of the destruction of houses, villages, and towns under such torrents of mud. One of the most interesting is that which relates to the engulfing of the ancient Roman cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ. This is the oldest volcanic eruption of which any detailed account has been handed down to us, and the evidence of its extent and destructiveness is still clearly to be seen.

From the earliest times of history down to the latter half of the first century of the Christian era, Vesuvius had never been known to be in eruption. It was probably not looked on as a volcano at all. Its elegant cone rose out of rich corn-fields and vineyards, and bore atop a huge caldron-like cavity, the steep rocky sides of which were festooned with brushwood and wild vines, while the bottom was a barren plain. Such continued to be its condition for many centuries. At last, in the year 63 A.D., an earthquake occurred round the mountain. Some of the cities at its base were much shaken, their houses and temples being rent and partly thrown down. For sixteen years from that time frequent tremblings of the ground took place, though none of great violence, nor such as to give any warning of the catastrophe that was about to happen. But these proved in the end only the prelude to a disastrous eruption of the slumbering volcano. In the year 79, after many earthquake shocks had startled the inhabitants, a dark cloud rose vertically to a great height above the summit of Vesuvius. It spread out on each side at its top, so as to look like a vast pine-tree rising out of the mountain. This cloud consisted partly of steam and partly of stones and ashes. The volcano, after repeated shocks, had broken up the solid plain of rock which lay at the bottom of its crater. The fragments tossed into the air struck against each other, and fell back into the crater, to be again ejected and again to descend. By this process of trituration the hugest blocks of lava came in the end to be broken up into mere gravel and into the finest powder. This comminuted material began to fall thickly over the surrounding country. It darkened the air until the day

became blacker than the darkest night. Owing to the friction of the stones in their rapid flight above the crater, or to some other part of the volcanic phenomena, vivid flashes as of lightning darted to and fro above the mountain, and added to the terrors of the scene.

While these events were passing overhead, the ground beneath continued to tremble at each convulsive throe of the volcano. The sea too was thrown into agitation, retiring in some places from its ancient bounds and laying bare the beach. Through the darkened air ashes continued to fall for eight days and nights, covering the country far and near. The copious emission of steam likewise condensed into rain, which fell heavily round the mountain. Thus, partly by the thick deposit of ashes, and partly by the streams of mud in which the torrents descended from the slopes, houses and towns were completely buried. Among those which perished were the now famous cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. These were two thriving seaports in the first century of our era, but by this eruption of Vesuvius they were so entirely concealed, that the tradition of their existence had almost died out when, after the lapse of more than sixteen centuries, they were accidentally discovered.

Herculaneum has since its destruction been covered by a thick mass of hardened lava; but Pompeii is concealed by only ten or twelve feet of compacted ash and *lapilli;* hence the latter town has been to a considerable extent exhumed. Streets, temples, dwelling-houses have been laid open. The paintings on the walls remain still bright and fresh, nay, even the letters, caricatures, and rude verse scribbled on the streets are perfectly legible. Hundreds of articles of domestic use have been recovered. Loaves of bread have been found on the baker's counter with his name stamped on them; jars of fruit, amphoræ for wine, still stand as their owners left them. The destruction of the city, though complete, was not sudden: most of the inhabitants had time to escape, as only a few skeletons have been found. One of these was that of a woman. So completely had she been enveloped in the fine mud which flowed into the vault where she and her friends had taken refuge, that though only the bones remained, they lay inside a hollow cast of the human form. The hardened mud had retained the impress of her features, and of the form of a child which she had in her arms.

There remain to be noticed the rivers of molten rock or *lava-streams* which are emitted from volcanos. These sometimes pour over the lip of the crater, but more usually they issue from some rent or orifice on the side of the mountain. When the lava first reaches the surface, it glows with an intense heat and white light, flowing out with all the liquidity of melted iron. In the air, however, it rapidly cools; the white heat shades into a red glow, and as that fades the surface of the stream hardens and darkens. The congealed surface carried on by the downward motion of the whole mass,

cracks up into irregular fragments, which tumble and grind over each other with a rattling noise like huge black and red cinders. Though the surface gets black and firm enough even to be walked upon, the rock only a few inches below is still intensely hot, so slow is the transmission of heat through the hardened crust. The lower end of a stream of lava has been seen tardily creeping onward, nine or ten months after the close of the eruption. Eight or ten years after a lava-stream has been poured forth, its crevices are sometimes still too hot to allow the hand to be put into them.

When first erupted, the motion of a lava-stream is sometimes very rapid, owing to the extreme liquidity of the mass; but as the outer portions which touch the ground and the air cool and harden, the rate of motion speedily lessens. The stream then flows on like a river of rough slag, its progress getting feebler, until, after flowing, it may be, many miles, it comes to rest. The resistance which these hardened portions oppose to the motion of the still fluid parts within, sometimes enables even a tree or a large stone to arrest for a time, or to deflect the course of the lava-stream. The rough slag is piled up against the opposing object, and adds to the obstacle, so that the lava has either to accumulate behind until it surmounts or sweeps away the latter, or to make a detour. Thus, when Etna was in eruption in the year 1669, a stream of lava flowed for fifteen miles, enveloping a number of small towns and villages, and at last reaching the sea with a black rugged front 40 feet high and 1800 feet broad. Near the end of its journey it reached the walls of the city of Catania, against which it gradually accumulated, until, gaining the top of the rampart, it rolled over and enveloped a portion of the town.

The size of lava-streams, and the distance to which they flow, vary indefinitely in different volcanos and in different eruptions from the same cone. Sometimes the currents are like mere brooks, and stiffen into immobility before they get many yards away from their source; at other times they roll on for many miles like large rivers, enveloping towns, farms, fields, and woods, filling up valleys and ravines, and spreading a black barren mass of rough rock over many a square league of country. During the great eruption of 1783 in Iceland, two lava-streams were poured out from the same mountain: one of these reached to a distance of forty-five, the other to fifty miles. Their breadth averaged, the one seven, and the other twelve to fifteen miles, with an average thickness of one hundred feet, which occasionally increased sixfold. This is probably the largest mass of melted matter which has been at one time poured out from the interior of the earth since man began to observe and chronicle these phenomena.

Some of the recent eruptions of Etna, Vesuvius, Hawaii, and other volcanic districts, have been watched by careful observers, and the details thus collected have made us fully acquainted with the leading

features of volcanic action. In the year 1865, Etna, which had shewn symptoms of uneasiness for several years previously, at length broke out into eruption. After many tremblings, and even the emission of lava and cinders, a fissure at last opened for a distance of more than a mile and a half to the north of Monte Frumento —one of the numerous minor (though still often large) secondary craters which dot the flanks of the great central mountain. The fissure gave out lava for a short while, but in the end the energy of the eruption shewed itself in the production of a number of cones of scoriæ, some of which reached a height of 300 feet, rising on the surface of a gentle slope. The upper cones threw out scoriæ, bombs, and ashes; from those further down the slope, jets of liquid lava were ejected. Clouds of steam and heavy showers of dust and cinders rose into the air to a height of more than a mile, with a constant succession of explosions and subterranean noises. During this time lava was constantly pouring out from the lower orifices and descending the slope. Its rate of motion was at first about twenty feet per minute; but as it advanced and spread out, and its course became impeded by the accumulating crust of scoriæ and other obstacles, the motion decreased till it was not more than twenty inches. The principal lava-stream, or *coulée*—1000 to 1600 feet broad, with an average thickness of about fifty feet—flowed for a distance of $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles, when it reached the edge of a gorge more than 160 feet deep. Here the fiery mass threw itself over in a glowing cascade of rock. Gradually it filled up the ravine, and the lava rolled on as if no ravine had ever been there. In about a fortnight it had advanced upwards of six miles, and its motion had become very feeble. There was still, however, a mass of melted rock within the volcano seeking an escape to the surface. Unable to get away rapidly enough along the main stream, the imprisoned lava broke through the higher part of the coulée, and formed a new stream, which took another direction, but soon stopped.

The damage done by these eruptions was not inconsiderable. A number of farm-houses were destroyed, many hundred acres of pasture and cultivated land were covered; a strip of forest, containing from 100,000 to 130,000 trees, was demolished. The blaze of the burning wood, added to the lurid glow of the volcano, formed at night a scene of terrible grandeur. By daylight, the dark rugged surface of the lava-current could be seen stretching over the buried fields and pasturage—a surface bristling with rough slags and blocks of scoriæ, studded here and there with charred trunks of trees, and sending out clouds of steam from its still red-hot interior. Sometimes the lava had surrounded a tree without demolishing it, leaving it standing as a sort of measure of the thickness of the coulée. At other points, a few trees standing near each other, or even a single tree so overthrown as to fall athwart the course of the current, sufficed to divert the lava. In one recorded instance this happy

accident was the means of preserving a beautiful little wooded valley from being engulfed under the molten flood.

By this eruption, a wide space of the wooded slopes of Etna was bared and burnt up. Yet so vast is the mountain, and so abundant are its cones and craters, that all the material erupted in 1865 forms, after all, but a mere pellicle added to a part of one side of the great volcano. Etna reaches a height of almost 11,000 feet above the sea, with a circumference of nearly ninety miles, and consists of lavas and ashes erupted from many different points round the central cone. How enormous a mass of material has here been poured out from the interior of the earth! Yet, in a geological sense, Etna is a very modern volcano. Beneath all its lavas there lie beds of marl and clay which are of the same age as some of the youngest deposits in the British Islands. All our British mountains are immensely older than Etna.

Vast as is the amount of material which has there been erupted, the volcano shews no signs of quiescence. Towards the close of 1868, immense quantities of dust, ashes, and stones were projected high into the air, and fell to the ground even at a distance of upwards of forty miles. Lava poured from the cone in every direction, and the glowing mountain presented a grand spectacle at night even to the natives of Valetta—a distance of more than 120 miles.

Several hundreds of active volcanos are enumerated as occurring on the surface of the globe. They are arranged for the most part in lines placed not far from the sea, partly along the margins of the great continents, and partly in chains of oceanic islands. Of the former class, the most remarkable example is shewn in the long chain of volcanic vents which ranges along the western border of America from Tierra del Fuego into Mexico—a region which, as we have seen above, has likewise been convulsed by earthquakes. Of the insular volcanos, the most wonderful development occurs in Java and the adjacent islands. There, a line of vents, forty-five in number, runs along the island of Java. Some of these form mountains more than 11,000 or 12,000 feet in height. Twenty-eight of them have been seen in eruption—a greater number of active volcanos than occurs in any other district of the same size upon the globe.

Though active volcanos are still grouped more or less abundantly on all the continents, there is evidence that they once existed in many places where they have long been extinct. Indeed, there is probably no region of any considerable size which does not contain traces of former volcanic action. From the earliest geological times, so far as we know, there have been volcanos, though the seat of the activity has been often shifted, the eruptions dying out in one place only to break out afresh at another. Of such extinct volcanoes we can trace the remains in every stage of decay. In one district they remain still so fresh, their cones and craters are so perfect, and the

currents of lava descending from them so black and sterile, that it seems as if the outbursts might be expected to be renewed at any moment. In other places, the craters have disappeared, the massive lava-streams have been cut through by streams, and only a few fragments are left to guide an experienced eye to trace the reality and extent of the ancient eruptions.

In Auvergne, in Central France, a well-known and instructive district of extinct volcanos occurs. In its southern portion, the older lavas are piled up into lofty mountains, which have been deeply trenched by running water. Northward, a long plateau of granite has been pierced by some hundreds of separate points of eruption. Numerous cones of loose cinders rise into conspicuous hills, each with its crater, and some with long coulées of lava, which flow down the plateau into the valleys on either side. The craters are sometimes coated with grass and wild-flowers; and now, instead of the roar of the volcano and the rumbling of the earthquake, there ascends from these cavities only the murmur of the bee, or the tinkle of the bells upon the cattle, which find there their sweetest pasture.

Along the borders of the Rhine, too, numerous cones of slag, ash, and lava mark the position of extinct volcanic hills. In some cases, the craters are densely clothed with copse or brushwood; in others, they are filled with water.

Volcanic rocks abound in the British Islands; but they are so old, and have been so long exposed to the wasting of the elements, that no actual crater now exists among them. The sheets of lava, however, are still conspicuous, and form some of the finest hill-landscapes in the country. The earliest rocks of volcanic origin which we possess are probably those of which Snowdon and other mountains in Wales are in great measure made up. Later than these, and belonging to a long succession of widely separated eruptions, are the chains of hills and detached eminences which diversify the surface of the central valley of Scotland from Arran to Montrose, and from the borders of the Highlands southward to the edge of the great southern uplands. Still later, come the enormous piles of basalt which form the high plateau of Antrim, and stretch thence through the chain of the Western Islands to Faröe, and thence into Iceland. There is good reason to believe that at one time, and that, in a geological sense, not very remote, a great volcanic bank or chain of volcanic islands extended all the way from the north of Ireland to Iceland. Possibly the present active volcanos of the latter island are the lineal descendants of those whose eruptions formed the hills of Antrim, Mull, Eigg, Skye, Faröe, and the older plateaux of Iceland.

At the time when so much subterranean activity was manifesting itself along the north-western sea-board of Britain, the country lying to the south-east underwent some remarkable changes. The solid

crust of the earth was rent by thousands of long, straight, parallel fissures, running to the east and south-east of the volcanic area. These fractures extended often for many miles—in one case, at least, to a distance of sixty miles. They were filled up with melted lava which rose from below, and, solidifying between the walls of the cracks, formed what are known as *dikes*. These long lines of hard rock may be followed, running in their persistent course over hill and dale, regardless alike of the changing nature of the rocks beneath and of the contour of the surface. One conspicuous example begins at Robin Hood's Bay, and crossing the Yorkshire wolds, extends inland for sixty miles. Another dike stretches from the shore, south of Alnwick, westward through the Cheviot Hills. In the Scottish coal-fields many of these dikes occur; while all along the western coast, from the mouth of the Firth of Clyde up into Ross-shire, they may be counted by thousands.

SLOW RISING AND SINKING OF LAND.

The subterranean movements which have been described in the foregoing pages are all more or less of a violent and paroxysmal kind. Between the sudden upheaving of an earthquake shock, and the commotions of an active volcano, there is often a close connection. Both point to the existence underground of forces which, after long intervals of quiescence, gather renewed strength, and seek relief towards the upper surface, shaking the solid framework of the land, or splitting it open.

But over and above these movements, there are others in progress of so gentle and insensible a kind, that it is only by the results which they bring about in a long course of years that we can detect their presence. They give rise to no vibrations and rendings of the ground; yet in the end, they succeed in elevating vast tracts of land above the sea, or in depressing them beneath it. We do not see the process in progress: its march is so slow that the longest human life may be too short to detect any sensible change. Yet, since man began to observe and record such phenomena, many proofs have been obtained that some wide regions are gradually rising from the ocean, while others are as slowly sinking under its waters. It is not merely that the sea wastes the margin of the land so as to roll now over spaces that were once covered with corn-fields or towns; nor that tracts of sand and mud are here and there laid down in such a way that the sea is beaten back and the land advances: these are, indeed, marked changes, of which our own coast-line furnishes many, and often sad, illustrations; but they affect merely the surface, while the changes which now fall to be described take their origin far within the interior of the earth, and continue whether the sea wastes the land or not.

If a mass of land, such, for instance, as the British Islands, be

slowly pushed up from beneath at the rate of, we shall say, six inches in a hundred years, no one would be sensible of the movement, unless he had accurate sea-marks by which to measure it. By the great mass of the population it would be unfelt and disregarded. If the rate of upheaval rose to as much as six feet in a century, the inhabitants of the inland districts would not observe it; and even along the coast-line it might only be discernible by comparing the former with the existing tide-marks on harbours, and on quays and prominent rocks. If the movement were, on the other hand, a slow, downward one, it would produce no sensible effect for a very long time in the interior of the country. Along the shore, its reality would be marked by the gradual rise of the tide-line, and the advance of the sea upon fields, roads, and harbours. In neither case is the importance of the movement to be measured by the effects produced during a single generation. A little reflection will shew us that a slow movement of this kind, quite inappreciable to ordinary observation, may yet, in the course of a few centuries, do more to alter the surface of the globe than all the earthquakes and volcanos which have been at work during the same interval.

The proofs that a country has been upraised or depressed must always be most visible along the sea-margin. Though there may be cosmical causes at work, which at wide intervals displace large quantities of sea-water, and thus alter the relative levels of sea and land, the level of the sea is assumed to remain constant at present; and when we observe a difference between the height of the line to which the sea rises to-day, and that to which it rose a few generations or centuries ago, we say that it is the land which has been shifted upwards or downwards, and not that the sea has advanced or retired.

1. What, then, is the nature of the evidence that a country has been upraised? It consists, in brief, in the traces of the recent presence of the sea along a marginal strip of land which the waves no longer reach, and which at the same time is not merely due to the silting up of the shore. When proofs of the change of level can be drawn from human works, such as quays, piers, breakwaters, or bulwarks, they perhaps appeal most to our imagination. We realise vividly the nature and progress of the movement, when we are told that the piers to which, a few generations ago, our forefathers moored their vessels, are now high and dry above the tides. As a rule, however, it is not by the changed position of any piece of human workmanship that we mark the rise of the land; other and not less convincing evidence is furnished by the shells of the sea and the sand, which have been laid down by the waves. Every one who has rambled along any of the rocky parts of our coast-line is familiar with the rough gray aspect given to the rocks by the crust of barnacles and limpets which flourish so abundantly between high and low water mark. The barnacles are more especially noticeable

from their numbers, and the firm way they adhere to the stone. So tenaciously, indeed, do they cling to the spots to which they have taken hold, that we may now and then find their whitened shells still coating stones which were cast up by a storm years ago. Besides these marine animals, the shore frequently abounds in molluscs, which, instead of clinging to the stone like the limpet or periwinkle, bore clean smooth holes in the stone, and live there. Now, when a country is undergoing an elevatory movement, the shore-rocks are carried upward beyond the reach of the waves. There the molluscs and barnacles die, and leave their hard parts on the places where they used to live. If the movement is exceedingly slow, and the destroying effects of waves, air, rain, and frosts happen there to be rapid, the traces of marine life may be effaced as fast as the land rises. Under favourable circumstances, however, these traces remain for a long time. The rocks acquire, perhaps, here and there a scanty herbage, shrubs or wild-flowers take root in their crevices, and, in strange contrast with their present position, we may still see the bleached barnacles firmly attached to the stone, and pick out the boring shells from the holes in which they lived and died. In Sweden such barnacle-crusted rocks occur at a height of more than one hundred feet above the present sea-margin.

More permanent memorials of the presence of the sea are afforded by the caves which are drilled by the waves even into the hardest rocks. When the land rises, these caves are borne upward beyond the limit of the breakers; the barnacles, anemones, and sea-weeds which once mottled their sides, give place to ferns and mosses. But though now more than half concealed among the copsewood, the long line of caves which has been cut about the same level on the slope of the steep bank or the face of the cliff, still remains to mark the old sea-margin, and to shew how much the land has risen.

But even where there are no rocks to retain the impress of the sea, the waves pile up on low sandy shores deposits which, as the country is upheaved, come to bear a not less clear and impressive testimony to the change of level. Layers of sand and gravel, often mixed with the common shore shells, are laid down between tide-marks to form what we call the *beach*. They give rise to a gently inclined platform or terrace which on the seaward side slopes into deeper water, and on the land side terminates against a low bank or cliff. When the land rises, this beach comes to form a narrow selvage of flat ground bordering the new sea-margin. It is then known as a *raised beach*. It comes to be covered with fields and gardens, roads are laid along its surface, and it bears many villages and towns. Along many leagues of the coast-line of the British Islands the raised beaches form one of the most characteristic features of the landscape. On both sides of Scotland most of the seaport towns are built upon an old beach, which now stands on an average about twenty-five feet above the present high-water mark. This terrace

winds along the coast, at times sweeping some way inland to mark the site of an ancient bay, and then curving back up to the margin of the present shore. Its inner edge often rests at the foot of a cliff-line once the upper limit of the waves, but now green with mosses and wild-flowers, or fragrant with honeysuckle and thyme. Along the base of the cliff, too, we may see here and there the caves which were cut out when the sea dashed against this rocky shore. But the waves have for many centuries ceased to reach them, and this not because they have thrown up a barrier of sand and gravel against themselves, but because the whole body of the country has been insensibly lifted out of the waters.

Movements of this gentle kind sometimes affect wide regions. At the present moment the Scandinavian peninsula, except a part of its southern end, appears to be rising, for within the memory of man, sunken rocks have become visible, reefs have grown in size, shoals have been converted into land, and marks made on rocks to test the rate of rise are now found to be higher relatively to the sea-level than they were at first. The rate does not appear to be uniform over the whole country; in some districts it has been estimated at two or three feet in a century. The movement must have been in progress for a very long time, for we find beds of sea-shells of living species at heights of six hundred and seven hundred feet above the present sea-level. Among other regions which are either now rising or which have been but recently upraised, may be instanced the coast-line of Siberia for six hundred miles to the east of the Lena, the coast of Smith's Sound, different portions of the borders of the Mediterranean, and on the most marvellous scale, the western mountainous margin of South America.

2. When the slow movement of the land tends downward instead of upward, its results are seen in the gradual overflowing of objects which were formerly never touched by the waves. Buildings once a good way from the sea seem gradually to approach it, piers are at length submerged, and streets overflowed. At the present moment, such is the case along the extreme southern margin of Sweden. Some of the streets in a number of the seaport towns are actually below the level of the Baltic. Other proofs of submergence are furnished by the trunks of trees still standing with their roots spreading through the soil in which they grew, but now covered by the tides. Such submerged forests, as they are called, occur in a good many places in the British Islands, particularly along the coasts of Devon and Cornwall.

It is impossible, indeed, to consider attentively the map of our islands without seeing in it evidence that they have undergone an extensive submergence at no very remote geological period. The numerous long inlets, lochs, or *fjords*, which allow the waters of the ocean to penetrate far into the land along our western shores, are evidently so many old submerged land valleys. The existing glen

at the head of each of these inlets is only an undepressed part of what was originally all one valley, when the British Islands had a much larger surface than they can boast now. In this respect, our western sea-board presents a strong resemblance to that of Norway. But the most extensive proofs of subsidence of the earth's crust are furnished to us by the coral islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. These white rings of rock, each with its lagoon of smooth water inside, rise out of the midst of water so deep that it has been sometimes called unfathomable. Many were the conjectures as to their origin, until Mr Darwin pointed out their true structure and history. He shewed that the first stage in the growth of a coral island was the formation of a reef of coral in front of the shore. This is known as a *fringing reef.* The coral polypes, by whose labours of secretion the reef is formed, can only live at a moderate depth of water. Let us suppose that one of these fringing reefs encircles some oceanic island, and that the sea-floor in that region is being slowly depressed. As the downward movement continues, the corals keep building up the reef to about the level of the waves. In this way the space of water between the island and the coral ring is greatly increased, while, of course, the area of the island itself is correspondingly lessened. The downward movement continues—the island grows less and less, until its last mountain-top sinks beneath the sea. Over the submerged island there now stretches a smooth sheet of green water known as a *lagoon.* Encircling it is the circular reef of coral, or *atoll,* along the outer margin of which the restless waves of the ocean are ever surging. Soil gradually forms on the reef, seeds borne to it by the waves or carried by birds take root, and the ring of coral reef becomes a habitable spot for man. Such is the history of the growth of the coral islands. They have been built round the summits of a sinking continent, over whose mountains and valleys the great ocean now rolls.

It appears, therefore, that the crust of the earth, instead of that solid immovable object which at first sight it appears to be, is in reality constantly pulsating in some part or other of its extent. Here an earthquake convulses the surface; there a volcano pours out rivers of lava, and darkens the air with clouds of ashes. In one wide region the ground is slowly heaved up; in another it is gradually depressed. But in some form the subterranean forces are ever manifesting their existence by effecting changes above ground.

There can be little doubt that earthquakes and volcanos are closely connected phenomena, and that these, as well as the more tranquil movements of the crust, are but different manifestations of one common force. If we look at a map of the world on which the regions visited by earthquakes are marked, we shall find that these regions are also those in which active volcanos occur. During violent volcanic eruptions, earthquakes take place; and, on the other hand,

during earthquake disturbances, volcanos have been observed to be more active. Though no invariable rule can be laid down on this subject, nevertheless there is such a frequent connection as to time and place of occurrence, between earthquakes and volcanos, that we are justified in regarding them as closely related phenomena. What may be the nature of the force which produces them, how it originated, and how it is kept up, are questions to which, in the present state of science, no very definite answer can be given. It is clear, indeed, that heat plays a large part in producing these changes. The temperature of the earth is found always to increase as we descend into the crust; and if the rate of increase which has been observed were to continue without any modification, we should reach the melting-point of even the most refractory substances at the depth of a few miles. It is certain, however, that the interior of the globe at that depth cannot be in a fluid state. From data of an astronomical kind, we know that if there is a fluid central mass, it must be covered with a solid crust at least eight hundred miles thick. Some writers on physical science, indeed, maintain that our planet possesses a rigidity equal to that of glass or even of steel. The old notion that there is still a central liquid part in an incandescent state, with a thin crust over it liable to be shaken and broken through by the commotions of the fluid interior, cannot now be held.

That the interior of the earth, however, whatever be its composition, is intensely hot, is indicated by all the evidence we can gather on the subject. Some portions must be liquid, as is shewn by the discharge of fluid lava at a white heat from volcanic vents. There seems, indeed, to be good reason to believe that though the main mass of the interior may now be solid, there nevertheless exist within it large lakes or reservoirs of melted rock, and that volcanos serve as the orifices of communication between these areas and the surface. When the water which is everywhere traversing the upper layers of the crust reaches these heated spaces, it is converted into steam, which exerts an enormous expansive force. The abundance with which steam is given off during volcanic eruptions has long been familiar, and serves to indicate that steam may be the agent more immediately employed in forcing melted lava to the surface. During the changes which are in progress underneath, a mass of water will sometimes be suddenly precipitated into an area of intensely heated rock, and its instant expansion will produce a sensible concussion or earthquake above ground.

The constant transference of materials from the interior to the surface, whether by the action of volcanos or by that of springs, must necessarily produce cavities within the crust. When, for example, we contemplate such a mountain as Etna, and reflect that all its vast piles of lava, scoriæ, and ashes have been abstracted from the interior of the earth, we see how real and important is this transference of material, and how easy it is to conceive of the

formation of large hollow spaces beneath the surface. Again, the amount of solid material removed by springs, though it does not stand up before us as an enduring monument like Etna, is probably in reality greater in any one year over the whole globe, than all the lava and ashes which have been erupted by volcanic action during the same period. Every spring, even the clearest which comes welling out from the granite sides of a Highland hill, is slowly and silently conveying to the surface mineral materials which it has dissolved out of the rocks underneath. By some springs, such as those of a thermal kind, the quantity of these materials carried off in a single year would, if collected and rendered visible, make huge mounds, or even small hills. Alike, therefore, by the action of volcanos and the subterranean circulation of water, cavities must be produced within the interior of the earth. As these become enlarged, their roofs, from failure of support, will sometimes give way with a sudden collapse. Such is not impossibly the origin of many earthquake shocks. When we know that even on the surface the explosion of a powder-magazine sometimes gives rise to a tremor of the ground, which is felt at a distance of several miles, we may conceive how the collapse of one of these underground cavities, and the consequent rushing together of thousands of tons of rock, may send a pulsation for many miles through the elastic crust of the earth.

After a great earthquake, the ground affected by it, as we have seen above, is sometimes found to be permanently upheaved above its former level, or depressed beneath it. In the neighbourhood of active volcanos, similar results have been observed to be brought about more slowly; while in other tracts where volcanos do not occur, and where no very marked earthquake has ever been felt, the ground has nevertheless been found to be gradually rising or sinking. Such slow movements may all with much probability be referred to the agency of subterranean heat. It is a familiar fact that rocks increase in bulk with every increment of heat, while, on the other hand, they contract as they cool. It has been found, for example, that granite expands ·000004825 for every degree Fahrenheit by which its temperature rises. Hence we may conceive that among the internal movements of the earth a great mass of rock may gradually have its temperature raised, and will in consequence push up the part of the crust lying above it. An area of granite, for instance, say 10,000 feet, or about two miles thick, having its temperature slowly increased 300° Fahrenheit, would cause a gradual elevation of the ground above it to the extent of 14½ feet. So, on the other hand, if the rock cools down, a slow depression of the overlying region will be the result. If the rock were sandstone, the expansion would be about double that amount.

But what is the source of the underground heat? What force was it that lit those fires which have been burning under Etna for so many centuries, and how are they sustained? We cannot tell.

Some philosophers have tried to shew that the heat is due to constant chemical changes, such as the oxidation of potassium and sodium. Others have called in the aid of magnetic and electric forces. Others, again, suppose that the earth was once all liquid, and that, as above alluded to, there are still large reservoirs of melted rock in its interior not yet solidified. But science is not yet far enough advanced to do more than suggest possible and partial explanations of the phenomena. What remains to be done is, in the meantime, diligently to study the facts which come within the sphere of actual observation, and doubtless in the end we shall come to know far more of the condition of our earth's interior, and of the changes which are passing there, than we do now.

This great truth, at least, science has already taught us, that the reaction of the interior upon the surface of our planet is necessary for the permanence of the present economy of nature. Everywhere, from pole to pole, the land is wasting away, and its detritus is carried out into the ocean. If no compensating element came into play, the land would inevitably disappear, and indeed must have disappeared long ago. But the crust of the globe is not an inert immovable mass; as we have seen in the previous pages, it is ever quivering and heaving in some part. Rains, streams, and waves may waste it, but an invisible power beneath is always somewhere pushing it up, and enabling it to compete successfully with the elements which seek its destruction. Terrible, therefore, as the earthquake and volcano are, they form but parts of a system of compensation by which the waste of the land is made good. The islands and continents may be wholly worn away, or may subside beneath the ocean, but as they disappear others rise in their stead. And thus the forces of nature, destructive though they often are in their first effects, work together harmoniously to preserve the balance of sea and land, and to fit our globe to be the abode of living and sentient beings.

A TALE OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

FAR distant from the many other islands with which the Southern Pacific Ocean is studded, one stands alone, rich in natural beauty, and with a climate almost unrivalled.

This lovely island was visited by Captain Cook in 1774, and named by him Norfolk Island; it was then uninhabited, and neither the vegetable nor the animal world had been disturbed. For about two hundred yards from the shore, the ground was covered so thickly with shrubs and plants as scarcely to be penetrable further inland. The account given by Cook led to an attempt at settlement on Norfolk Island; but this was attended with difficulty. The island is small, being only about six miles in length by four in breadth; and was therefore unavailable for a large or increasing population. Lying nine hundred miles from Port Jackson, in Australia, it was inconveniently remote from that country; and, worst of all, its cliffy and rocky shores presented serious dangers to mariners attempting a landing. Its general unsuitableness, however, for ordinary colonisation was considered to adapt it as a penal settlement, subordinate to New South Wales, and to which convicts could be sent who merited fresh punishment while in course of servitude. Thus, one of the loveliest of earthly paradises was doomed to be a receptacle for the very worst of malefactors. It was imagined that the beauty of Norfolk Island, and the fineness of its climate, would greatly tend to soothe the depraved minds of its unhappy tenants, and reconcile them to compulsory expatriation; but such was not the case: the feeling uppermost in the minds of the convicts was to make their escape; and this, along with other circumstances,

caused the island, after a time, to be abandoned as a penal settlement. The narrative that follows, written by a gentleman personally acquainted with the convict system, bears on the case of an attempted escape, and the whole, as a warning to 'those who go astray,' may be relied upon as a true relation of facts.

'On the northern side of Norfolk Island, the cliffs rise high, and are crowned by woods, in which the elegant whitewood and gigantic pine predominate. A slight indentation of the land affords a somewhat sheltered anchorage-ground, and an opening in the cliffs has supplied a way to the beach by a winding road at the foot of the dividing hills. A stream of water, collected from many ravines, finds its way by a similar opening to a ledge of rock in the neighbourhood, and, falling over in feathery spray, has given the name of Cascade to this part of the island. Off this bay, on the morning of the 21st of June 1842, the brig *Governor Philip* was sailing, having brought stores for the use of the penal establishment. It was one of those bright mornings which this hemisphere alone knows, when the air is so elastic that its buoyancy is irresistibly communicated to the spirits. At the foot of the cliff, near a group of huge fragments of rock fallen from the overhanging cliffs, a prisoner was sitting close to the sea preparing food for his companions, who had gone off to the brig the previous evening with ballast, and who were expected to return at daylight with a load of stores. The surface of the sea was smooth, and the brig slowly moved on upon its soft blue waters. Everything was calm and still, when suddenly a sharp but distant sound as of a gun was heard. The man, who was stooping over the fire, started on his feet, and looked above and around him, unable to distinguish the quarter from whence the report came. Almost immediately, he heard the sound repeated, and then distinctly perceived smoke curling from the vessel's side. His fears were at once excited. Again he listened; but all was hushed, and the brig still stood steadily in towards the shore. Nearer and nearer, she approached; until, alarmed for her safety, the man ran to summon the nearest officer. By the time they returned, the vessel had wore, and was standing off from the land; but while they remained in anxious speculation as to the cause of all this, the firing was renewed on board, and it was evident that some deadly fray was going on. At length a boat was seen to put off from the brig, and upon its reaching the shore, the worst fears of the party were realised. The misguided prisoners on board had attempted to seize the vessel. They were but twelve in number, unarmed, and guarded by twelve soldiers, and a crew of eighteen men; yet they had succeeded in gaining possession of the vessel, had held it for a time, but had been finally overpowered, and immediate help was required for the wounded and dying.

'*June* 21, 1842.—My duty as a clergyman called me to the scene of blood. When I arrived on the deck of the brig, it exhibited a

frightful spectacle. One man, whose head was blown to atoms, was lying near the forecastle. Close by his side a body was stretched, the face of which was covered by a cloth, as if a sight too ghastly to be looked upon; for the upper half of the head had been blown off. Not far from these, a man badly wounded was lying on the deck, with others securely handcuffed. Forward, by the companion-hatch, one of the mutineers was placed, bleeding most profusely from a wound which had shattered his thigh; yet his look was more dreadful than all—hate, passion, and disappointed rage rioted in his breast, and were deeply marked in his countenance. I turned away from the wretched man, and my eye shrunk from the sight which again met it. Lying on his back in a pool of blood, the muscular frame of a man whom I well knew was stretched, horribly mutilated. A ball had entered his mouth, and passing through his skull, had scattered his brains around. My heart sickened at the extent of carnage, and I was almost sinking with the faintness it produced, when I was roused by a groan so full of anguish and pain, that for a long time afterwards its echo seemed to reach me. I found that it came from a man lying further forward, on whose face the death-dew was standing, yet I could perceive no wound. Upon questioning him, he moved his hand from his breast, and I then perceived that a ball had pierced his chest, and could distinctly hear the air rushing from his lungs through the orifice it had left. I tore away the shirt, and endeavoured to hold together the edges of the wound until it was bandaged. I spoke to him of prayer, but he soon grew insensible, and within a short time died in frightful agony. In every part of the vessel, evidences of the attempt which had ended so fatally presented themselves, and the passions of the combatants were still warm. After attending those who required immediate assistance, I received the following account of the affair:

'The prisoners had slept the previous night in a part of the vessel appropriated for this purpose; but it was without fastening or other means of securing them below. Two sentries were, however, placed over the hatchway. The prisoners occasionally came on deck during the night, for their launch was towing astern, and the brig was standing off and on until the morning. Between six and seven o'clock in the morning, the men were called to work. Two of them were up some time before the rest. They were struck by the air of negligence which was evident on deck, and instantly communicated the fact to one or two others. The possibility of capturing the brig had often been discussed by the prisoners, among their many other wild plans for escaping from the island, and recently had been often proposed by them. The thought was told by their looks, and soon spread from man to man. A few moments were enough; one or two were roused from sleep, and the intention was hurriedly communicated to them. It was variously received. One of them distrusted the leader, and entreated his companions to desist from so mad an attempt. It

was useless; the frenzied thirst for liberty had seized them, and they were maddened by it. Within a few minutes, they were all on deck; and one of the leaders rushing at the sentry nearest to him, endeavoured to wrest from him his pistols, one of which had flashed in the pan as he rapidly presented it, and threw him overboard; but he was subsequently saved. The arms of the other sentry were demanded, and obtained from him without resistance. A scuffle now took place with two other soldiers who were also on the deck, but not on duty, during which one of them jumped over the vessel's side, and remained for some time in the main-chains; but upon the launch being brought alongside, he went down into it. The other endeavoured to swim ashore (for by this time the vessel was within a gunshot of the rocks); but, encumbered by his greatcoat, he was seen, when within a few strokes of the rock, to raise his hands, and uttering a faint cry to Heaven for mercy, he instantly sunk. In the meanwhile, the sergeant in charge of the guard hearing the scuffling overhead, ran upon deck, and seeing some of the mutineers struggling with the sentry, shot the nearest of them dead on the spot. He had no sooner done so than he received a blow on the head, which rendered him for some time insensible. Little or no resistance was offered by the sailors; they ran into the forecastle, and the vessel was in the hands of the mutineers. All the hatches were instantly fastened down, and every available thing at hand piled upon them. But now, having secured their opponents, the mutineers were unable to work the brig; they therefore summoned two of the sailors from below, and placed one of them at the wheel, while the other was directed to assist in getting the vessel off. The cockswain, a free man in charge of the prisoners, had at the first onset taken to the rigging, and remained in the maintop with one of the men who refused to join in the attack. At this moment, a soldier who had gone overboard, and endeavoured to reach the shore, had turned back, and was seen swimming near the vessel. Woolfe, one of the convicts, immediately jumped into the boat alongside, and saved him. Whilst this was the state of things above, the soldiers had forced their way into the captain's cabin, and continued to fire through the gratings overhead as often as any of the mutineers passed. In this manner several of them received wounds. To prevent a continuance of this, a kettle of hot water was poured from above; and shortly afterwards, a proposal was made to the captain from the prisoners to leave the vessel in the launch, provided he handed up to them the necessary supplies. This he refused; and then all the sailors were ordered from below into the launch, with the intention of sending them ashore. Continuing to watch for the ring-leaders, the captain caught a glimpse of one of them standing aft, and, as he supposed, out of reach. He mounted the cabin table, and, almost at a venture, fired through the woodwork in the direction he supposed the man to be standing. The shot was fatal; the ball struck him in the mouth, and passed through his brain. Terrified at

the death of their comrades, the remainder were panic-struck, and instantly ran below. One of the leaders sprung over the taffrail, and eventually reached the launch. The sailor at the wheel, now seeing the deck almost cleared, beckoned up the captain, and without an effort, the vessel was again in their possession. In the confusion, a soldier, who had been in the boat, and was at this moment with the sailors returning on deck, was mistaken for one of the mutineers, and shot by the sergeant. The prisoners were now summoned from their place of concealment. They begged hard for mercy; and upon condition of their quietly surrendering, it was promised to them. As the first of them, in reliance upon this assurance, was gaining the deck, by some unhappy error, he received a ball in his thigh, and fell back again. The rest refused to stir; but after a few moments' hesitation, another of them ventured up, was taken aft by the captain, and secured. A third followed, and, as he came up, he extended his arms and cried: "I surrender; spare me." Either this motion was mistaken by the soldiers, or some of them were unable to restrain their passion, for at this instant the man's head was literally blown off. The captain hastened to the spot, and received the others, who were secured without further injury.

'When we reached the vessel, the dying, dead, and wounded were lying in every direction. In the launch astern, we saw the body of one wretched man who had leaped over the taffrail, and reached the boat badly wounded; he was seen lying in it when the deck was regained, and was then pierced through with many balls. Nothing could be more horrible than his appearance; the distortion of every feature, his clenched hands, and the limbs which had stiffened in the forms of agony into which pain had twisted them, were appalling. The countenance of every man on board bore evidence of the nature of the deadly conflict in which he had been engaged. In some, sullenness had succeeded to reckless daring, and exultation to alarm in others.

'Nothing could have been more desperate than such an attempt to seize the vessel. The most culpable neglect could alone have encouraged it; and it is difficult to conceive how it could have succeeded, if anything like a proper stand had been made by those in charge of her when it commenced.

'The wounded were immediately landed, and conveyed to the hospital, and the dead bodies were afterwards brought on shore.

'The burial-ground is close to the beach. A heavy surf rolls mournfully over the reef. The moon had just risen, when, in deep and solemn silence, the bodies of these misguided men were lowered into the graves prepared for them. Away from home and country, they had found a fearful termination of a miserable existence. Perhaps ties had still bound them to the world; friends whom they loved were looking for their return, and, prodigals though they had been, would have blessed them, and forgiven their offences. Perhaps

even at that sad moment mothers were praying for their lost ones, whom in all their infamy they had still fondly loved. Such thoughts filled my mind; and when a few drops of rain at that moment descended, I could not help thinking that they fell as tears from heaven over the guilt and misery of its children.

'On the morning following the fatal occurrence, I visited the jail in which the mutineers were confined. The cells are small, but clean and light. In the first of them, I found George Beavers, Nicholas Lewis, and Henry Sears. Beavers was crouching in one corner of the cell, and looking sullen, and in despair. Lewis, who was walking the scanty space of the cell, seemed to glory in the rattle of his heavy chains; while Sears was stretched, apparently asleep, upon a grass mat. They were all heavily ironed, and every precaution had evidently been taken to prevent escape.

'The jail is small, and by no means a secure one. It was once a public-house; and, notwithstanding every effort to adapt it to its present purpose, it is not a safe or proper place of confinement. It is little calculated to resist any attempt to rescue the men, whose daring conduct was the subject of high encomium among their fellow-prisoners, by whom any attempt to escape is considered a meritorious act. In the other cell I found Woolfe and Barry, the latter in much agony from an old wound in the leg, the pain of which had been aggravated by the heavy irons which galled it. All the prisoners, except Barry and Woolfe, readily acknowledged their participation in the attempt to seize the brig; but most solemnly denied any knowledge of a preconcerted plan to take her; or that they at least had attempted to throw the soldiers overboard. They were unwilling to be interrupted, and inveighed in the bitterest manner against some of their companions who had, they seemed to think, betrayed them, or at least had led them on, and at the moment of danger had flinched.

'The names of the surviving mutineers were John Jones, Nicholas Lewis, Henry Sears, George Beavers, James Woolfe, Thomas Whelan, and Patrick Barry.

'The depositions against them having been taken, all the men I have mentioned, with the exception of Jones and Whelan, who were wounded, were brought out to hear them read. They listened with calm attention, but none of them appeared to be much excited. Once only during the reading, Beavers passionately denied the statements made by one of the witnesses present, and was with difficulty silenced. His countenance at that moment was terribly agitated; every bad feeling seemed to mingle in its passionate expression. They were all young, powerful, and, with one or two exceptions, not at all ill-looking men.

'From the jail I proceeded to the hospital, where the wounded men were lying. They had each received severe wounds in the thigh, and were in great agony. The violence of Jones was excessive.

Weakened in some degree by an immense loss of blood, the bitterness of his spirit nevertheless exhibited itself in passionate bursts of impatience. He was occasionally convulsed with excessive pain; for the nerves of the thigh had been much lacerated, and the bone terribly shattered. His features were distorted with pain and anger, and occasionally bitter curses broke from his lips; yet there was something about his appearance which powerfully arrested my attention—an evident marking of intellect and character, repulsive in its present development, yet in many respects remarkable. His history had been a melancholy one, and, as illustrative of many thousand others, I give it as I afterwards received it from his lips.

'At eleven years of age, he was employed in a warehouse in Liverpool as an errand-boy. While following this occupation, from which, by good-conduct, he might have risen to something better, he was met in the street one day by the lad whom he had succeeded in this employment, and was told by him how he might obtain money by robbing the warehouse, and then go with him to the theatre. He accordingly took an opportunity of stealing some articles which had been pointed out, and gave them to his companion, who, in disposing of them, was detected, and of course criminated Jones. After remaining some weeks in jail, Jones was tried, and acquitted; but his character being now gone, he became reckless, and commenced a regular career of depredation. In attempting another warehouse robbery, he was detected, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. By the time he was released from this, he was well tutored in crime, and believed that he could now adroitly perform the same robbery in which he had previously failed. He made the attempt the very night of his release from jail, and with temporary success. Subsequently, however, he was detected, and received sentence of transportation for seven years. He underwent this sentence, and an additional one in Van Diemen's Land, chiefly at Port Arthur, the most severe of the penal stations there. From this place he, with Lewis, Moss (who was shot on board the brig), and Woolfe, having seized a whale-boat, effected their escape. During three months, they underwent the most extreme hardships from hunger and exposure. Once they had been without food for several days, and their last hook was over the boat's side; they were anxiously watching for a fish. A small blue shark took the bait, and in despair one of them dashed over the boat's side to seize the fish; his leg was caught by one of the others, and they succeeded in saving both man and hook. They eventually reached Twofold Bay, on the coast of New South Wales, and were then apprehended, conveyed to Sydney, and thence sent back to Van Diemen's Land; tried, and received sentence of death; but this was subsequently commuted to transportation for life to Norfolk Island.

'Jones often described to me the intense misery he had undergone during his career. He had never known what freedom was, and yet

incessantly longed for it. All alike confessed the unhappiness of their career. Having made the first false step into crime, they acknowledged that their minds became polluted by the associations they formed during imprisonment. Then they were further demoralised by thinking of the *glory*—such miserable glory!—attending a trial; and the hulks and the voyage out gave them a finished criminal training. The extent of punishment many of them have undergone during the period of transportation is almost incredible. I have known men whose original sentence of seven years has been extended over three times that period, and who, in addition to other punishment, have received five thousand or six thousand lashes!

'After many solemn interviews with the mutineers, I found them gradually softening. They became more communicative, and extremely anxious to receive instruction. I think I shall never forget one of the earliest of these visits to them. I first saw Sears, Beavers, and Jones. After a long and interesting conversation with them, we joined in that touching confession of sin with which the liturgy of the Church of England commences. As we knelt together, I heard them repeat with great earnestness—"We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep," &c. When we arose, I perceived that each of them had been shedding tears. It was the first time I had seen them betray any such emotion, and I cannot tell how glad I felt; but when I proceeded afterwards to read to them the first chapter of Isaiah, I had scarcely uttered that most exquisite passage in the second verse—"I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me"—when the claims of God, and *their* violation and rejection of them; His forbearance, and *their* ingratitude, appeared to overwhelm them; they sobbed aloud, and were thoroughly overpowered.

'For a considerable time we talked together of the past, the wretched years they had endured, the punishments, and the crimes which had led to them, until they seemed to feel most keenly the folly of their sad career. We passed on to contrast the manner in which their lives had been spent, with what God and society required from them; their miserable perversion of God's gifts, with the design for which He gave them, until we were led on to speak of hope and of faith; of Him who "willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live;" and then the Saviour's remonstrance seemed to arrest them—"Ye will not come to me that ye might have life;' until at length the influences of the Holy Spirit were supplicated with earnestness and solemnity. These instructions and such conversation were daily repeated; and henceforth each time I saw them I perceived a gradual but distinct unfolding of the affections and the understanding.

'*August.*—The wounded men are much recovered, and the whole of the mutineers are now confined together in a large ward of the jail. They have long received extreme kindness from the commandant,

and are literally bewildered at finding that even this last act has not diminished the exercise of his benevolence. That anybody should care for them, or take such pains about them after their violent conduct, excited surprise—at first almost amounting to suspicion; but this at length gave place to the warmest gratitude. They were, in fact, subdued by it. They read very much, are extremely submissive, and carefully avoid the slightest infringement of the prison regulations. At first, all this was confined to the three men I have mentioned; but their steady consistency of conduct, and the strange transformation of character, so evident in them, gradually arrested the attention of the others, and eventually led to a similar result.

'They will be detained here until the case has been decided by the authorities in Sydney. They will probably be tried by a commission sent from thence to the island for the purpose. Formerly, however, prisoners charged with capital offences here were sent up for trial; but (it is a horrible fact) this was found to lead to so much crime, that, at much inconvenience and expense, it was found absolutely necessary to send down a judicial commission on each important occasion, in order to prevent it. The mere excitement of a voyage, with the chances connected with it, nay, merely a wish to get off the island even for a time, led many men to commit crimes of the deepest dye in order to be sent to Sydney for trial.

'Two months, therefore, at least must intervene between the perpetration of the offence and their trial; and this interval is usually employed in similar cases in arranging a defence but too commonly supported by perjury. In the present instance, I found not the slightest attempt to follow such a course. They declare that they expect death, and will gladly welcome it. Of their life, which has been a course of almost constant warfare with society, ending in remorseful feelings, they are all thoroughly weary, although only one of them exceeds thirty years of age.

'In addition to the ordinary services, Captain Maconochie each Sunday afternoon has read prayers to them, and has given permission to a few of their friends to be present. Singular good has resulted from it, both to the men and those who join in their devotions. At the conclusion of one of these services, Sears stood up, and with his heart so full as scarcely to allow him utterance, to the surprise of every person there he addressed most impressively the men who were present. "Perhaps," said he, "the words of one of yourselves, unhappily circumstanced as I am, may have some weight with you. You all know the life I have led; it has, believe me, been a most unhappy one; and I have, I hope not too late, discovered the cause of this. I solemnly tell you that it is because I have broken God's laws. I am almost ashamed to speak, but I dare not be silent. I am going to tell you a strange thing. I never before was happy; I begin now, for the first time in my life, to *hope*. I am an ignorant

man, or at least I was so; but I thank God I begin to see things in their right light now. I have been unhappily placed from my childhood, and have endured many hardships. I do not mention this to excuse my errors; yet if I had years since received the kindness I have done here, it might have been otherwise. My poor fellows, do turn over a new leaf; try to serve God, and you, too, will be happier for it." The effect was most thrilling; there was a deathlike silence; tears rolled down many cheeks, which I verily believe never before felt them; and without a word more, all slowly withdrew.

'This man's story is also a common, but painful one. At fifteen years of age, he was transported for life as an accomplice in an assault and alleged robbery, of which, from circumstances which have since transpired, I have little doubt he was entirely innocent. During a long imprisonment in Horsham jail, he received an initiation in crime, which was finished during the outward voyage. Upon his arrival in New South Wales, he was assigned to a settler in the interior, a notoriously hard and severe man, who gave him but a scanty supply of food and clothing, and whose aim seemed to be to take the utmost out of him at the least possible expense. Driven at length to desperation, he, with three fellow-servants, absconded; and when taken, made a complaint to the magistrate, before whom they were brought almost without clothes. Their statements were found to be literally correct; but for absconding, they were sent to Newcastle, one of the penal stations of New South Wales, where Sears remained nearly two years. At the expiration of that time, he was again assigned, but unfortunately to a man, if possible, worse than his former employer, and again absconded. For this offence, he was sent to Moreton Bay, another penal settlement, and endured three years of horrible severity, starvation, and misery of every kind. His temper was by this time much soured; and, roused by the conduct of the overseers, he became brutalised by constant punishment for resisting them. After this, he was sent to Sydney, as one of the crew in the police-boat, of which he was soon made assistant-cockswain. For not reporting a theft committed by one of the men under his charge, he was sentenced to a road-party; and attempting to escape from it, he was apprehended, and again ordered to Moreton Bay for four years more. There he was again repeatedly flogged for disobedience and resistance of overseers, as well as attempting to escape; but having most courageously rendered assistance to a vessel wrecked off the harbour, he attracted the attention of the commandant, who afterwards shewed him a little favour. This was the first approach to kindness he had known since when, years before, he had left his home; and it had its usual influence. He never was again in a scrape there. His good-conduct induced the commandant to recommend him for a mitigation of sentence, which he received, and he was again employed in the police-boat. The

free cockswain of the boat was, however, a drunkard, and intrusted much to Sears. Oftentimes he roused the men by his violence, but Sears contrived to subdue his passion. At length, one night returning to the hut drunk, the man struck at one of the crew with his cutlass, and the rest resisted and disarmed him. But the morning came; the case was heard; their story was disbelieved; and upon the charge and evidence of the aggressor, they were sent to an ironed gang, to work on the public roads. When Sears again became eligible for assignment, a person whom he had known in Sydney applied for him. The man must be removed within a fixed period after the authority is given. In this case, application was made a day beyond the prescribed time, and churlishly refused. The disappointment roused a spirit so untutored as his, and once again he absconded; was of course apprehended, tried, and being found with a man who had committed a robbery, and had a musket in his possession, was sent to Norfolk Island for life. This sentence has, however, for meritorious conduct, been reduced to fourteen years; and his ready assistance during a fire which recently broke out in the military garrison here, might possibly have helped to obtain a still further reduction. He never, during those abscondings, was absent for any long period, and never committed any act of violence. His constant attempt seems to have been to reach Sydney, in order to effect his escape from the scene of so much misery.

'For some time past, I have noticed his quiet and orderly conduct, and was really sorry when I found him concerned in this unhappy affair. His desire for freedom was, however, most ardent, and a chance of obtaining it was almost irresistible. He has since told me that a few words kindly spoken to himself and others by Captain Maconochie when they landed, sounded so pleasantly to him—such are his own words—that he determined from that moment he would endeavour to do well. He assures me that he was perfectly unconscious of a design to take the brig, until awaked from his sleep a few minutes before the attack commenced; that he then remonstrated with the men; but finding it useless, he considered it a point of honour not to fail them. His anxiety for instruction is intense; he listens like a child; and his gratitude is most touching. He, together with Jones, Woolfe, and Barry, were chosen by the commandant as a police-boat's crew; and had, up to this period, acted with great steadiness and fidelity in the discharge of the duties required from them. Nor do I think they would even now, tempting as the occasion was, have thought of seizing it, had it not been currently reported that they were shortly to be placed under a system of severity such as they had already suffered so much from.

'Woolfe's story of himself is most affecting. He entered upon evil courses when very young; was concerned in burglaries when only eleven years of age. Yet this was from no natural love of crime. Enticed from his home by boys older than himself, he soon wearied

of the life he led, and longed to return to his home and his kind mother. Oftentimes he lingered near the street she lived in. Once he had been very unhappy, for he had seen his brother and sister that day pass near him, and it had rekindled all his love for them. They appeared happy in their innocence; he was miserable in his crime. He now determined to go home and pray to be forgiven. The evening was dark and wet, and as he entered the court in which his friends lived, his heart failed him, and he turned back; but, unable to resist the impulse, he again returned, and stole under the window of the room. A rent in the narrow curtain enabled him to see within. His mother sat by the fire, and her countenance was so sad, that he was sure she thought of him; but the room looked so comfortable, and the whole scene was so unlike the place in which he had lately lived, that he could no longer hesitate. He approached the door; the latch was almost in his hand, when shame and fear, and a thousand other vile and foolish notions, held him back; and the boy who in another moment might have been happy—*was lost.* He turned away, and I believe has never seen them since. Going on in crime, he in due course of time was transported for robbery. His term of seven years expired in Van Diemen's Land. Released from forced servitude, he went a whaling-voyage, and was free nearly two years. Unhappily, he was then charged with aiding in a robbery, and again received a sentence of transportation. He was sent to Port Arthur, there employed as one of the boat's crew, and crossing the bay one day with a commissariat-officer, the boat was capsized by a sudden squall. In attempting to save the life of the officer, he was seized by his dying grasp, and almost perished with him; but extricating himself, he swam back to the boat. Seeing the drowning man exhausted, and sinking, he dashed forward again, diving after him, and happily succeeded in saving his life. For this honourable act, he would have received a remission of sentence; but ere it could arrive, he and five others made their escape. He had engaged with these men in the plan to seize the boat, and although sure of the success of the application in his favour, he could not now draw back. The result I have already shewn. There were two more men concerned in the mutiny, who, with those I have mentioned, and those killed on board the brig, made up the number of the boat's crew. But neither of these men came under my charge, being both Roman Catholics.

'At length the brig, which had been despatched with an account of the affair, returned, and brought the decision of the governor of New South Wales. He had found it extremely difficult, almost impossible, to obtain fitting members for the commission, who would be willing to accept the terms proposed by the government, or trust themselves in this dreadful place, and therefore he had determined that the prisoners should be sent up for trial. The men were sadly disappointed at this arrangement. They wished much to end their

days here, and they dreaded both the voyage and the distracting effect of new scenes. They cling, too, with grateful attachment to the commandant's family, and the persons who, during their long imprisonment, had taken so strong an interest in their welfare. I determined to accompany them, and watch for their perseverance in well-doing, that I might counsel and strengthen them under the fearful ordeal I could not doubt they would have to pass.

'The same steady consistency marked the conduct of these men to the moment of their embarkation. There was a total absence of all excitement; one deep serious feeling appeared to possess them, and its solemnity was communicated to all of us. They spoke and acted as men standing on the confines of the unseen world, and who not only thought of its wonders, but, better still, seemed to have caught something of its spirit and purity.

'*November.*—The voyage up was a weary, and, to the prisoners, a very trying one. In a prison on the lower deck of a brig of one hundred and eighty-two tons, fifty-two men were confined. The place itself was about twenty feet square, of course low, and badly ventilated. The men were all ironed, and fastened to a heavy chain rove through iron rings let into the deck, so that they were unable, for any purpose, to move from the spot they occupied; scarcely, indeed, to lie down. The weather was also unfavourable. The vessel tossed and pitched most fearfully during a succession of violent squalls, accompanied by thunder and lightning. I cannot describe the wretchedness of these unhappy convicts; sick, and surrounded by filth, they were huddled together in the most disgusting manner. The heat was at times unbearable. There were men of sixty—quiet and inoffensive old men—placed with others who were as accomplished villains as the world could produce. These were either proceeding to Sydney, their sentences on the island having expired, or as witnesses in another case (a bold and wicked murder) sent there also for trial. The sailors on board the brig were for the most part the cowardly fellows who had so disgracefully allowed the brig to be taken from them; and they, as well as the soldiers on guard (some of them formed a part of the former one), had no very kindly feeling towards the mutineers. It may be imagined, therefore, that such feelings occasioned no alleviation of their condition. In truth, although there was no actual cruelty exhibited, they suffered many oppressive annoyances; yet I never saw more patient endurance. It was hard to bear, but their better principles prevailed. Upon the arrival of the vessel in Sydney, we learned that the case had excited an unusual interest. Crowds assembled to catch a glimpse of the men as they landed; and while some applauded their daring, the great majority very loudly expressed their horror at the crime of which they stood accused.

'I do not think it necessary to describe the trial, which took place in a few days after landing. All were arraigned except Barry.

The prisoners' counsel addressed the jurors with powerful eloquence; but it was in vain: the crime was substantiated; and the jury returned a verdict of guilty against all the prisoners, recommending Woolfe to mercy.

'During the whole trial, the prisoners' conduct was admirable; so much so, indeed, as to excite the astonishment of the immense crowd collected by curiosity to see men who had made so mad an attempt for liberty. They scarcely spoke, except once to request that the wounded man, who yet suffered much pain, might be allowed to sit down. Judgment was deferred until the following day. When they were then placed at the bar, the judge, in the usual manner, asked whether they had any reason to urge why sentence should not be pronounced upon them. It was a moment of deep solemnity; every breath was held; and the eyes of the whole court were directed towards the dock. Jones spoke in a deep clear voice, and in a deliberate harangue pointed out some defects in the evidence, though without the slightest hope, he said, of mitigating the sentence now to be pronounced on himself and fellows. Three of the others also spoke. Whelan said, "that he was not one of the men properly belonging to the boat's crew, but had been called upon to fill the place of another man, and had no knowledge of any intention to take the vessel, and the part he took on board was forced upon him. He was compelled to act as he had done; he had used no violence, nor was he in any way a participator in any that had been committed." At the conclusion of the address to them, Jones, amidst the deep silence of the court, pronounced a most emphatic prayer for mercy on his own soul and those of his fellow-prisoners, for the judge and jury, and finally for the witnesses. Sentence of death was then solemnly pronounced upon them all; but the judge informed Woolfe that he might hold out to him expectations that his life would be spared. They were then removed from the bar, and sent back to the condemned cells.

'I cannot say how much I dreaded my interview with them that day; for although I had all along endeavoured to prepare their minds for the worst result, and they had themselves never for a moment appeared to expect any other than this, I feared that the realisation of their sad expectation would break them down. Hitherto, there might have been some secret hope sustaining them. The convulsive clinging to life, so common to all of us, would now, perhaps, be more palpably exhibited.

'Entering their cells, I found them, as I feared, stunned by the blow which had now fallen on them, and almost overpowered by mental and bodily exhaustion. A few remarks about the trial were at length made by them; and from that moment I never heard them refer to it again. There was no bitterness of spirit against the witnesses, no expression of hostility towards the soldiers, no equivocation

in any explanation they gave. They solemnly denied many of the statements made against them; but, nevertheless, the broad fact remained, that they were guilty of an attempt to violently seize the vessel, and it was useless debating on minor considerations.

'In the meantime, without their knowledge, petitions were prepared and forwarded to the judges, the governor, and executive council. In them were stated various mitigatory facts in their favour; and the meliorated character of the criminal code at home was also strongly urged. Every attention was paid to these addresses, following each other to the last moment. But all was in vain. The council sat, and determined that five of the men should be hanged on the following Tuesday. Whelan, who could have no previous knowledge of a plan to seize the vessel, together with Woolfe, was spared. The remaining four were to suffer. The painful office of communicating this final intelligence to these men was intrusted to me, and they listened to the announcement not without deep feeling, but still with composure.

'It would be very painful for me to dwell on the closing scene. The unhappy and guilty men were attended by the zealous chaplain of the jail, whose earnest exhortations and instructions they most gratefully received. The light of truth shone clearly on the past, and they felt that their manifold lapses from the path of virtue had been the original cause of the complicated misery they had endured. They entreated forgiveness of all against whom they had offended, and in the last words to their friends were uttered grateful remembrances to Captain Maconochie, his family, and others. At the place of execution, they behaved with fortitude and a composure befitting the solemnity of the occasion. Having retired from attendance upon them in their last moments, I was startled from the painful stupor which succeeded in my own mind, by the loud and heavy bound of the drop as it fell, and told me that their spirits had gone to God who gave them.'

Our reverend informant, in closing his narrative, adds some reflections on the painful nature of the tragedy in which he was called to lend his professional assistance. He laments the general harshness of penal discipline as then administered, and attributes the last fatal crime of these men to the arrival of orders which shut out all hope of any improvement being effected in their circumstances, however well they might behave. Previously, he says, while hope was permitted to them, they had conducted themselves well. While agreeing in his humane views, we would at the same time avoid appearing as the apologists of crime under any circumstances. Our main object in laying the foregoing narrative before the world in its present shape, is to impress those who may be tottering on the verge of crime with the danger of their situation—to shew them that

a course of error is a course of misery, ending in consequences the most afflicting.

Since the foregoing narrative was written, the treatment of convicts has undergone considerable change, government having found the experiment of transporting the worse class of criminals from New South Wales to Norfolk Island to be a failure. The penal settlement was therefore broken up in 1855, and convicts are now confined in different establishments in the United Kingdom, where, without subjecting them to absolute silence or solitude, they are separated from the contaminating society of each other. Under the present system, it is a fixed principle never to allow, if at all possible, the punishment—while it may be made to any extent disagreeable—to injure either the body or the mind. Male convicts are therefore never kept beyond nine months, and females a few months longer, in solitary confinement, after which they are gradually brought back to the habits of the freer population. They are then employed, under careful supervision, at different trades, so that they may earn their bread when set at liberty. The *morale* by which the convicts are now kept in order, is a series of rewards for good conduct, culminating in a remission of part of their sentence, the results of which system have yet to be seen.

THE TWO BEGGAR BOYS.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS CROWE, AUTHORESS OF 'SUSAN HOPLEY.'

'I CANNOT encourage a boy of your age in begging,' said a gentleman to a little lad, about ten years old, who entreated him to give him a halfpenny; 'you should work, not beg.' 'I have not got any work,' answered the boy.' 'Would you do it if you had?' inquired the gentleman. 'Yes,' said the boy.

'What are your parents?' asked the gentleman. 'My father's dead,' replied the child, 'and my mother begs, and sends me out to beg; but I keep away from her, because she beats me.'

'And where do you sleep at night, when you don't go home?'

'Anywhere I can—under a hedge, or in a doorway; sometimes I get into a stable-loft or an empty cart.'

'That's a miserable life,' returned the gentleman; 'come with me and I'll give you a trial. What is your name?'

'George Macmahon.'

'Come along, then, George Macmahon. Now if you are wise, this may prove the turn of your fortune; but remember, beginnings are slow; you must work first for small wages till you are stronger

and able to earn more; but if I see that you are willing to work, I will do what I can for you.'

This gentleman, whose name was Herriott, was the overseer of some public works; so, as George's capabilities were yet but limited, he put a hammer into his hand, and set him to break stones, promising that if he were diligent, and broke as many as he could, he should have eightpence a day, and a place to sleep in at night.

George Macmahon set to his work apparently with a good heart. The stones were not very hard, and they had already been broken into small pieces—his business was to break them still smaller; and when he exerted his strength and struck them a good blow, he could do it very well. However, when he had worked a little while, he began to make rather long pauses between his strokes, and to look a good deal about him, especially when any well-dressed persons passed that way; and once or twice, when he thought no one was looking, he threw down his hammer, and applied himself to his former trade of begging for a halfpenny to buy a bit of bread. When he had in this way made out some three or four hours, he was accosted by an acquaintance of his, a boy about his own age, who was also a beggar. The only difference in their situation was, that the mother of the latter was very sickly, and unable to support him; but she did not beat him, and would not have sent him to beg if she could have done anything better for him.

'What!' said the new-comer, whose name was John Reid; 'have you got leave to break stones?'

'Yes,' answered George, 'a gentleman has given me a job; I am to have *eightpence* a day and a place to sleep in;' and George at that moment felt himself a person of considerable consequence.

'I wish he would give me a job too,' said John; 'do you think he would?'

'You can ask him if you like,' answered George; 'that's his office, and I saw him go in there just now.' So John presented himself to Mr Herriott, and said he should be very glad if he would give him a job as he had done to George Macmahon; and after asking him a few questions, Mr Herriott supplied him with a hammer, and set him to work.

It was quite evident, from the way he set about it, that it was John Reid's intention to break as many stones as he could; and accordingly, by night his heap was much larger than George Macmahon's, although he had not worked so long; but then he hit them with all his might, did not make long pauses between his strokes to look about him, and when any well-dressed persons passed, instead of slipping away to beg for a halfpenny, he only grasped his hammer with more firmness, gave harder blows, and appeared more intent upon his work; for, thought he, it makes one look respectable to be employed, but everybody despises beggars. At night they each got their eightpence; for although George had not worked as hard

as he could, Mr Herriott did not wish to discourage him; and having bought themselves some supper, they were conducted to a shed, where they passed the night on some clean straw—a much more comfortable bed than they were accustomed to. On the following morning they both repaired to their toil at the sound of the bell—John Reid with rather augmented vigour; but after the first half hour, George Macmahon's strokes became lighter, and his pauses longer, till at last he threw down his hammer and burst out into a fit of laughter.

'What's the matter?' said John; 'what are you laughing at?'

'Why, I am laughing to think what fools the gentlefolks must be to suppose we'll work for eightpence a day at breaking these stones, when we can earn a shilling a day by begging, and our food besides; for people give us enough to eat at their doors, and then we can spend our money in drink.'

'But then,' said John, 'we are only beggars, and that's such a disgrace.'

'Disgrace!' said George; 'pooh! who cares for that? Surely it's better to live without working, if one can?'

'I don't know that,' said John: 'besides, you know, if we go on begging, we shall never get to be better off—we shall always be beggars to the last; but if we work when we are young, we may grow rich by the time we are old, and live like the gentlefolks.'

'It's a long time to wait for what may never happen,' replied George; 'besides I'm tired of work—it makes my arm ache. There's a carriage coming down the hill with some ladies in it!' added he suddenly, and away he ran to beseech the ladies to give him a halfpenny to buy a bit of bread. They threw him sixpence. 'Now, look here,' said he to his comrade; 'here's nearly a day's wages just for the asking; one must break a pretty lot of stones before one earns sixpence. Come along: throw down your hammer, and let's be off before Mr Herriott sees us.'

'No, I shan't,' responded John; 'I shall stay here and break the stones; but I wish, if you mean to go, you would call and tell my mother where I am, and that she shall see me on Sunday.'

'Sunday!' cried George; 'you don't mean to stay here till Sunday, do you?'

'Yes, I do,' said John; 'I'll stay as long as they'll keep me.'

George went away laughing at the folly of his companion; and when he met Jane Reid begging, he told her she might expect to see John before Sunday, for he was sure his arm would be so tired that he would soon give up breaking stones.

But George was mistaken: John's arm was tired at first, it is true, but it soon got accustomed to the labour, and then it ceased to ache, and grew daily stronger. Mr Herriott paid him his eightpence every night, and let him sleep in the shed; but he took little more notice of him, for he looked upon it as pretty certain that he would follow

the same course as George Macmahon had done, and disappear; and he was justified in thinking so, for he had put several beggar boys to the same proof, and not one of them had held out above a couple of days. However, when a week had elapsed, and John Reid was still hammering away as hard as ever, he began to think better of him—spoke to him encouragingly as he passed, shewed him how to do his work with the greatest ease to himself, and occasionally sent him out a slice of bread and meat from his own kitchen. In short, John Reid grew into favour, and Mr Herriott began to think of putting him into some employment more fit for him than breaking stones, which he was scarcely strong enough to do yet with advantage to himself or his employer. He therefore took him off the road, and set him to remove some earth where they wanted to make a drain; and when this was done, he was sent amongst the carters, to help to load the carts, and learn how to manage the horses. Thus, as is always the case with boys who are industriously inclined, John got on from one thing to another, till he found the way to make himself really useful; and as he always did whatever was given him to do to the best of his abilities, his services were soon in general request among the men; and John's place became no sinecure. He worked hard all day, but then his wages were raised to six shillings a week; he had enough to eat, and he could afford to pay for half a bed, which was a comfort he had very seldom enjoyed; and then he had the satisfaction of seeing that he was getting on, and gaining the confidence of his employers. It is true he was often extremely tired after his day's work, yet he felt contented and happy, and rejoiced that he had not followed the example of George Macmahon; for he had earned a treasure that George knew nothing of—the treasure of hope—hope for the future—hope that he might some day have good clothes and a nice house, and live comfortably 'like the gentlefolks,' and be called *Sir*, as Mr Herriott was; for John thought it must be very pleasant to be respected and looked up to. And John was quite right—it was a very legitimate object of ambition; and it would be well if it were more generally entertained amongst the poor, because there is but one road to success, and that is by the way of industry and honesty. John felt this, and that was the reason he liked his work: he saw that it made him respectable, because it is respectable to be useful. Indeed the being useful is the source of the only true respect mankind can ever enjoy; all the homage which is yielded to their other attributes—wealth, station, and power—unless these are beneficially exercised—that is, made useful—is only factitious; a sentiment compounded of fear, baseness, and self-interest.

Amongst the persons under Mr Herriott was a young man called Gale, who acted as clerk and bookkeeper. His connections were in rather a superior condition of life; but having been himself imprudent, and reduced to distress, interest had been made with Mr

Herriott's employers, who had appointed him to the situation he held. But adversity had not remedied the faults of his character; he was still too fond of company and convivial parties, and not unfrequently, for the sake of yielding to their seductions, neglected his business.

One Saturday, about three months after John Reid's first introduction to Mr Herriott, that gentleman had desired Gale to go to the town, which was about two miles distant, and bring back the money that would be wanted to pay the men's wages at night; but in the morning Gale forgot it, and in the afternoon there was some amusement in the way that made him dislike the expedition. So he looked about for some one to send in his place, and at last fixed upon John, because he could be the best spared, and was the least likely to be missed; his work being of such various kinds, that if he were not seen busy in one spot, he would be supposed to be busy in another. So he despatched John with a note, desiring the money might be given to the bearer; and although the agent thought *the bearer* rather an odd person to be intrusted with so large a sum, he did not consider himself justified in withholding the money; and consequently John received a bundle of bank-notes, which he buttoned carefully up in his pocket, and set off back again. On his way he fell in with Maggy Macmahon, George's mother. She was begging; and seeing that he looked decent, and no longer wore his beggar's rags, she told him that she supposed, now he was grown such a great man, he could afford to give a poor body a penny. John had some pence in his pocket; and more, perhaps, from a little pardonable vanity than from charity—for he knew Maggy to be a bad woman—he unbuttoned his pocket in order to comply with her request; but he had no sooner done so than she caught sight of the bank-notes, and made a snatch at them, calling him, at the same time, a young thief, and asking him where he had stole all that money from. Failing, however, in her object, she tried to seize him by the collar, but John slipped through her fingers and took to his heels. She ran after him for some time, calling '*Stop thief*'—but as there was nobody at hand to stop him, and as, being half-intoxicated, she could not overtake him herself, she soon gave up the chase, and John arrived safe with his charge, and delivered it to Gale. But Maggy, who had heard from her own son where John was employed, was shrewd enough to guess that he had been sent to fetch the money to pay the week's wages, and that, probably, on the following or some other Saturday, he might be employed on the same errand; and as the road was not much frequented, it occurred to her that, with a coadjutor, if not alone, she could hardly fail to obtain the booty.

It happened as Maggy had expected. John having been found a faithful messenger on the first occasion, the next time Gale's engagements made it inconvenient for him to go himself, he

despatched him again. John went, accordingly, and received the money: but remembering what had happened on his former expedition, and having the fear of Maggy before his eyes, he hid the money this time in his bosom, resolving to run all the way back, and not to answer her if she accosted him. But Maggy was too cunning for him; she had watched him up to the town; and not doubting the purpose of his errand, she waylaid him on his return, selecting for her purpose the most lonely part of the road, and taking her son George with her as a reinforcement. Thus, when the poor boy approached, she suddenly darted out from her concealment, and seizing him by the arm, told him that if he did not give her the money he was carrying she would kill him; but instead of doing what she desired, John cried out for help, and struggled hard to get away; and as he was an active boy, he did at last succeed in releasing himself from her grasp; but unfortunately, just as he was taking to his heels, his clothes having been loosened in the scuffle, the bundle of notes fell from his bosom to the ground, and were in an instant picked up by George, who had been hitherto an inactive spectator of the conflict. As soon as Maggy saw that her object was attained, she made no further effort to detain John; but, deaf to his entreaties to restore him the money, she, with her son, started off in an opposite direction, declaring that if he attempted to follow her she would take his life. But John, too much alarmed at his loss to heed her threats, persisted in following her, hoping to meet some one to whom he could appeal for assistance; but Maggy obviated this danger by cutting across the fields, till at length, finding she could not get rid of him, she turned suddenly round, and with a savage blow felled him to the earth. By the time John had risen and wiped the blood from his face, Maggy and her son were far out of his reach, so there was nothing left for him but to pursue his way home, which he did with a heavy heart, greatly fearing that this misfortune would bring him much trouble, and perhaps be the occasion of his losing his situation.

As may be imagined, Gale, when he heard John's story, was extremely frightened, and, consequently, extremely angry, for he knew very well the fault was his own, and that his neglect of duty would now be disclosed to Mr Herriott; and as fear and anger are apt to render people very unjust, he refused to believe John's account of the matter, accusing him in one breath of carelessness, and in the next of dishonesty, threatening to turn him off, and to have him up to the police; but as he could not do either of his own authority, he began by dragging him to Mr Herriott's office, and presenting him to that gentleman in the guise of a culprit brought up for chastisement. After reproving Gale severely for delegating a commission of such a nature to another, and especially to a boy who had so lately been taken off the streets, Mr Herriott turned to John to hear what he had to say for himself, not doubting

that the temptation had been too strong for a lad brought up under circumstances so unfavourable, and that he was really guilty of appropriating the money. 'But who has given you that blow on the face?' inquired he, on observing that John's nose had been bleeding, and that his mouth was swollen.

'Maggy Macmahon,' said he, 'because I ran after her to try to get the money back; and after she had knocked me down, she ran so fast that I could not overtake her; but if you'd be pleased to send to where she lives, perhaps you might catch her, and get it yet.'

This suggestion, whether honestly offered or not, Mr Herriott thought it right to follow; so, having hastily gathered an outline of the case from John, he despatched him, with three of his most trusty workmen, to look after Maggy, giving the men strict orders not to let John escape, nor even to lose sight of him for a moment. But neither Maggy nor George was to be found at their lodgings; neither did they return there all night; so on the following day, the police having been put upon the alert, the expedition presented themselves before Mr Herriott with John still in their custody, but without any tidings of the money. The disappearance of the mother and son was in some degree a confirmation of the boy's story, and disposed Mr Herriott to listen with a more believing ear to what he said. Still it was possible that there might have been collusion amongst the parties, and that John's share of the booty was somewhere secured for him till he could accept it without danger; and then it occurred to Mr Herriott that very likely it had been given to his mother. The police were therefore desired to investigate the matter, and keep a close eye upon Jane Reid's proceedings; but, on inquiry, it appeared that Jane Reid was in the hospital ill of a fever, and had been there for some days. So far the circumstances were favourable to John, as was also the discovery that he had brought the money safely on a former occasion; therefore, though still uncertain what to think, Mr Herriott did not turn him away, but merely kept him under strict *surveillance*, desiring the men he could trust to lose sight of him as little as possible. Thus John went on as before, doing his duty as well as he could: but he was not so happy, because he felt he was suspected; and he saw little hopes of his justification, for Maggy and George returned no more to their lodging, nor did the police succeed in tracing them.

However, fortunately, when people intend to do right, being watched is much to their advantage; and so it proved with John, for the more narrowly his conduct was observed, the more reason Mr Herriott saw to approve it; and as time advanced, and his acquaintance with John increased, he became thoroughly satisfied that the account the boy had given of the notes had been correct, and that he had actually been robbed of them. This conviction

was accompanied by a great increase of interest for John, who, he felt, had been injured by the suspicion, and had thus had an additional difficulty thrown in his upward path, and one that, in a less well-disposed boy, might have discouraged him altogether from welldoing; for, besides the mortification of being doubted, John had many crosses to bear from Gale, who resented the loss of the money as the cause of his own exposure, and took many opportunities of making the culprit feel the weight of his displeasure. But Mr Herriott's favour and good opinion were the road to fortune, and John seeing that, bore Gale's ill-will with patience; and accordingly, in spite of it, he rose from one thing to another, till he found himself in a situation of trust and authority, being employed as clerk and overseer under Mr Herriott, with a salary of one hundred pounds a year. This happened when John was twenty-five, exactly fifteen years after the time when he had found George breaking stones, and had asked Mr Herriott to let him have a hammer and give him a job.

John Reid was now a very happy young man, and his mother was a happy woman; for, having recovered from her fever, she was now kindly provided with every comfort in a neat and decent house by her dutiful son, and did not any longer need to lower herself by begging for a subsistence. John was the more happy from the contrast betwixt the present and the past, his comfortable and respectable situation being very unlike the prospect that had opened itself to him in his early years, when, a beggar born, he saw no hopes of ever being anything else; and nothing else would he ever have been, had he not had the wisdom to seize upon fortune, and having once laid hold of her, taken good care not to let her go again. The opportunity had offered—John had *seized* it—George had *refused* it—and these reflections led him often to think of George, and to wonder what was become of him; the more especially as he could not but remember that George was, in fact, the humble instrument of his own good-fortune; for had he not seen him breaking the stones, it never would have occurred to him to make the application for himself.

It happened, on the occasion of some public rejoicing, that the men were allowed to leave work early, and some indulgences were given to permit of their spending the evening convivially together; but Mr Herriott particularly charged John to see that there was no drunkenness or disorder; and with this view, John put on his hat and cloak a little before midnight, in order to ascertain that the party had broken up, and that the men had retired peaceably to their beds. It was in the depth of winter, the weather was very cold, and the snow was lying three feet deep upon the ground. Having seen that the place where the men had supped was empty, and that all was apparently quiet in the cottages where they slept, Reid gladly turned towards his own dwelling, for the cold gusts of

wind that seemed to blow through him, and the sharp sleet that drove against his face, brought out in bold relief the comforts of his tidily-furnished room, bright fire, and wholesome bed; but as he passed a temporary building which had been run up to defend some stores from the weather, he fancied he heard a groan. He listened, and it was repeated. 'Ah!' thought he, 'after all I am afraid they have not been so steady as I had hoped; this is some drunken fellow, I suppose, paying the penalty of his excesses;' and he turned into the shed to see who it was. He had a lantern in his hand, and by its dim light he perceived a bundle of rags in one corner, whence the sounds proceeded, and on touching the object with his foot, a face was lifted up from the heap—a face on which death was imprinted, and which, with its hollow eyes, stared upon him with a meaningless stare, that shewed that the senses were paralysed by the wretchedness to which the body was reduced. Seeing that this poor creature must die if he remained exposed to the cold of the night, John called up one of the workmen, and with his assistance removed him to a warmer situation; and there, after a little while, the heat of the stove, and a glass of warm brandy and water which they procured from Mr Herriott's house, restored the sufferer to consciousness. John then offered him something to eat; but he shook his head, and said if it had come earlier it might have done him good, but that now he believed he was past eating. And so he was—and yet he was but a youth; but intemperance when he had money, and want and exposure to the inclemency of the weather when he had none, had done the work of years, and he had reached the last stage of his pilgrimage upon earth. In the morning, Mr Herriott, hearing of the circumstance, came to see him, and perceiving that death was fast approaching, he asked him where he came from, and if he had any friends? The man lifted up his heavy eyelids on hearing the interrogation; but when his eyes fell on Mr Herriott's features, a ray of intelligence and recognition shot from them. 'Ah, sir!' said he, 'I know you, but you have forgotten me.'

'Did I ever see you before?' said Mr Herriott.

'You once gave me a job, sir, and said you'd be a friend to me,' answered the miserable creature; 'but I hadn't the sense to see what was for my own good. There was a boy, called John Reid'——

'Ah!' said Mr Herriott, interrupting him, for he recognised at once who the stranger was, and saw the importance of seizing the opportunity to clear his friend John's character from the shadow of an imputation—'I remember you now, and John Reid too; but John got into trouble about some money that he lost betwixt this and the town. Did you ever hear anything of it?'

'Did he lose his situation for it?' said the dying man, making an effort to raise himself on his elbow—'that was hard—very hard, for

he couldn't help it; we took the money from him, I and my mother —but it did us no good; it was soon gone, and then she took to thieving to get more, and made me thieve too. It's too late now: but if I'd stayed and broken the stones, it might have been different with me this day; but I was idle, and let the chance slip by me, and I never got another. I wish I could live my life over again, and I would behave differently; but that is impossible. I can now only hope that God will have mercy on me.' In a few minutes the poor wretch breathed his last, presenting a melancholy sight to those who saw him expire.

And such was the dismal end of George Macmahon, the beggar, who refused to work because he could get a shilling a day and his food without the inconvenience of labour.

But John Reid, who reflected that a beggar can never be anything but a beggar, and who thought it must be pleasant to be respected, and wear good clothes, and be called '*Sir*, like the gentlefolks,' lived to see his honest ambition realised; and after passing his existence in peace, plenty, and contentment—having risen step by step, till, at Mr Herriott's death, he was appointed to that gentleman's situation —died at a good old age, on a bed surrounded by his children and his grandchildren, to whom he left a comfortable provision, and the blessed inheritance of a *good name.*

THE WIDOW'S SON.

A TALE.

BY MRS STONE, AUTHORESS OF THE 'COTTON LORD.'

'COME, Susan, do not take on so; it is true the death of your husband is a sad loss; still it is your duty to submit.'

'I know that,' said Susan to her visitor; 'I know that; but it *is* main hard.' And the new-made widow wrung her hands, and wept in the extremity of grief. Just then a gentleman entered the cottage.

'I'm glad you're come, sir, for Susan's in a sad way; mayhap you can make her hear reason.'

'She must have time, poor woman; she must have time. Don't bother her, Betty; let her weep; it will do her good.'

So saying, the gentleman, who was Mr Fenton, the master of the free grammar-school, sat down, took the widow's only child, a boy of about four years, between his knees, and began to talk to the visitor on indifferent topics.

By degrees the paroxysm of the poor woman's grief subsided;

though she still wept, her tears fell calmly, and she was able to look about her, and to pay some attention to the conversation of those who were around.

Mr Fenton, though he appeared to take no notice, had observed her from time to time, quietly waiting till she would be in a state to 'hear reason,' as her friend Betty termed it, before he addressed her; and when he did so, to Betty's great surprise, it was to talk hopefully of the future, not to lament over the past.

'What a fine boy Tommy is grown,' said he, stroking the boy's head; 'how old is he now?'

'I am five year old,' said Tommy, quite manfully.

'Five years! why, you're growing quite a man. What do you mean to do with him, Susan?'

'I know not, sir; he's owre young yet for aught. He's a good child, but a sore burden for a lone woman to have to keep.'

'A sore burden! not at all, if you train him up well, and make him useful. He might do something now.'

'No, no; he's owre young yet for aught but play.'

'My good woman, the plays children find for themselves are far harder and more toilsome than any work I would put him to. The habit, the early habit of industry and usefulness, is what you must try to give your child; and that habit alone is the best fortune he can have. But, as I said, he is not too young even now to achieve something useful, as well as to gain a habit of industry. He can pick up stones, I warrant.'

'Yes, to be sure,' said the widow.

'Yes, and I'll be bound he could weed out the groundsel and chickweed in a garden bed, if he were kindly and plainly shewn which they are.'

'Yes, he's a sharp boy, and minds what's said to him.'

'Sharp and attentive, and five years old! oh, never tell me he can do nothing. I hear you begin your charring again on Monday, and Mrs Fenton says, that now the school's so full, she can find you almost constant employment at our house. Now, Susan, listen to me. Bring your boy with you; I have a small field I want cleared of stones; I have some rough but very easy and light work in my garden. I will take care that the child is properly set agoing. Thus he will be out of harm's way; he will be acquiring a habit of industry, besides learning his letters; and he will be even earning a trifle towards his own support. You will mind what I say?'

'I will, sir, and I offer you many, many thanks.'

The good effect of this judicious kindness on the poor woman was immediate; for the remainder of the funeral week, instead of being passed in vain tears and lamentations, was busily occupied in mending up Tommy's clothes, that he might 'go decent o' Monday.'

Monday came, and Tommy was duly initiated into the mystery not

merely of filling a little basket with stones, and emptying it again (for in that he was, like the rest of the world of children, a tolerable proficient), but he was taught always to empty the basket at one spot, so as to make a heap; and he directly felt a laudable pride in the size of his heap, and worked manfully.

It was no very long time before Tommy became really useful, for he was docile, and attentive, and industrious. The schoolmaster—whose servant, before her marriage, Susan had been, and who respected her for her strict integrity and steady industry—kept, amid his own important avocations, an observant eye on her boy, and took care that some sort of work, suited to his age, should always be found for him. In due time Tommy was elevated to the post of errand-boy and shoe-cleaner to the school, and there was now no need to seek out for work for him; his own vocation brought him abundance; but the principle of industry was already securely inculcated; the boy never shirked his work.

It was about this time that Mr Fenton frequently observed Tom and his own son, who was a year or two younger, in earnest conference apart from the other boys. Their usual rendezvous was the steps of a dry well in the playground. One day he came upon them quite unexpectedly, and both boys started, whilst his own endeavoured to huddle something into his pocket.

'What is that you are hiding, Harry?' said Mr Fenton. 'Give it to me.'

'Please, father, it's only this,' said the boy holding out a tattered horn-book.

'Why do you hide this, Harry? What are you doing with it?'

'Only teaching Tom to read, father.'

'Which is creditable both to you and him. You need not be ashamed of it, either of you. So, you wish to learn to read, Tom?'

'I would give all I have in the world to learn, sir.'

'Well, my boy,' said Mr Fenton, smiling, 'it shall not cost you so much as that; nevertheless, you must pay for it.'

Tom stared at the idea of *his* paying, and so did Harry.

'What I mean is this, Tom: you are hired here to perform certain duties, you are paid for doing them; and I must have none of them omitted, or even neglected. But, by *working a little harder*, you may contrive to have a spare hour in the afternoon, and that hour you may spend in the school-room. This extra work, Tom, this coming an hour earlier in the morning, or working in your dinner-hour—for one or the other you must do—this is the way in which you must pay for your learning; and, as you grow older, you will find that nothing great or important can be achieved without self-denial and exertion; you must begin to practise both *now*, even to learn to read.'

A proud day was it for Tom Multon, and for his happy mother, when, with newly washed hands, and a face as shining as soap and

water could make it, he made his first appearance in the schoolroom as a *scholar*. He blushed scarlet, and felt painfully confused as he glanced timidly round and saw the jeering and quizzical looks that were cast on him; but Harry Fenton smiled kindly on him; and the usher, who had been previously instructed by Mr Fenton, called him to a form near himself, and immediately set him to work.

From this day Tom never once missed his afternoon attendance at school; his time of entering became earlier and earlier, till at last he habitually came in almost as soon as the bell rang. Mr Fenton at first made some remark, as, 'Are you not too early, Tom?' but the invariable answer was, 'I've done my work, sir, every bit of it;' and as the answer was always true, as nothing of his regular employment was ever neglected, the schoolmaster ceased to notice the matter.

He could not shut his eyes, however, to the extraordinary progress Tom made in his schooling. The usher, who began to take quite a pride in the boy, frequently called his attention to the fact, and begged him to enlarge the circumscribed plan which he had laid down for his learning. For a long time Mr Fenton refused to do this. He was afraid of entailing misery on the boy, by giving him tastes beyond what his station in life would permit him to gratify. His mother was earning her bread by the sorest drudgery; the boy had no prospect but of doing the same; and he thought that, by enabling him to read English, to write a little, and cast common accounts, he was giving him learning sufficient to make him respectable in his own station of life, and even to elevate him moderately above it. He was not proof, however, against the repeated hints of his usher, the solicitations of his own son, and more especially the patient perseverance of the boy himself, when he found that he had absolutely, against orders, been secretly toiling at the Latin grammar. Moreover, he began to feel that, possessing, from his own position, every facility to help Tom forward, he might himself be doing wrong to repress, determinately, the evidently strong bent of his disposition. The boy was quiet and docile, perseveringly *industrious* in all he had to do, but above all, *fond of his book*.

So, having at length made up his own mind, the schoolmaster betook himself to the widow, to induce her to dispense with the present profit of her son's labour, and to let him give himself entirely to the school. She remonstrated sorely: 'she saw no good so much learning would do him; she was a lone widow; she had nobody to work for her; and she could not afford to keep a great boy like him in idleness.'

The schoolmaster urged her to try, for her boy's sake, for his future good; and at length, but not without considerable difficulty, he obtained her consent, promising that she should be at no expense about books, and that he would endeavour to help her in the matter of clothes.

These latter stipulations Mr Fenton managed in a peculiar way; for, with a heart open as the day to charity, he had not a purse wherewithal to second his wishes.

'I have a great favour to beg of you, Mr Courtney,' said he to a gentleman who had come to take his son home for the holidays.

'Pray, name it, Mr Fenton; I shall feel much pleasure in obliging you, if it be in my power.'

'It is quite so, easily so. I have a *protegé*, a poor lad, humble and industrious, but with such an irrepressible love of books that it is useless to attempt to curb it. I am willing to give him the run of the school; his mother, a hard-working woman, consents to give up his time; but we are at a loss for clothes and books. Your son is about a year older, and my petition to you is, that I may have Master Edward's cast-off suit, at the end of each half-year, for poor Tom Multon.'

'Oh, willingly—most willingly.'

'And perhaps I may be permitted to take Mr Edward's school classics as he relinquishes them: truth compels me to say, they will hardly grace your library shelves after they have done duty here.'

There is hardly need to add, that ready permission was granted, and, moreover, that a lasting interest in his fortunes was thus awakened for Tom in Mr Courtney's breast. Similar applications were made, as they became requisite, by Mr Fenton to other parents, and with the like success. Thus was the errand-boy provided regularly and permanently with clothes, with books, and placed in the path of scholarship. And he became a scholar; not a great, not a shining one, but a safe, a sure, a correct one. He was always assiduous, always attentive, always industrious. If he made no great or sudden steps forward, he never retrograded; and thus gradually and surely winning his onward way, he was fully qualified in a few years to succeed, in the post of usher, the young man who had so kindly and cordially co-operated with Mr Fenton in his education. And it may be doubtful whether Tom Multon himself, now called Mr Thomas, was more proud of his advancement than was his ever-kind patron, Mr Fenton, or his fast friend, Harry Fenton, who was now bound for the university.

But there was yet another who, silent, unobserved, unsuspected, watched Tom Multon's progress with a far deeper interest than either his patron, his school-friend, or even she who watched his cradle, and fostered him with a mother's love. This was a young girl of domestic habits and retired manners, gentle and unobtrusive, who had been nurtured from infancy in the house which now, since he assumed the duties of usher, was also his home. Rose Fenton was an orphan, but not a destitute one, for her good uncle and guardian had taken care that the little patrimony bequeathed to her should not diminish in his hands. She was kind and good-tempered, a clever housewife for her years, obliging to those about

her, and very good to her poor neighbours. Her uncle used to say jokingly, but most kindly, that she was 'cut out for a parson's wife;' but at present all Rose's hopes and wishes seemed to be centered in the home of her childhood. But ere long they began to stray, and it could not escape the notice of so observant a person as Mr Fenton, that a warm and mutual attachment was ripening between his usher and his niece.

At first this sorely grieved and perplexed him; for he felt, naturally enough, the inequality of their stations; for, though bred up in a homely and domestic way, Rose Fenton had a right to look to a much higher marriage than one with the child of charity, the son of his charwoman, Susan. But when, again, he reflected on the youth's course of conduct even from his cradle until now; his unvarying integrity, industry, and docility; his good temper, his kind disposition, and the advance in station which his own unwearied perseverance had already achieved—he thought perhaps he might rather congratulate his niece than otherwise. He determined to let matters take their course.

But whatever hopes Thomas Multon might secretly cherish, he was too prudent as yet to give any expression to them. True, he had made his way wonderfully; but he felt he had yet much to achieve ere he dared to whisper his hopes to Miss Fenton, or seek the approbation of her uncle. His mother was yet drudging as a servant; she, who had for years deprived herself of every superfluity, in order to procure him the necessaries of life whilst he was a school-boy—a mere burden on her hands. His first object must be to place her above want. He had, from the moment he received a fixed allowance as assistant-teacher, set aside a part of it for her; but she, with the energy which had characterised her, placed it, with her other little savings, to accumulate. 'She did not need to rest yet,' she said. Nevertheless, her son hoped to see her rest before long.

So some years passed away, whilst he continued patiently toiling through his duties as usher, but devoting, unremittingly, his private hours to study, with a view to qualify himself for the function of a clergyman. Mr Fenton would fain have dissuaded him from the last step, as he saw little prospect of advancement for him; but in this one instance Multon's wishes were too powerful to be persuaded away. Ordination at that time, and in that district, was easily obtained, without those fitting and decent preliminaries which are now indispensable; and being fortunate enough, through Mr Fenton's influence, to obtain a nomination to an adjoining curacy, the duties of which would not interfere with those of the school, he was ordained by the bishop of the diocese. And this great point being achieved, our errand-boy, now the Rev. Thomas Multon, asked and obtained Mr Fenton's consent to a union with Rose, so soon as he should have obtained the means to support her in respectability and comfort.

These came suddenly, as good-fortune generally does, and from an unlooked-for quarter. On entering the little parlour one day at tea-time, a few months after his ordination, Mr Multon was surprised to find an elderly gentleman whom he did not know and a young man in a military undress, whom he was some time in recognising as Edward Courtney, the youth to whose library and wardrobe he had himself been indebted for several years. The gentlemen had been making a tour in the northern counties, and at the earnest desire of the younger one, had turned aside to visit his old schoolfellow. His greeting to Mr Multon was frank and cordial, that of the old gentleman was kind and even respectful, for Mr Fenton had been preparing the way for his young friend's appearance.

No allusion whatever was made to his circumstances that night; but a few weeks afterwards, a letter arrived from the elder Mr Courtney to Mr Multon, presenting him the rectory of Northerton, in ——shire, worth £200 a year, with a commodious parsonage house. And thus was the poor widow's son rewarded for his perseverance in welldoing.

A few years ago, a friend paid me a morning visit, bringing with her a young lady of most prepossessing appearance, and of gentle manners and speech; and who, I was informed, was Rose Multon, the daughter of the rector of Northerton—one of six children, united and affectionate, and as much respected as their parents.

'And what of old Susan,' inquired I, 'as her old acquaintance here still call her?'

'Old Mrs Multon,' replied my friend, 'lives happily in a small cottage near her son, which, partly from her own former savings, and partly from his liberality, she is able to keep in very comfortable order. I hear but of one dissatisfaction in the family.'

'What is that?'

'It is the rector himself, who complains that his children have quite superseded him in his mother's good graces, and that he really often fancies that she does not think half so much of him now as she did when he was an ERRAND-BOY.'

ANECDOTES OF THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

ALL knowledge is received through the medium of the senses, usually reckoned five in number—seeing, hearing, taste, smell, and touch or feeling; these, in fact, being the agents by which the mind is excited to receive or communicate ideas. A deprivation of one or more of the senses, as is well known, ordinarily leads to increased activity of the others, in consequence of the greater reliance placed upon them; nevertheless, it seems evident that any such deprivation must, less or more, cause a deficiency in the intellectual conceptions. A person who has been blind from earliest infancy can, by no process of feeling, hearing, or smelling, be made to have even moderately correct ideas of light or colours; neither does it appear to us that any one who has been always deaf can attain to anything like a proper understanding of sound. Deprivation of hearing from birth may be considered a double calamity, for it is naturally attended with deprivation of speech; and hence the deaf-mute, whatever be his acquirements, always excites our warmest compassion.

Which of the senses could be most conveniently spared, has probably been with most persons a subject of occasional consideration, and it is only when their merits are severally compared that we have a thorough notion of their value. Had we never possessed eyes, then should we never have beheld the glories of the sun, moon, and stars; the beauteous earth we tread, fields, flowers, colours, the magnificent ocean, or the face of those we love. Had we been

deaf from birth, then should we never have heard sounds, music, language, nor have been able to hold communication by speech; of the tones of affection we should never have been conscious. Had we been deficient in taste, we should have been exposed to injury in eating that which should be rejected as food; and along with a deprivation of the kindred sense of smell, we should have been constantly in a state of difficulty and danger. It would be needless to speculate on the deprivation of feeling, for we cannot conceive that life should exist for any length of time with such a deficiency. Greatly as we must deplore the misfortune of those who labour under an irremediable privation of any of the senses, we must in as great a degree admire that Providential care which provides a measure of compensatory happiness. Although those stricken with blindness are shut out from being spectators of nature's marvellous handiwork, how usually superior is their enjoyment of harmonious sounds, how exquisite their love of music! The deaf, too, have their enjoyments, and are at least blest with a pleasing unconsciousness of the loss which they sustain. Lamentable, indeed, is the fate of those who have been deprived of the two more important senses—seeing and hearing; yet that even blind deaf-mutes, with no other senses to rely upon than smell, taste, and feeling, may enjoy a qualified happiness, and be susceptible of moral cultivation, has been shewn in several well-accredited instances. One of the most remarkable cases of the kind is that of James Mitchell, the story of whose blameless and interesting life we propose in the first place to lay before our readers.

JAMES MITCHELL.

JAMES MITCHELL was born in the year 1795 at Ardclach, a parish in the north of Scotland, of which his father was clergyman. He was the youngest except one of seven children, and neither his parents nor his brothers or sisters had any deficiency in the senses. Soon after birth, his mother discovered that he was blind, from his manifesting no desire to turn his eyes to the light. On inspection, it was observed that it was blindness caused by cataract; both the lenses were opaque, a cloudy pearl-like substance resting over the retina or seeing part of each eye. This was a sufficiently distressing discovery, but how much greater was the anguish of the poor mother when she soon after found that her infant was deaf as well as blind! Excluded from all ordinary means of direction, the child was guided only by feeling and natural impulse—an object so helpless as to require constant and careful attention. Fortunately, his constitution was otherwise sound: he learned to walk like other children, by being put to the ground and left to scramble to his feet, holding by any objects near him.

While between one and two years of age, he began to evince considerable acuteness in touch, taste, and smell, being able by these to distinguish strangers from the members of his own family, and any little article which was appropriated to himself from what belonged to others. As he advanced in years, various circumstances concurred to prove that neither the auditory nerves nor retina were entirely insensible to impressions of sound and light, and that though he derived little information from these organs, he received from them a considerable degree of gratification. A key having accidentally come into his hand, he put it to his mouth; it struck on his teeth. This was to him a most important discovery. He found that the blow communicated a vibration through his head, and this, the nearest approach to sound, was hailed with delight; henceforth the striking of a key on his teeth became a daily gratification. As great was the pleasure he derived from any bright or dazzling object being held to his eyes. One of his chief amusements was to concentrate the sun's rays by means of pieces of glass, transparent pebbles, or similar substances, which he held between his eye and the light, and turned about in various directions. There were other modes by which he was often in the habit of gratifying his desire of light. He would go to any outhouse or room within his reach, shut the windows and doors, and remain there for a considerable time, with his eyes fixed on some small hole or chink which admitted the sun's rays, eagerly catching them. He would also, during the winter nights, frequently retire to a corner of a dark room, and kindle a light for his amusement. Such indeed seemed to be the degree of pleasure which he received from feasting his eyes with light, that he would often occupy himself in this manner for several hours without interruption. In this, as well as in the gratification of the other senses, his countenance and gestures displayed a most interesting avidity and curiosity. His father often remarked him employing many hours in selecting from the bed of the river, which flows within a few yards of the house, stones of a round shape, nearly of the same weight, and having a certain degree of smoothness. These he placed in a circular form on the bank, and then seated himself in the middle of the circle.

At the age of thirteen his father took him to London, where the operation of piercing the membrane of each tympanum of the ear was performed by Sir Astley Cooper, but without improving his hearing in the least. An operation was also performed on the left eye by Mr Saunders, but with little or no success. As there appeared still some hopes of restoring vision, his father a second time carried him to London in the year 1810, when fifteen years of age, and placed him under the charge of Mr Wardrop, an eminent surgeon. Mr Wardrop's account of the boy is so interesting that we shall give it in his own words. 'This poor boy,' says he, 'had the usual appearance of strength and good health, and his countenance

was extremely pleasing, and indicated a considerable degree of intelligence. On examining the state of his eyes, the pupil of each was observed to be obscured by a cataract. In the right eye the cataract was of a white colour and pearly lustre, and appeared to pervade the whole of the crystalline lens. The pupil, however, readily dilated or contracted according to the different degrees of light to which it was exposed. The cataract in the left eye was not equally opaque, about one-third of it being dim and clouded, arising, as it appeared, from very thin dusky webs crossing it in various directions, the rest being of an opaque white colour. The pupil of this eye did not, however, seem so susceptible of impressions from varieties in the intensity of light as that of the other, nor did he employ this eye so often as the other to gratify his fondness for light. I could discover no defect in the organisation of his ears. It was difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain with precision the degree of sight which he enjoyed, but from the preternatural acuteness which his senses of touch and smell had acquired, in consequence of having been habitually employed to collect that information for which the sight is peculiarly adapted, it may be with confidence presumed that he derived little if any assistance from his eyes or organs of vision. Besides, the appearances of the disease in the eyes were such as to render it extremely probable that they enabled him merely to distinguish some colours and differences in the intensity of light. The organs of hearing seemed equally unfit for receiving the impressions of ordinary sounds as his eyes were those of objects of sight. Many circumstances at the same time proved that he was not insensible to sound. It has been already observed that he often amused himself by striking hard substances against his teeth, from which he appeared to derive as much gratification as he did from receiving the impression of light on his eyes. When a ring of keys was given to him he seized them with great avidity, and tried each separately by suspending it loosely between two of his fingers, so as to allow it to vibrate freely; and after jingling them amongst his teeth in this manner, he generally selected one from the others, the sound of which seemed to please him most. A gentleman observing this circumstance, brought to him a musical snuff-box, and placed it between his teeth. This seemed not only to excite his wonder, but to afford him exquisite delight; and his father and sister, who were present, remarked that they had never seen him so much interested on any former occasion. Whilst the instrument continued to play, he kept it closely between his teeth; and even when the notes were ended, he continued to hold the box to his mouth, and to examine it minutely with his fingers, his lips, and the point of his tongue, expressing by his gestures and by his countenance extreme curiosity. Besides the musical snuff-box, I procured for him a common musical key. When it was first applied to his teeth, he exhibited expressions of fear mixed with surprise. However, he soon perceived that it

was attended with no harm, so that he not only allowed it to be renewed, but he soon acquired the habit of striking it on his own hand so as to make it sound, and then touching his teeth with it. One day his father observed him place it upon the external ear. He has also, on some occasions, been observed to take notice of, and to appear uneasy with very loud sounds. Thus, therefore, the teeth, besides being organs of mastication, and also serving as organs of touch in examining the food in the mouth, so that the hard and indigestible part may be rejected, in this boy seemed to be the best channel of communicating sound to the auditory nerve. His organs of touch, smell, and taste had all acquired a preternatural degree of acuteness, and appeared to have supplied in an astonishing manner the deficiencies in the senses of seeing and hearing. By those of touch and smell, in particular, he was in the habit of examining everything within his reach. Large objects, such as the furniture of a room, he felt over with his fingers; whilst those which were more minute, and which excited more of his interest, he applied to his teeth, or touched with the point of his tongue. In exercising the sense of touch, it was interesting to notice the delicate and precise manner in which he applied the extremities of his fingers, and with what ease and flexibility he would insinuate the point of his tongue into all the inequalities of the body under examination. But there were many substances which he not only touched, but smelled during his examination. To the sense of smell he seemed chiefly indebted for his knowledge of different persons; he appeared to know his relations and intimate friends by smelling them very slightly, and he at once detected strangers. It was difficult, however, to ascertain at what distance he could distinguish people by this sense; but from what I was able to observe, he appeared to be able to do so at a considerable distance from the object. This was particularly striking when a person entered the room, as he seemed to be aware of this before he could derive information from any other sense than that of smell, except it may be that the vibrations of the air indicated the approach of some person. In selecting his food, he was always guided by his sense of smell, for he never took anything into his mouth without previously smelling it carefully. His taste was extremely delicate, and he shewed a great predilection for some kinds of food, whilst there were others of which he never partook. He had on no occasion tasted butter, cheese, or any of the pulpy fruits, but he was fond of milk, plain dressed animal food, apples, peas, and other simple nutriment. He never took food from any one but his parents or sister.

'But the imperfections which have been noticed in his organs of sight and of hearing were by no means accompanied with such defects in the powers of his mind as might be suspected. He seemed to possess the faculties of the understanding in a considerable degree; and when we reflect that his channels of communication

with the external world must have afforded very slow means of acquiring information, it is rather surprising how much knowledge he had obtained. Impressions transmitted through the medium of *one* sense might call into being some of the most important operations of intellect. Facts have been given to prove that this boy possessed both recollection and judgment. We are ignorant of the qualities of bodies which influenced his determinations and his affections. On all occasions, however, it was clear that he made his experiments on the objects which he examined with all the accuracy and caution that his circumscribed means of gaining intelligence could admit. The senses he enjoyed, being thus disciplined, acquired a preternatural degree of acuteness, and must have furnished him with information respecting the qualities of many bodies which we either overlook, or are in the habit of obtaining through other channels. Perhaps the most striking feature of the boy's mind was his avidity and curiosity to become acquainted with the different objects around him. When a person came into the room where he was, the moment he knew of his presence he fearlessly went up to him and touched him all over, and smelled him with eagerness. He shewed the same inquisitiveness in becoming acquainted with everything within the sphere of his observation, and was daily in the habit of exploring the objects around his father's abode. He had become familiar with all the most minute parts of the house and furniture, the outhouses and several of the adjacent fields, and the various farming utensils. He shewed great partiality to some animals, particularly to horses, and nothing seemed to give him more delight than to be put on one of their backs. When his father went out to ride, he was always one of the first to watch his return; and it was astonishing how he became warned of this from remarking a variety of little incidents. His father putting on his boots, and such like occurrences, were all accurately observed by the boy, and led him to conclude how his father was to be employed. In the remote situation where he resided, male visitors were most frequent; and therefore the first thing he generally did was to examine whether or not the stranger wore boots. If he did, he immediately quitted him, went to the lobby, found out and accurately examined his whip, then proceeded to the stable, and handled his horse with great care and the utmost attention. It occasionally happened that visitors arrived in a carriage. He never failed to go to the place where the carriage stood, examined the whole of it with much anxiety, and amused himself with the elasticity of the springs. The locks of doors attracted much of his attention; and he seemed to derive great pleasure from turning the keys. He was very docile and obedient to his father and sister, who accompanied him to London, and reposed in them every confidence for his safety, and for the means of his subsistence. It has been already noticed that he never took food from any one but the members of his own family.

I several times offered him an apple, of which I knew he was extremely fond; but he always refused it with signs of mistrust, though the same apple, afterwards given him by his sister, was accepted greedily. It was difficult to ascertain the manner in which his mind was guided in the judgment he formed of strangers, as there were some people whom he never permitted to approach him, whilst others at once excited his interest and attention. The opinions which he formed of individuals, and the means he employed to study their character, were extremely interesting. In doing this, he appeared to be chiefly influenced by the impressions communicated to him by his sense of smell. When a stranger approached him he eagerly began to touch some part of his body, commonly taking hold of the arm, which he held near his nose; and after two or three strong inspirations through the nostrils, he appeared to form a decided opinion regarding him. If this was favourable, he shewed a disposition to become more intimate, examined more minutely his dress, and expressed by his countenance more or less satisfaction; but if it happened to be unfavourable, he suddenly went off to a distance with expressions of carelessness or disgust. When he was first brought to my house to have his eyes examined, he both touched and smelled several parts of my body; and the following day, whenever he found me near him, he grasped my arm, then smelled it, and immediately recognised me, which he signified to his father by touching his eyelids with the fingers of both hands, and imitating the examination of his eyes, which I had formerly made. I was very much struck with his behaviour during this examination. He held his head, and allowed his eyes to be touched with an apparent interest and anxiety, as if he had been aware of the object of my occupation. On expressing to his father my surprise at the apparent consciousness of the boy of what was to be done, he said that he had frequently, during the voyage from Scotland, signified his expectation and his desire that some operation should be performed on his eyes; thus shewing an accurate recollection of his former visit, and a conception of the objects of it. During the first examination, and on several future ones, when I purposely handled the eye roughly, I was surprised to find him submit to everything that was done with fortitude and complete resignation, as if he was persuaded that he had an organ imperfectly developed, and an imperfection to be remedied by the assistance of his follow-creatures.

'Many little incidents in his life have displayed a good deal of reasoning and observation. On one occasion a pair of shoes were given to him, which he found too small, and his mother put them aside into a closet. Some time afterwards, young Mitchell found means to get the key of the closet, opened the door, and taking out the shoes, put them on a young man, his attendant, whom they fitted exactly. On another occasion, finding his sister's shoes very wet after a walk, he appeared uneasy till she changed them. He frequently attempted

to imitate his father's farm-servants in their work, and was particularly fond of assisting them in cleaning the stables. At one time, when his brothers were employed making basket-work, he attempted to imitate them; but he did not seem to have patience to overcome the difficulties he had to surmount. In many of his actions he displayed a retentive memory, and in no one was this more remarkable than in his second voyage to London. Indeed, as the objects of his attention must have been very limited, it is not to be wondered at that those few should be well remembered. He seemed to select and shew a preference to particular forms, smells, and other qualities of bodies. He has often been observed to break substances with his teeth, or by other means, so as to give them a form which seemed to please him. He also preferred to touch those substances which were smooth, and which had a rounded form; and he has been known to employ many hours in selecting smooth water-worn pebbles from the channel of the river. He also seemed to be much pleased with some smells, and equally disgusted with others; and this latter feeling he expressed by squeezing his nostrils, and turning his head from whence the smell came. He shewed an equal nicety in the selection of his food.

'He sometimes shewed a good deal of drollery and cunning, particularly in his amusements with his constant companion and friend, his sister. He took great pleasure in locking people up in a room or closet, and would sometimes conceal things about his person or otherwise, which he knew not to be his own property, and when he was detected doing so, he would laugh heartily. That he was endowed with affection and kindness to his own family cannot be doubted. The meeting with his mother after his return from this London visit shewed this very strongly. On one occasion, finding his mother unwell, he was observed to weep; and on another, when the boy who attended him happened to have a sore foot, he went up to a garret room, and brought down a stool for his foot to rest upon, which he recollected to have so used himself on a similar occasion long before. He seemed fond too of young children, and was often in the habit of taking them up in his arms. His disposition and temper were generally placid, and when kind means were employed, he was obedient and docile. But if he was teased or interrupted in any of his amusements, he became irascible, and sometimes got into violent paroxysms of rage. At no other time did he ever make use of his voice, with which he produced most harsh and loud screams. It is not one of the least curious parts of his history that he seemed to have a love of finery. He early shewed a great partiality to new clothes; and when the tailor used to come to make clothes at his father's house (a practice common in that part of the country), it seemed to afford him great pleasure to sit down beside him whilst he was at work; and he never left him until his own suit was finished. He expressed much disappointment

and anger when any of his brothers got new clothes and none were given to him. Immediately before he came to London each of his brothers got a new hat, while his father considered his own good enough for the sea voyage. Such, however, was his disappointment and rage, that he secretly went to one of the outhouses, and tore the old hat to pieces. Indeed, his fondness for new clothes afforded a means of rewarding him when he merited approbation; and his parents knew no severer mode of punishment than by obliging him to wear old ones.

'With respect to the means which were employed to communicate to him information, and which he made use of to communicate his desires and feelings to others, these were very ingenious and simple. His sister, under whose management he chiefly was, had contrived signs addressing his organs of touch, by which she could control him and regulate his conduct. On the other hand, he by his gestures could express his wishes and desires. His sister employed various modes of holding his arm, and patting him on the head and shoulders, to express consent, and different degrees of approbation. She signified time by shutting his eyelids and putting down his head, which done once meant one night. He expressed his wish to go to bed by reclining his head, distinguished me by touching his eyes, and many workmen by imitating their different employments. When he wished for food he pointed to his mouth, or to the place where provisions were usually kept.'

Mr Wardrop then details the particulars of the operation of *couching* the left eye, having abandoned the idea of extraction of the lens, which operation was rendered extremely difficult, in consequence of the struggles of his patient, who although evidently willing to submit to whatever was intended to be done, yet had not resolution when the operation was actually commenced. By confining him in a machine, however, the cataract was broken up, and so far displaced that he obtained a certain degree of vision. 'On the fifth day,' continues Mr Wardrop, 'he got out of bed, and was brought into a room having an equal and moderate light. Before even touching or seeming to smell me, he recognised me, which he expressed by the fear of something to be done to his eyes. He went about his room readily, and the appearance of his countenance was much altered, having acquired that look which indicated the enjoyment of vision. He appeared well acquainted with the furniture of the room, having lived in it several days previous to the operation; and though, from placing things before him, he evidently distinguished and attempted to touch them, judging of their dimensions with tolerable accuracy, yet he seemed to trust little to the information given by the eye, and always turned away his head while he carefully examined by his sense of touch the whole surfaces of bodies presented to him. Next day he could distinguish a shilling placed on the table, and put his hand on it, as also a piece

of white paper the size of a sixpence. When taken out on the street, he was much interested with the busy scene around. A post supporting a scaffold at the distance of two or three yards chiefly attracted his notice, and he timorously approached it, groping and stretching out his hand cautiously until he touched it. On being taken to a tailor's shop, he expressed a great desire for a suit of new clothes, and it was signified to him that his wishes would be complied with; and being allowed to make a choice, he selected from among the variety of colours a light yellow for his breeches, and a green for his coat and waistcoat. Accordingly these were made, and as I solicited his father not to allow them to be put on until I was present, it was signified to him that he should have permission to wear them in two days. The mode by which he received this communication was by closing his eyelids and bending down his head twice, thereby expressing that he must first have two sleeps. One day after the clothes were finished, I called and requested that he should be dressed in them. This was intimated to him by touching his coat and giving him a ring of keys, one of which opened the door of the room where the clothes were kept. He gladly grasped the keys, and in an instant pitched on the one he wanted, opened the door, and brought a bundle containing his new suit into the room where we were sitting. With a joyful smile he loosened the bundle, and took out of the coat-pocket a pair of new white stockings, a pair of yellow gloves, and a pair of new shoes. The succeeding scene was perhaps one of the most extraordinary displays of sensual gratification which can well be conceived. He began by first trying on his new shoes, after throwing away the old ones with great scorn, and then with a smiling countenance went to his father and sister, holding up to each of them and to me his feet in succession, that we might admire his treasure. He next put on the yellow gloves, and in like manner shewing them to his father and sister, they expressed their admiration by patting him on the head and shoulders. He afterwards sat down opposite to a window, stretched out on each knee an expanded hand, and seemed to contemplate the beauty of his gloves with a degree of gratification scarcely to be imagined. At one time I attempted to deceive him, by putting a yellow glove very little soiled in place of one of his new ones. But this he instantly detected as a trick, and smiled, throwing away the old glove, and demanding his new one. This occupation lasted a considerable time, after which he and his sister retired to another room, where he was dressed completely in his new suit. The expression of his countenance on returning into the room in his gaudy uniform excited universal laughter, and every means was taken to flatter his vanity and increase his delight. One day I gave him a pair of green glasses to wear, in order to lessen the influence of light on his eye. He looked through them at a number of objects in succession; and so great was his

surprise, and so excessive his pleasure, that he burst into a loud fit of laughter. In general he seemed much pleased with objects which were of a white, and still more particularly those of a red colour. I observed him one day take from his pocket a piece of red sealing-wax, which he appeared to have preserved for the beauty of its colour. A white waistcoat and white stockings pleased him exceedingly, and he always gave a marked preference to yellow gloves.'

After leaving London, his father writes: 'James seemed much amused with the shipping in the river, and until we passed Yarmouth Roads. During the rest of the passage we were so far out at sea that there was little to attract his notice, except the objects around him on the deck. He appeared to feel no anxiety till we reached this coast, and observed land and a boat coming alongside of the vessel to carry some of the passengers on shore. He seemed then to express both anxiety and joy; and we had no sooner got into the river which led to the landing-place, than he observed from the side of the boat the sandy bottom, and was desirous to get out. When we got to land he appeared happy, and felt impatient to proceed homewards. On our arrival that evening, after a journey of seventeen miles, he expressed great pleasure on meeting with his mother and the rest of the family. He made signs that his eye had been operated upon, that he also saw with it, and at the same time signified that he was fixed in a particular posture, alluding to the machine in which he had been secured during the operation. He has now learned to feed himself and to put on his own clothes. No particular object has yet attracted his attention in the way of amusement.'

This short gleam of hope and sunshine soon closed upon poor Mitchell. Couching for cataract is seldom permanently successful. The cloudy pearl-like matter being for the most part only broken up, not altogether removed, again settles into a mass, and blindness once more ensues. Such was the case with the object of our memoir: his eye again became opaque, and he relapsed into a state of, as it was thought, irremediable blindness. The brief and partial view which he thus got of the world around him was all that he was destined to see of the face of nature, and all the recollections which he could treasure up of the green earth, the sun and sky, to cheer his future life of loneliness.

In the following year he is described as incapable of distinguishing even a large object at the distance of only a yard or two; and though he recovered a little more vision a few months afterwards, he seems to have relapsed again into as great a state of darkness as before. In 1811 his father died. The day after, his sister took him into the room, and made him touch the corpse. The touch of the dead body surprised and alarmed him, though expressions of grief were not apparent. This was the first dead human body he had ever had an opportunity of examining: before this he had

felt the dead bodies of animals, and one day was seen amusing himself by attempting to make a dead fowl stand on its legs. On the day of the funeral a number of friends assembled to pay the last tribute to the honoured remains. The poor boy, unconscious of the full extent of his loss, glided about among the crowd, his curiosity excited by the unusual assemblage. Two of the observers state that when the coffin was first brought out containing his father's corpse, he clung to it, and seemed for the moment deeply affected. It is certain that he afterwards repeatedly visited the grave, and patted the turf with his hands.

The death of his mother a few years later, after the family had removed to the neighbouring town of Nairn, was a new source of grief; and the suggestion naturally rose in his mind that he should lose his sister also, and for some time he shewed an extraordinary unwillingness to quit her even for an instant. His feelings of distress on this and other occasions were somewhat assuaged by a recourse to a new species of amusement. When he last visited London, he happened to be in the house of a friend of his father, who was in the habit of smoking; and a pipe being given to him, he smoked it and seemed much delighted. After his return home, a gentleman came on a visit to Ardclach, who was also in the habit of smoking, and having tobacco, wished for a pipe. Mrs Mitchell gave the boy a halfpenny, and permitted him to smell the tobacco. He understood her signs, went out to a shop in the neighbourhood where pipes were to be had, and returned with one in his hand. From this time the smoking of tobacco became a favourite indulgence, from which it was not considered necessary to divert him.

Numerous particulars are related of the subsequent life of Mitchell, but these it is unnecessary to repeat, and we confine ourselves to what follows, as interest in his conduct and habits in a great degree ceases from the time he obtained a view of the external world—a view which, however short, must have given him a distinct idea of light and colours, and also the appearance of animate and inanimate objects. His sister, in describing his condition after this period, mentions that 'he continued to take an unabated interest in the employment of the various workmen in town; and in the progress of their work, particularly mason-work, examining minutely what has been done in his absence, and fearlessly ascending the highest part of their scaffolding, in which he has hitherto been most providentially preserved from any serious accident. While the addition lately made to a house was roofing, I remarked him ascending the slater's ladder and getting on the roof. Laying himself down, and fixing his heel in a rough part of the surface, he moved himself along, one foot after the other, until the fear of his slipping rendered me unable to remain longer to look at him. I believe such is his common practice whenever anything of the kind is carrying on. He is so perfectly inoffensive, that all classes contribute towards

his safety and even to his amusement, allowing him to enter their houses and handle whatever he has a mind to, as he never attempts carrying anything away with him or injuring it while in his possession. Indeed, except in one instance, I never knew him exposed to any unpleasant treatment in these unceremonious visits. It was in the case of a family who came to reside in this neighbourhood about three years ago, and who were quite unacquainted with his situation. When he went out as usual to the house (where with the former occupants he had been accustomed to range at pleasure), and began feeling the umbrellas and other articles in the lobby, with the intent, as they supposed, of carrying them off, they first remonstrated with him, and getting no reply, they then proceeded to turn him forcibly out of doors, which they effected after receiving as many kicks and blows as he could bestow in the struggle. He was afterwards seen by two gentlemen who knew him, bellowing with rage. They wished to get hold of him and soothe him, but found it impossible from the furious rate at which he was going; and although regretting his apparent irritation, they were not a little amused upon approaching the house to see a domestic peeping fearfully out at a half-opened door, and the other members of the family, which consisted mostly of females, at the various windows, whence they could obtain a view of the person who had been the cause of so much fear and trouble to them.'

In 1826, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder thus relates an interesting visit which he received from Mitchell at Relugas, a distance of seventeen miles from Nairn: 'It was one day about noon, in the month of May, that I saw him pass the window of the dining-room where I was sitting, and immediately recognising him, I hastened to the house door, and met him in the porch, in the act of entering. I took him by the hand, clapped him gently on the back, and led him to the room I had just left, and taking him towards Mrs Cumin, who was the only person with me at the time, he shook hands with her. I then conducted him to a sofa, where he sat down; and being apparently a good deal tired, he leaned back in expectation of finding support, but the sofa being one of those constructed without a back, he was surprised, and instantly made himself master of its form by feeling it all over. I then took his hand and put it to his mouth, with the intention of making him understand that he should have something to eat. He immediately put his hand into his waistcoat-pocket, where he had some copper, as if with the intention of taking it out. . . . My impression was that he meant to express that he could pay for food if it was given him. Miss Mitchell seems to think that it was an indication of satisfaction merely. I confess, however, that his action appeared to me to be so immediately consequent on mine, that I cannot yet doubt that it resulted from it. He may have misinterpreted my signal, and imagined that it referred to a pipe and tobacco; and this may perhaps reconcile our

difference of opinion. I lost no time in ordering luncheon, and in the meanwhile I gave my interesting visitor a cigar. He took it in his hand, smelt it, and then put it into his waistcoat-pocket with a smile of infinite satisfaction. I took another cigar from the case, and having lighted it, I put it into his hand. He carried it also directly towards his nose, but in its way thither the red glare of the burning end of it caught his eye (which is perfectly aware of light, although not of form), and arrested his hand. He looked at it for a moment, turned it round, and having extinguished it between his finger and his thumb, he put it also into his pocket with the air of being much amused. I was then convinced that he had never before met with a cigar, and that he knew it only as tobacco. I therefore prepared another, lighted it, smoked two or three whiffs so as to make him sensible of the odour, and then taking his hand, I put the cigar into it, and guided it to his mouth. He now at once comprehended matters, and began whiffing away with great delight; but the fumes of the tobacco ascending from the burning end of the cigar stimulated his eye, and gave him pain; yet he was not to be defeated by this circumstance, for, retaining the cigar between his forefinger and thumb, he stretched up his middle finger, and keeping his eyelid close with it, he went on smoking until I judged it proper to remove the end of the cigar from his mouth when it was nearly finished. By this time Lady Lauder came in, and I begged that the children might be brought. I took each of them to him in succession, and he patted their heads; but the ceremony, though tolerated, seemed to give him little pleasure. A tray now appeared, and I led him to a seat at the table. I put a napkin on his knee, and comprehending what he was to be employed in, he drew his chair very close to the table, as if to prevent accident to the carpet, and spread the napkin so as to protect his clothes. I helped him to some broth, and guided his spoon for two or three times, after which I left him to himself, when he leaned over the table, and continued to eat the broth without spilling any of it, groping for the bread, and eating slice after slice of it with seeming appetite. The truth was, he had been wandering for some days, had been at Ardclach, had had a long walk that morning, and was very hungry. I then cut some cold meat for him, and he helped himself to it very adroitly with his fork, drinking beer from time to time as he wanted it, without losing a drop of it. After he had finished he sat for a few minutes, and then he arose as if he wished to go. I then gave him a glass of wine, and each of us having shaken him by the hand, he moved towards the door, where I got him his hat, and taking him by the arm, I led him down the approach to the lodge. Having made him aware of the obstruction which the gate presented, I opened it for him, led him into the road, and giving his arm a swing in the direction I wished him to take, I shook hands with him again, and he moved away at a good round pace, as I had indicated.

Some years ago Mitchell paid a visit to Relugas, but I was from home at the time, and as he was known to no one else, his awkward gait occasioned his being mistaken for a drunk or insane person, and the doors being shut against him, he went away. He never repeated his visit until the late occasion, but I am not without hope that the kind treatment he last met with may induce him to come here the next time he takes a ramble. His countenance is so intelligent, and its expression in every respect so good, that he interested every individual of the family, and delighted us all.'

A gentleman who visited Mitchell in 1832, has thus described to us his interview: 'When I called he was abroad, but in a short time he made his appearance, and was led into the room by his sister. His face was weather-beaten, but he had the appearance of robust health. He was of middle stature, and at this time thirty-seven years of age. His countenance was mild and pleasant; with nothing of a vacant look, his features had that precise and distinct outline, especially his mouth, that indicates a reflecting mind. His head was well formed, round, and what would be termed large. He was plainly dressed, but with that appearance of neatness and cleanliness which shewed he had sufficient self-respect to take the proper care of his clothes; indeed, as I afterwards learned, he is particularly nice regarding his dress. On examination, I found his eyes and his state of vision such as I had been led to expect—that is, he can distinguish bright sunshine from darkness, and perhaps white or brilliant objects from black ones, but this is the whole extent of his powers; he cannot distinguish the lines of form of bodies, or the lineaments or expressions of the human countenance. The left eye, which had been operated upon, is opaque and muddy over the whole pupil; with it I conjectured he saw little or none: in the other eye the opacity of the lens is somewhat circumscribed, especially on the inferior margin, and it is on this edge of the pupil that I could perceive an opening by which a few rays of light might enter. His sister thought that his vision had somewhat improved of late. When an object is presented to him, if it be bright and glittering, he holds it towards the inferior edge of this eye; but immediately after he puts it to the test of the organs of touch, taste, and smell, which evidently shews his still very limited extent of vision.

'After having satisfied my curiosity regarding this highly interesting being, I rose to take leave. He seemed to be sensible of the movement, and also rose. His sister intimated that a shake of the hand would be acceptable, and I impressed upon him a most cordial adieu. I could not help thinking how different might have been my interview with this same person had it pleased God to have endowed him with the use of all his senses; how I might have been instructed by his intelligence, amused with his cheerful active fancy, and warmed with that tide of benevolent feeling and affection, of

all of which so many unequivocal traces were visible, even as it was.'

To his inestimable guide and companion the following eulogium by the late Sir James Mackintosh is appropriately due: 'His sister is a young woman, of most pleasing appearance and manners, distinguished by a very uncommon degree of modesty, caution, and precision in her accounts of him, and probably one of the most intelligent as well as kindest companions that ever guided a being doomed to such unusual if not unexampled privations. Her aversion to exaggeration, and her singular superiority to the pleasure of inspiring wonder, make it important to the purposes of philosophy as well as humanity that she should continue to attend her brother. Separation from her would indeed be an irreparable calamity to this unfortunate youth. By her own unaided ingenuity she has conquered the obstacles which seemed for ever to preclude all intercourse between him and other minds; and what is still more important, by the firm and gentle exertion of her well-earned ascendant over him, she spares him much of the pain which he must otherwise have suffered from the occasional violences of a temper irritated by a fruitless struggle to give utterance to his thoughts and wishes.'

Mitchell survived his sister, living to the age of seventy-four. In the prime of life he was possessed of great strength, and he continued to enjoy robust health until within a few weeks of his death, which took place at Nairn, August 1869.

We now turn to the case of a blind deaf-mute, who has excited a lively interest in this country and in America.

LAURA BRIDGEMAN.

LAURA BRIDGEMAN was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the 21st of December 1829. For a few months after birth she was a sprightly infant with blue eyes, but being of a weakly constitution, and afflicted with severe fits, her parents had little hope of rearing her. When eighteen months old, her health improved, and she advanced considerably in intelligence; but soon she relapsed; disease raged violently during five weeks; and her eyes becoming inflamed, they suppurated, and their contents were discharged. At the same time she lost the sense of hearing. She was now, at two years of age, blind and deaf. But this was not all her misfortunes. The fever having continued to rage, after a few months her sense of smell was almost destroyed, and her taste was much blunted. She was also so greatly reduced in strength, that it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day. It was not until she was four years of age that her health was

entirely restored; and yet in what a condition was she placed—deaf, dumb, blind, and possessing only a slight consciousness of smell and taste! Every avenue of communication with the external world might be said to be gone, except feeling. The deprivations having taken place when she was an infant of two years of age, she consequently retained no recollection of having either seen or heard; and as her eyes were destroyed, any hope of restoring vision was out of the question.

'What a situation was hers!' observes Dr Howe, in the account of poor Laura's case. 'The darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her; no mother's smile called forth her answering smile, no father's voice taught her to imitate his sounds; brothers and sisters were but forms of matter which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house, save in warmth and in the power of locomotion, and not even in these respects from the dog and the cat. But the immortal spirit which had been implanted within her could not die, nor be maimed nor mutilated; and though most of its avenues of communication with the world were cut off, it began to manifest itself through the others. As soon as she could walk, she began to explore the room, and then the house: she became familiar with the form, density, weight, and heat of every article she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother, and felt her hands and arms as she was occupied about the house; and her disposition to imitate led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little, and to knit.

'At this time I was so fortunate as to hear of the child, and immediately hastened to Hanover to see her. I found her with a well-formed figure, a strongly-marked, nervous-sanguine temperament, a large and beautifully shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action. The parents were easily induced to consent to her coming to Boston, and on the 4th of October 1837, they brought her to the institution.*

'For a while she was much bewildered, and after waiting about two weeks until she became acquainted with her new locality, and somewhat familiar with the inmates, the attempt was made to give her a knowledge of arbitrary signs, by which she could interchange thoughts with others. There was one of two ways to be adopted; either to go on to build up a language of signs on the basis of the natural language which she had already commenced herself, or to teach her the purely arbitrary language in common use; that is, to give her a sign for every individual thing, or to give her a knowledge of letters by combination of which she might express her idea of the existence, and the mode and condition of existence, of anything. The former would have been easy, but very ineffectual;

* The Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, at Boston, over which Dr Howe presided.

the latter seemed very difficult, but if accomplished, very effectual. I determined therefore to try the latter.

'The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c. and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon of course distinguished that the crooked lines *s p o o n* differed as much from the crooked lines *k e y*, as the spoon differed from the key in form. Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She shewed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *k e y* upon the key, and the label *s p o o n* upon the spoon. She was encouraged here by the natural sign of approbation—patting on the head. The same process was then repeated with all the articles which she could handle; and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise was that of imitation and memory. She recollected that the label *b o o k* was placed upon a book, and she repeated the process first from imitation, next from memory, with only the motive of love of approbation, but apparently without the intellectual perception of any relation between the things.

'After a while, instead of labels the individual letters were given to her on detached bits of paper; they were arranged side by side so as to spell *b o o k*, *k e y*, &c.; then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words *b o o k*, *k e y*, &c.; and she did so. Hitherto the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her; her intellect began to work. She perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and shew it to another mind; and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression. It was no longer a dog or parrot; it was an immortal spirit eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome, and that henceforward nothing but patient and persevering, but plain and straightforward efforts were to be used. The result thus far is quickly related and easily conceived, but not so was the process; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labour were passed before it was effected.

'When it was said above that a sign was made, it was intended to say that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling his hands, and then imitating the motion. The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also a board, in which were square holes,

into which holes she could set the types, so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface. Then, on any article being handed to her—for instance, a pencil or a watch—she would select the component letters and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure. She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished this speedily and easily, for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid.

'This was the period, about three months after she had commenced, that the first report of her case was made, in which it is stated that "she has just learned the manual alphabet, as used by the deaf-mutes; and it is a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly she goes on with her labours. Her teacher gives her a new object—for instance, a pencil—first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers. The child grasps her hand, and feels her fingers as the different letters are formed; she turns her head a little on one side, like a person listening closely; her lips are apart, she seems scarcely to breathe; and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile as she comprehends the lesson. She then holds up her tiny fingers, and spells the word in the manual alphabet; next she takes her types and arranges her letters; and last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon or in contact with the pencil, or whatever the object may be."

'The whole of the succeeding year was passed in gratifying her eager inquiries for the names of every object which she could possibly handle; in exercising her in the use of the manual alphabet; in extending in every possible way her knowledge of the physical relations of things; and in proper care of her health. At the end of the year a report of her case was made, from which the following is an extract: "It has been ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she have any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odours, she has no conception; nevertheless she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.

'"When left alone, she seems very happy if she have her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours; if she have no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions. She counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned in the manual alphabet of the deaf-mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue; if she spell a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation; if right, then she pats herself upon the head, and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish for a moment and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

'"During the year, she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf-mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motions of her fingers. But wonderful as is the rapidity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words thus written by another, grasping their hands in hers, and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. It is in this way that she converses with her blind playmates, and nothing can more forcibly shew the power of mind in forcing matter to its purpose than a meeting between them; for if great talent and skill are necessary for two pantomimes to paint their thoughts and feelings by the movements of the body, and the expression of the countenance, how much greater the difficulty when darkness shrouds them both, and the one can hear no sound!"

'During this year, and six months after she had left home, her mother came to visit her, and the scene of their meeting was an interesting one. The mother stood some time gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt at finding that her beloved child did not know her.

'She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognised by the child at once, who with much joy put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly to say she understood the string was from her home.

'The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances. Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses,

but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for although she had feared that she should not be recognised, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child was too much for woman's nature to bear.

'After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind that this could not be a stranger; she therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest; she became very pale, and then suddenly red; hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as, with an expression of exceeding joy, she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

'After this the beads were all unheeded; the playthings offered her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

'The subsequent parting between them shewed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child. Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused and felt around to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other, and thus she stood for a moment; then she dropped her mother's hand, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and turning round, clung sobbing to the matron, while her mother departed with emotions as deep as those of her child.

'Her social feelings and her affections are very strong, and when she is sitting at work or at her studies by the side of one of her little friends, she will break off from her task every few moments to hug and kiss them with an earnestness and warmth that is touching to behold. When left alone she occupies and apparently amuses herself, and seems quite contented; and so strong seems to be the natural tendency of thought to put on the garb of language, that she often soliloquises in the *finger language*, slow and tedious as it is. But it is only when alone that she is quiet; for if she become sensible of the presence of any one near her, she is restless until she can sit close beside them, hold their hand, and converse with them by signs. In her intellectual character it is pleasing to observe

an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a quick perception of the relations of things. In her moral character it is beautiful to behold her continual gladness, her keen enjoyment of existence, her expansive love, her unhesitating confidence, her sympathy with suffering, her conscientiousness, truthfulness, and hopefulness.'

She now writes a legible hand, and can express all simple ideas in words, uniting nouns with adjectives and verbs in a manner perfectly intelligible. She writes with a pencil in a grooved line. At first she was puzzled to comprehend the meaning of the process to which she was subjected; but when the idea dawned upon her mind, that by means of it she could convey intelligence to her mother, her delight was unbounded. She applied herself with great diligence, and in a few months actually wrote a legible letter to her mother, in which she conveyed information of her being well, and of her coming home in ten weeks. It was indeed only the skeleton of a letter, but still it expressed in legible characters a vague outline of the ideas which were passing in her mind.

We are told that she has improved very much in personal appearance as well as in intellect; her countenance beams with intelligence; she is always active at study, work, or play; she never repines; and most of her time is gay and frolicsome. She is now very expert with her needle, she knits easily, and can make twine bags and various fancy articles very prettily. She is very docile, has a quick sense of propriety, dresses herself with great neatness, and is always correct in her deportment. In short, it would be difficult to find a person in the possession of all her senses, and the enjoyment of the advantages that wealth and parental love can bestow, who is more contented and cheerful, or to whom existence seems a greater blessing, than it does to this bereaved creature, for whom the sun has no light, the air no sound, and the flowers no colour or smell.

Mr Charles Dickens, who visited the asylum in the course of his journey in the States some years ago, mentions, in his *American Notes*, that he had an interview with Laura, whose condition greatly interested him. We take the liberty of extracting a few passages from the account of his visit.

'The thought occurred to me,' he observes, 'as I sat down before a girl, blind, deaf, and dumb, destitute of smell, and nearly so of taste; before a fair young creature with every human faculty, and hope, and power of goodness and affection, enclosed within her delicate frame, and but one outward sense—the sense of touch. There she was before me, built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound, with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an immortal soul might be awakened. Long before I looked upon her, the help had come. Her face was radiant with intelligence and pleasure. Her hair, braided by her

own hands, was bound about a head whose intellectual capacity and development were beautifully expressed in its graceful outline and its broad open brow; her dress, arranged by herself, was a pattern of neatness and simplicity; the work she had knitted lay beside her; her writing-book was on the desk she leaned upon. From the mournful ruin of such bereavement, there had slowly risen up this gentle, tender, guileless, grateful-hearted being. Like other inmates of that house, she had a green ribbon bound round her eyelids. A doll she had dressed lay near upon the ground. I took it up and saw that she had made a green fillet such as she wore herself, and fastened it about its mimic eyes. She was seated in a little enclosure, made by school-desks and forms, writing her daily journal. But soon finishing this pursuit, she engaged in an animated communication with a teacher who sat beside her. This was a favourite mistress with the poor pupil. If she could see the face of her fair instructress, she would not love her less, I am sure.

'I turned over the leaves of her diary, and found it written in a fair, legible, square hand, and expressed in terms which were quite intelligible without any explanation. On my saying that I should like to see her write again, the teacher who sat beside her bade her, in their language, sign her name upon a slip of paper twice or thrice. In doing so, I observed that she kept her left hand always touching and following up her right, in which, of course, she held the pen. No line was indicated by any contrivance, but she wrote straight and freely.

'She had, until now, been quite unconscious of the presence of visitors; but having her hand placed in that of the gentleman who accompanied me, she immediately expressed his name upon her teacher's palm. Indeed her sense of touch is now so exquisite, that having been acquainted with a person once, she can recognise him or her after almost any interval. This gentleman had been in her company, I believe, but very seldom, and certainly had not seen her for many months. My hand she rejected at once, as she does that of any man who is a stranger to her. But she retained my wife's with evident pleasure, kissed her, and examined her dress with a girl's curiosity and interest. She was merry and cheerful, and shewed much innocent playfulness in her intercourse with her teacher. Her delight on recognising a favourite playfellow and companion—herself a blind girl—who silently, and with an equal enjoyment of the coming surprise, took a seat beside her, was beautiful to witness. It elicited from her at first, as other slight circumstances did twice or thrice during my visit, an uncouth noise which was rather painful to hear. But on her teacher touching her lips, she immediately desisted, and embraced her laughingly and affectionately.'

Since this account was given to the world, other reports have been issued, from which we learn that Laura has become one of the most skilful teachers in the asylum for the blind at Boston.

We learn from the further account of Mr Dickens, that there was in this institution a boy named Oliver Caswell, who had been deaf and blind since he was a few months old, and was now at thirteen years of age in a state resembling that of Laura Bridgeman. By the same kind attentions, he was learning to read by the touch, and to communicate his ideas by the fingers.

MISCELLANEOUS CASES.

Of the performances of persons who have been blind from early infancy—their remarkable tact in finding their way unassisted, their accurate memory of events and places, their skill and taste in music, their dexterity in many operations in science and art, and their acquirements in other respects, numerous anecdotes might be related. The following will be read with a degree of interest, as exemplifying the abilities of this unfortunate class of individuals.

JOHN METCALF.—The case of this person has always been spoken of as bordering on the marvellous, though, as he did not lose his sight till he was six years of age, and after he had been at school two years, the wonder is considerably lessened. John was the son of poor parents, and was born at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, in 1717. After recovering from the disease which deprived him of sight, he continued to take part in boyish sports with his companions as formerly, roamed fearlessly over fields, walls, and ditches, learned to ride on horseback, to take a hand at whist, bowls, and other games. Swimming was another of his accomplishments, and he performed feats in this department which astonished everybody. On one occasion, when two men were drowned in the Nidd, he was employed to dive for their bodies, and succeeded in bringing up one of them.

Music, the usual resource of the blind, was not neglected by Metcalf. Before he reached the age of sixteen, he had acquired such proficiency on the violin, as to be engaged as a performer both at Knaresborough and at Harrowgate, where he was much liked and caressed. With his earnings as a musical performer, he bought a horse, and not only rode frequently in the hunting-field, but ran his horse for small plates at York and elsewhere. On one occasion he engaged, for a considerable stake, to ride his own horse three times round a circular course of a mile in length against another party. As it was believed that Metcalf would never be able to keep the course, large odds were taken against him; but by the ingenious plan of stationing persons with bells at different points, he not only kept the circle, but won the race.

At the age of twenty-one, John Metcalf was six feet one inch and

a half in height, and extremely robust in person. He was so lively in spirits, and so quick in his motions, that few perceived his want at a casual glance; nor durst any one presume so far upon his defects as to ill-use or insult him. Not deterred by his privation, he paid his addresses to Miss Benson, the daughter of a respectable innkeeper at Harrowgate, to whom he was married. After assuming this serious engagement, he continued to perform during every season at Harrowgate, increasing his income by keeping a chaise or two for hire. Being indefatigable in his search for means of bettering the condition of his family, he also travelled, at intervals of professional leisure, to the coast for fish, which he brought to the markets of Leeds and Manchester. Such was his quickness and ingenuity, that no accident ever happened to himself or his horses on these journeys.

When the rebellion broke out in 1745, Metcalf's stirring spirit led him to join the English army as a musician, and he remained with them up till the victory of Culloden. He then returned home, but not until he had formed a plan of future employment from what he had learned—for we can scarcely say observed—in Scotland. He adopted the idea that a number of the cotton and worsted manufactures of the north would sell well in England, and accordingly he made one or two journeys back to Scotland for these stuffs, which he disposed of in Yorkshire. Among a thousand articles, he knew exactly what each cost him, from a peculiar mode of marking. Still this trafficking did not prove suitable for a permanent line of life, and in 1751 he commenced driving a stage-wagon, twice a week in summer and once in winter, between York and Knaresborough. This employment apparently drew his attention to the subject of roads, and fixed him in the pursuit which finally gained him his chief celebrity, and proved a source of no slight advantage to his country. During his leisure hours he had studied mensuration in a way peculiar to himself, and when certain of the girth and length of any piece of timber, could reduce its contents to feet and inches, or could bring the dimensions of any building into yards and feet. In short, he had formed for himself accurate and practical modes of mensuration. At this time it chanced that a new piece of road, about three miles long, was wanted between Fearnsby and Minskip. Being well acquainted with the locality, he proposed to contract for it, and his offer was accepted. The materials for the road were to be taken from one quarry, and there, with his wonted activity, he erected temporary houses, hired horses, fixed racks and mangers, and set the work agoing with great spirit. He completed the road much sooner than was expected by the trustees, and in every way to their satisfaction.

Thus commenced the most remarkable portion of this man's life. Metcalf soon undertook other road contracts, and, strange to say, succeeded in laying down good lines where others were hopeless of

success. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire, during a period of nearly forty years, he pursued the employment of road-making and bridge-building, being by far the most noted and esteemed follower of such occupations in those parts. The large bridge at Boroughbridge, and various others, might be named as proofs of his abilities and success. An anecdote is told which will exhibit the ingenious way in which he overcame difficulties which staggered other surveyors. Among the numerous roads for which he contracted was one on the Manchester line between Blackmoor and Standish-Foot. The original surveyor took the new line over deep marshes, which, in the opinion of the trustees and all concerned, seemed only passable by cutting or digging the earth till a solid bottom was found. This plan appeared to Metcalf tedious and expensive, and he attempted to prove to the trustees that such was the case; but they were fixed in their original views, and only permitted the blind road-maker to follow his own way, on condition that he should afterwards execute their plan if his own failed. Metcalf began to his task. The worst part of the line was on Standish Common, where a deep bog existed, which it seemed impossible to cut a road through. Metcalf set his men to work in cutting a line, and draining off the water, as far as that was possible. So little progress, however, was at first made, that everybody laughed at the poor blind man, who, it was thought, would have given up the task in despair had he had his eyes like other people. Nevertheless he proceeded unweariedly, until he had levelled the bog across, and he then ordered his men to collect heather or ling, and bind it in round bundles which they could span with their hands. These bundles were laid down close together on the cut line, and successive bundles laid over them again, after which they were covered and pressed down with stones and gravel. The issue was, that this portion of the road, when completed, was so remarkably firm and good, that it needed no repairs for twelve years, while other parts required frequent repairs. Even in winter it was perfectly dry.

It was Metcalf's custom, in making purchases of wood, hay, or stones, to span the articles with his arms, and then calculate the amount mentally. Having learned the height, he could tell with great accuracy what number of square yards were contained in a stack of grain, of any value between one and five hundred pounds. His memory was astonishing, and it was no doubt principally by this faculty that he was enabled to traverse so many towns, and ride along so many roads. While in York, on one occasion, a friend of his, the landlord of the George Inn, asked him as a personal favour to guide a gentleman towards Harrowgate. This place lay in Metcalf's own way, and he agreed to the request upon condition that his blindness was kept a secret from the gentleman. The pair accordingly started, both on horseback, and Metcalf taking the lead. By a little dexterity, Metcalf contrived to pass some gates without

leading to a suspicion of the truth, and finally the travellers entered a forest beyond Knaresborough, where there was as yet no turnpike. Evening came on, and by asking his companion if he saw lights in particular directions, Metcalf brought the journey to a safe close, though in those days a man with all his eyes about him might well have strayed from the path. On landing at the Granby Inn, the two travellers took some warm liquor, after which Metcalf retired. Having noticed some difficulty on the part of his companion in lifting the glass, the gentleman remarked to the landlord that his guide had surely taken drink since his arrival. 'I judge so,' added he, 'from the appearance of his eyes.'

'Eyes! bless you, sir, don't you know that he is blind?'

'Blind!' cried the traveller; 'surely that cannot be; he acted as my guide.'

'I can assure you, sir, he is as blind as a stone; but you shall judge for yourself.'

Metcalf was called in, and his late companion, yet trembling with agitation, exclaimed: 'Had I known your condition, sir, I would not have ventured with you for a hundred pounds!'

'And I,' said Metcalf, 'would not have lost my way for a thousand!'

The nicety of touch which Metcalf had acquired was very wonderful. He could play at cards with no other guide; and when persons were by on whom he could depend, he frequently played for serious stakes, and won through the advantage of his uncommon memory. Even when no friend was near him, it would have been very difficult for an opponent to have taken unfair advantage, such was his acuteness of ear and powers of observation. One occasion is mentioned where he won eighteen guineas from strangers at cards.

In the summer of 1788, Mr Metcalf lost his wife, who had brought him four children. He had before this realised a handsome sum by his road and bridge contracts, but he lost considerably in his old days by some cotton speculations into which he was led by his enterprising spirit. In 1792, he gave up his extensive engagements, and settled at Spotsforth, near Wetherby, in his native county. Here, having retained as much of his fortune as to secure a comfortable independence, he spent his latter days in happy ease in the bosom of his family. He died in the year 1802.

Of the attainment of skill in the arts by the blind, we have perhaps a still more remarkable case in that of the late Mr Strong of Carlisle. Although blind from birth, he acquired a thorough knowledge of diaper weaving, and was an adept in various mechanical arts; among other things, he constructed many articles of household furniture, and the model of a loom with a figure working it. The following anecdote is related of him while a boy of fifteen years of age. He concealed himself one afternoon in the cathedral during the time of service; after the congregation was gone and the doors

shut, he got into the organ-loft, and examined every part of the instrument. This had engaged his attention till about midnight, when, having satisfied himself respecting the general construction, he proceeded to try the tones of the different stops, and the proportion they bore to each other: this experiment was not to be conducted in so silent a manner. In short, the noise alarmed the neighbourhood, and some people went to see what was the matter, when Joseph was found playing the organ. The next day, he was taken before the dean, who, after reprimanding him for the step he had taken in order to gratify his curiosity, gave him leave to play it whenever he pleased. In consequence of this, he set about making a chamber organ, which he completed without the assistance of anybody. He sold this instrument to a mechanic in the Isle of Man. Soon after this he made another, on which he played both for amusement and devotion.

In Scotland some interesting cases of blind persons arriving at dexterity in the arts could be produced. We have seen many figures of fair proportions and of delicate finish come from the hand of a blind man—his only instruments being the blades of a common pocket-knife. The daily work of another whom we knew was the fashioning of ornamental spoons, paper-folders, and the like, by which he gained for himself a more than comfortable livelihood. We believe the Laurencekirk snuff-boxes were originally executed by a blind man, and certainly nothing could surpass them for accuracy of form and beauty of finish. What is more wonderful, there resided in a country town in Scotland, some years ago, a blind person who followed the profession of an optician. This respectable individual grinded and polished lenses of all shapes with the most perfect accuracy, and fitted them to the exact focal distances with an aptitude which could not be surpassed by any one possessing the most perfect vision. That a person altogether blind was thus able to supply a customer with exactly the kind of spectacles he required, is surely a fine instance of the compensatory powers in the human faculties and energies. The ingenious individual to whom we refer possessed a touch so delicate that he could detect not only the most minute flaw on the surface of a lens, but could tell where the form departed in the least from the required convexity or concavity. We have likewise heard it mentioned that he could by feeling distinguish decided colours in cloth, such as black, red, green, or blue, from others of a fainter tint.

There are, we believe, few districts in England and Scotland which have not produced proficients on the violin who were blind; and in a like manner Ireland can shew its illustrious catalogue of blind performers on the national harp. Among the most remarkable harp-players of a past age was the famous Hempson, who died in 1807 at the age of 112, having been born in 1695. Hempson lost his sight when three years old, and being taught the harp

while still a youth, he devoted himself with extraordinary ardour to the playing of the old national airs. Travelling from place to place with his harp, and playing at the houses of the nobility and gentry, where he was very acceptable, he visited most parts of Ireland and Scotland; and in 1745 had the honour of playing before Prince Charles Stuart at Holyrood. Latterly, when no longer able to travel, he lived in the house of his daughter; and such was his attachment to his harp, that he kept it constantly beside him in bed. A gentleman who visited him in 1805, when he was 110 years of age, mentions that, gratified with a call from an old friend, he started up in bed, and tuning the ancient companion of his wanderings, played some of the fine old airs of Ireland with indescribable feeling and delicacy. Hempson left few successors, the national instrument having gone almost out of use in Ireland. He left, however, one blind Irish harper—we might call him the last of the minstrels—Mr Patrick Byrne, who made a livelihood by playing to parties, and for this purpose he travelled, like Hempson, through different parts of England and Scotland, as well as his own country. Byrne was a well-informed, modest, and agreeable man, and was a delightful performer on his instrument. Such was his confidence in himself, that he walked everywhere without a guide: he successfully groped his way through the streets of the largest cities to the houses he intended to visit.

Of all the exploits in the way of travelling by blind persons, we imagine none excel those of Mr James Holman, usually styled the blind traveller. Mr Holman was bred to the naval profession, in which he had hopes of gaining distinction, when at twenty-five years of age his prospects were irrecoverably blighted by an illness leading to loss of sight. After the distressing feelings which accompanied the first shock of his bodily privation had in some degree subsided, the active mind began to seek for occupation and amusement, and finally pitched on locomotion. Acquiring an insatiable thirst for moving about, and if not seeing, at least hearing from description on the spot what each place and scene was like, he began to travel into foreign countries. Thus, between 1819 and 1821 he travelled through France, Italy, Savoy, Switzerland, parts of Germany bordering on the Rhine, Holland, and Belgium, of all which countries he has published a lively description. In 1827 he undertook a far grander expedition—a voyage round the world, which occupied him till 1832. What he heard and felt during this hazardous enterprise, which took him through Africa, Asia, Australia, and America, has also been described in a published narrative extending to several volumes.

Nothing more strikingly exemplifies the pliancy of the human faculties than the pleasure which this unfortunate gentleman derives from his examinations of remote and obscure parts of the globe, in the midst of numerous dangers and difficulties. Speaking of an

exploring expedition on the coast of Africa in which he was concerned, and which required him to march for several days inland to visit a tribe of natives, he observes: 'I have ever throughout life, but perhaps more particularly since the loss of my sight, felt an intense interest in entering into association with human nature, and observing human character in its more primitive forms: this propensity I have previously had opportunities of enjoying in some of the countries most remote from European knowledge, amidst the wilds of Tartary and the deserts of Siberia: and I can refer to the indulgence of it many of my more pleasurable emotions. I believe the intensity of my enjoyment under the system I have adopted equals, if not surpasses, what other travellers experience who journey with the eyes open. It is true I see nothing *visibly;* but, thank God, I possess most exquisitely the other senses, which it has pleased Providence to leave me endowed with; and I have reason to believe that my deficiency of sight is in a considerable degree compensated by a greater abundance of the powers of the imagination, which enables me to form *ideal pictures* from the description of others, which, as far as my experience goes, I have reason to believe constitute fair and correct representations of the objects they were originally derived from.' We may safely aver that after the success which has attended Mr Holman's efforts, no man need be afraid to travel over the world blindfold.

It may have been remarked by those who have given attention to the physical disabilities of the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, that blindness alone is much less a disqualification in point of mental aptitude than congenital deafness. The difference arises from the impossibility of conveying intelligence to the mind by spoken language. The blind can be made to comprehend many things by means of oral communication, which the deaf cannot readily acquire by any species of literature. Spoken language is the means pointed out by nature to communicate ideas, to express emotions and sentiments of every kind; literature, at best, is only an auxiliary, and fails to convey the refinements of expression, the delicacies of feeling, utterable by the tongue. On this account, it may be doubted if the most accomplished deaf and dumb scholar can be made to possess a nice perception of philosophical reasoning, or be able to write with force, eloquence, and precision. In ordinary circumstances, deaf-mutes, even after lengthened instruction, fail to write with grammatical accuracy; so much do they lose by never having heard spoken language, and their ignorance of the value of sounds. We have seen, in the foregoing notices, that blindness does not prevent the attainment of a certain proficiency in arts requiring a knowledge of the beautiful and the exact in form. The deaf-mute from birth, however, rarely attains this distinction. We hear of a hundred blind musicians and poets for one congenitally deaf painter, sculptor, or author.

Among the long roll of blind poets who have gained a deathless fame for their effusions, two distinguished names will readily occur to remembrance—those of Homer and Milton. Happily for themselves, these renowned followers of the Muses had not been always blind, and having made good use of their eyes in youth, they had little difficulty in presenting finished pictures of natural scenery and other visible objects of creation which are to be found in their compositions. Blind Harry, an eminent Scottish poet of the era of Chaucer, was less fortunate, as he was blind from birth, yet has presented many vivid descriptions of natural scenery. Dr Blacklock, the early friend and patron of Burns, blind from infancy, left behind him poetical compositions remarkable for their taste and feeling. But of modern blind poets none has excelled Carolan, the celebrated Irish musician and lyrical writer. A piece which he composed in his native Irish on the death of his wife—an event he did not long survive—has been generally admired. From a translation we extract the following lines:

'Once every thought and every scene was gay,
Friends, mirth, and music, all my hours employed—
Now doomed to mourn my last sad years away,
My life a solitude, my heart a void!
Alas, the change!—to change again no more—
For every comfort is with Mary fled;
And ceaseless anguish shall her loss deplore,
Till age and sorrow join me with the dead.

Adieu each gift of nature and of art,
That erst adorned me in life's early prime!
The cloudless temper, and the social heart!
The soul ethereal, and the flights sublime!
Thy loss, my Mary, chased them from my breast,
Thy sweetness cheers, thy judgment aids no more;
The Muse deserts a heart with grief opprest,
And lost is every joy that charmed before.'

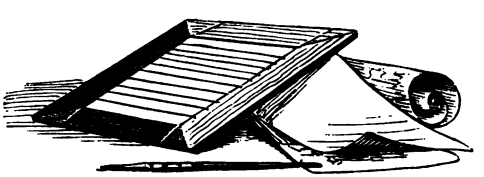
How far the deaf may be made to acquire an idea of sounds has been a subject of much conjecture. In comparatively few cases is the auditory nerve entirely destroyed, and it is often only in a state of dormancy or secluded by superficial disease from the action of sounds. We have seen how the unfortunate boy Mitchell delighted in tingling a key or tuning-fork on his teeth. The greater number of those who are ordinarily considered deaf are keenly alive to sensations produced by music, when the instrument is brought in contact with their persons. We are told of a lady in Paris who tried an experiment upon a young woman who was both deaf and dumb. She fastened a silk thread about the girl's mouth, and rested the other end upon her pianoforte, upon which she played a pathetic air; her visitor soon appeared much affected, and at length

burst into tears. When she recovered, she wrote down upon a piece of paper that she had experienced a delight which she could not express, and that it had forced her to weep.

It is mentioned in a German journal, that, in 1750, a merchant of Cleves, named Jorrisen, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord where some persons were playing, and having a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested against the body of the instrument, was agreeably surprised to hear all the notes in the most distinct manner. By a little reflection and practice he again obtained the use of this valuable sense; for he soon learned by means of a piece of hard wood, one end of which he placed against his teeth, to keep up a conversation, and to be able to understand the least whisper. He soon afterwards made his beneficial discovery the subject of an inaugural dissertation, published at Halle in 1754. The effect is the same if the person who speaks rests the stick against his throat or his breast, or when one rests the stick which he holds in his teeth against some vessel into which the other speaks.

Various devices have been adopted to teach the blind to read, the most successful being that in which raised letters are employed; the touch of the fingers answering the purpose of sight. To perfect this species of printing for the blind, several kinds of letters, all more or less arbitrary in form, have been tried, in each case with some degree of success; so that opinion is still divided as to which is on the whole the best. On this plan of raised figures palpable to the touch, maps and globes for teaching geography have been formed for the use of the blind, and are now introduced into all well-conducted asylums. To enable the blind to practise ordinary writing, a frame with cross wires is used; and the writing is traced, without ink, by means of a style and a sheet of carbonised paper.*

* A simple and inexpensive form of this frame, contrived recently by a lady whose husband had lost his sight, is figured below; the mode of using it is represented at the head of this tract. A description of it is given in *Chambers's Journal* for February 29, 1868.



STORY OF RICHARD FALCONER.*

I WAS born at Bruton, a market-town in Somersetshire, of parents in tolerably good circumstances. My mother having died while I was very young, I was left entirely to the charge of my father, who had been a great traveller in his youth, and frequently related his adventures abroad. This roused a desire in my mind to follow his steps. I often begged he would let me go to sea with some captain of his acquaintance; but he would reply: 'Stay where you are; you know not the hazards and dangers that attend a sea-life; think no more of going to sea, for I know it is only the desire of youth. prone to change: and if I should give you leave, one week's voyage would make you wish to be at home again.' It was with me as with many other heedless lads; I disregarded my father's advice, and used all the arguments I could think of to move him from his opposition, but without effect. At length, in consequence of certain family misfortunes, my father gave his consent to my departure. I now proceeded to Bristol, and by the recommendation of my parent to

* This narrative is reprinted, with some slight alterations, from a rare old work, now little known, but which was a favourite with Sir Walter Scott in his younger days, as appears from the following observations made by him on the blank-leaf of a copy which had been in his possession: 'This book I read in early youth. I am ignorant whether it is altogether fictitious, and written upon Defoe's plan, which it generally resembles, or whether it is only an exaggerated account of the adventures of a real person. It is very scarce; for, endeavouring to add it to the other favourites of my infancy, I think I looked for it ten years to no purpose, and at last owed it to the active kindness of Mr Terry: yet *Richard Falconer's Adventures* seem to have passed through several editions.'

a Captain Pultney, was put on board the *Albion* frigate, Captain Wase commander; it was a trader bound to Jamaica, and set sail with a fair wind on the 2d of May 1699. The vessel reached its destination in safety after a stormy, and to me far from pleasant voyage.

Finding our affairs would detain us here about half a year, I obtained leave of the captain to go in a sloop, with some of my acquaintances, to seek logwood on the South American coast, at the Bay of Campeachy; and on the 25th of September we set sail on this expedition. The manner of getting this wood is as follows: A company of desperate fellows go together in a sloop, well armed, and land by stealth, to avoid an encounter with the Spaniards, to whom the country at that time belonged; but in case of any resistance, the whole crew attend on the cutters ready armed, to defend them. We sailed merrily on our course for six days together, with a fair wind towards the bay; but on the seventh, the clouds darkened, and the welkin seemed all on fire with lightning, and the thunder roared louder than ever I heard it in my life. In short, a dreadful hurricane approached. The sailors had furled their sails, and lowered their topmasts, waiting for it under a double-reefed foresail. At length it came with extreme violence, which lasted three hours, until it insensibly abated, and brought on a dead calm. We then loosed our sails in expectation of the wind, which stole out again in about half an hour. About six in the evening, we saw a waterspout, an aërial cloud that draws up the salt water of the sea, and distils it into fresh showers of rain. This cloud comes down in the form of a pipe of lead, of a vast thickness, and, by the force of the sun, sucks up a great quantity of water. I stood an hour to observe it. After it had continued about half an hour in the water, it drew up insensibly, by degrees, till it was lost in the clouds; but in closing, it shut out some of the water, which fell into the sea again with a noise like that of thunder, and occasioned a thick mist, that continued for a considerable time.

October the 6th, we anchored at Triste Island, in the Bay of Campeachy, and sent our men ashore at Logwood Creek, to seek for the logwood cutters, who immediately came on board. The bargain was soon struck; and in exchange for our rum and sugar, and a little money, we got in our lading in eight days, and set sail for Jamaica on the 15th day of October. Now, getting up to Jamaica again generally takes up two months, because we are obliged to ply it all the way to windward. I one day went down into the hold to bottle off a small parcel of wine I had there: coming upon deck again, I wanted to wash myself, but did not care to go into the water, so went into the boat astern that we had hoisted out in the morning to look after a wreck. Having washed and dressed myself, I took a book out of my pocket, and sat reading in the boat; when, before I was aware, a storm began to rise, so that I could not get

up the ship's side as usual, but called for the ladder of ropes that hangs over the ship's quarter, in order to get up that way. Whether it broke through rottenness, as being seldom used, I cannot tell, but down I fell into the sea; and though the ship tacked about to take me up, yet I lost sight of them through the duskiness of the evening and the storm. I had the most dismal fears that could ever possess any one in my condition. I was forced to drive with the wind, which, by good-fortune, set in with the current; and having kept myself above water, as near as I could guess in this fright, four hours, I felt my feet every now and then touch the ground; and at last, by a great wave, I was thrown and left upon the sand. Yet, it being dark, I knew not what to do; but I got up and walked as well as my tired limbs would let me, and every now and then was overtaken by the waves, which were not high enough to wash me away. When I had got far enough, as I thought, to be out of danger, I could not discover anything of land, and I immediately conjectured that it was but some bank of sand that the sea would overflow at high tide; whereupon I sat down to rest my weary limbs, and fit myself for death; for that was all I could expect, in my own opinion. Then all my sins came flying in my face. I offered up fervent prayers, not for my safety, because I did not expect any such thing, but for all my past offences; and I may really say I expected my dissolution with a calmness that led me to hope I had made my peace with Heaven. At last I fell asleep, though I tried all I could against it, by getting up and walking, till I was obliged, through weariness, to lie down again.

When I awoke in the morning, I was amazed to find myself among four or five very low sandy islands, separated half a mile or more, as I guessed, by the sea. With that I began to be a little cheerful, and walked about to see if I could find anything that was eatable; but, to my great grief, I found nothing but a few eggs, which I was obliged to eat raw. The fear of starving seemed to me to be worse than that of drowning; and often did I wish that the sea had swallowed me, rather than thrown me on this desolate island; for I could perceive, by the evenness of them, that they were not inhabited, either by man or beast, or anything else but rats, and several sorts of fowl. Upon this island there were some bushes of a wood they call burton-wood, which used to be my shelter at night; but, to complete my misery, there was not to be found one drop of fresh water anywhere, so that I was forced to drink sea-water for two or three days, which made my skin come off like the peel of a broiled codling. At last my misery so increased that I often was in the mind of terminating my life, but desisted, from the expectation I had that some alligator or other voracious creature would come and do it for me.

I had lived a week upon eggs only, when, by good-fortune, I discovered a bird called a booby sitting upon a bush. I ran immediately,

as fast as I could, and knocked it down with a stick. I never considered whether it was proper food, but sucked the blood and ate the flesh with such a pleasure as none can express but those who have felt the pain of hunger to the same degree as myself. After I had devoured this banquet, I walked about and discovered many more of these birds, which I killed. My stomach being now pretty well appeased, I began to consider whether I could not with two sticks make a fire, as I had seen the blacks do in Jamaica. I tried with all the wood I could get, and at last happily accomplished it. This done, I gathered some more sticks, and made a fire, picked several of my boobies, and broiled them as well as I could; and now I resolved to come to an allowance.

At night, I and my fellow-inhabitants endured a great storm of rain and thunder, with the reddest lightning I had ever seen, which well washed us all, I believe. As for myself, my clothes, which were only a pair of thin shoes and thread stockings, and a canvas waistcoat and breeches, were soundly wet; but I had the happiness to find in the morning several cavities of rain-water, which put in my head a thought of making a deep well, or hollow place, that I might have water continually by me, which I brought to perfection in this manner: I took a piece of wood, and pitched upon a place under a burton-tree, where, with my hands and the stick together, I dug a hole, or well, big enough to contain a hogshead of water; then I put in stones, and paved it, and got in and stamped them down hard all round, and with my sticks beat the sides close, so that I made it capable of holding water. But the difficulty was how to get the water there, which I at length effected by means of a sort of bucket made from a part of my clothing. I now felt greatly cheered with my prospects, and thought I should not be very badly off for a while; for, besides the water for my drink, I had ready broiled forty boobies, designing to allow myself half a one a day. I had a small Ovid, printed by Elzevir, which was in my trousers-pocket when I was going up the ladder of ropes; and, by being pressed close, was not quite spoiled, but only the cover off, and a little stained with the wet. This was a great mitigation of my misfortune; for I could entertain myself with this book under a burton-bush till I fell asleep. I remained always in good health, only a little troubled with the headache, for want of a hat, which I lost in the water in falling down from the ladder of ropes. But I remedied this as well as I could by gathering a parcel of chick-weed, which grows there in plenty, and strewing it over the burton-bushes under which I sat. Nay, at last finding my time might be longer there than I expected, I tore off one of the sleeves of my shirt, and lined a cap that I had made of green sprigs, twisted with the green bark that I peeled off.

I had been here a month by my reckoning, and in that time my skin looked as if it had been rubbed over with walnut-shells. I

several times thought to have swum to one of the other islands; but as they looked only like heaps of sand, I believed I had got the best berth, so contented myself with my present station. Of boobies I could get enough, which built on the ground, and another bird that lays eggs, which I used to eat, but I never ventured to taste the eggs. I was so well satisfied with my boobies that I did not care to try experiments. The island which I was upon seemed to me to be about two miles in circumference, and was almost round. On the west side, there was a good anchoring-place, the water being very deep within two fathoms of the shore. God forgive me! but I often wished to have had companions in my misfortune, and hoped every day either to have seen some vessel come that way, or a wreck, where, perhaps, I might have found some necessaries which I wanted. I used to fancy that if I should be forced to stay there long, I should forget my speech; so I used to talk aloud, ask myself questions, and answer them. But if anybody had been by to have heard me, they would certainly have thought me bewitched, I often asked myself such odd questions. All this while, I could not inform myself where I was, nor how near any inhabited place.

One morning, which I took to be the 8th of November, a violent storm arose, which continued till noon. In the meantime, I discerned a bark labouring with the waves for several hours; and at last, with the violence of the tempest, perfectly thrown out of the water upon the shore, within a quarter of a mile from the place where I observed it. I ran to see if there were anybody I could assist, when I found four men (being all there were in the vessel) busy about saving what they could. When I came up with them, and hailed them in English, they seemed mightily surprised. They asked me how I came there, and how long I had been there. When I told them my story, they were concerned for themselves as well as for me, for they found there was no possibility of getting their bark off the sands, the wind having forced her so far. With that we began to bemoan one another's misfortunes; but I must confess to you, without lying, I was never more rejoiced in my whole life, for they had on board plenty of everything for a twelvemonth, and not an article spoiled. Their lading, which was logwood, they had thrown overboard to lighten the ship, which was the occasion of the wind forcing her so far. Had they kept in their lading, they would have bulged in the sands half a quarter of a mile from the place where they did; and the sea, flying over them, would not only have spoiled their provisions, but perhaps have been the death of them all. By these men, I understood to what place I had got—namely, one of the islands of the Alcranes, which are five islands, or rather large banks of sand, for there is not a tree or bush upon any but that on which we were. They lie in the latitude of 22° N., twenty-five leagues from Yucatan, and about sixty from Campeachy town. We worked as fast as we could, and got at everything that would be useful to us

before night. We had six barrels of salt beef, three of pork, two of biscuit, a small copper and iron pot, some wearing-clothes, and a spare hat, which I wanted mightily. We had, besides, several kegs of rum, and one of brandy, and a chest of sugar, with many other things of use, some gunpowder, and one fowling-piece. We took off the sails from the yards, and, with some pieces of timber, raised a hut big enough to hold twenty men, under which we put their beds that we got from the bark. It is true we had no shelter from the wind, for the trees were so low they were of no use. I now thought myself in a palace, and was as merry as if I had been at Jamaica, or even at home in my own country. In short, when we had been there some time, we began to be very easy, and to wait contentedly till Providence should fetch us out of this island. The bark lay upon the sands, fifty yards from the water when at the highest, so that I used to lie in her cabin, by reason there were no more beds ashore than were for my four companions—namely, Thomas Randal of Cork, in Ireland, whose bed was largest, which he did me the favour to spare a part of now and then, when the wind was high, and I did not care to lie on board; Richard White; William Musgrave of Kingston, in Jamaica; and Ralph Middleton of Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. These men, with eight others, set out of Port Royal about a month after us, bound for the same place; but the latter lying ashore, and wandering too far up the country, were met, as it is supposed, by some Spaniards and Indians, who set upon them in great numbers. Yet, nevertheless, by all appearance, they fought desperately; for when Mr Randal and Mr Middleton went to seek for them, they found all the eight dead, with fifteen Indians and two Spaniards. All the Englishmen had several cuts in their heads, arms, breasts, &c., that made it very plainly appear they had sold their lives dearly. They were too far up in the country to bring down their dead, so they were obliged to dig a hole in the earth, and put them in as they lay, in their clothes. As for the Indians and Spaniards, they stripped them, and left them above ground as they found them, and made all the haste they could to embark, for fear of any other unlucky accident that might happen. They set sail as soon as they came on board, and made the best of their way for Jamaica, till they were overtaken by the storm that shipwrecked them on Make-shift Island, as I had named it.

Now, we had all manner of fishing-tackle with us, but we wanted a boat to go a little way from shore to catch fish; therefore, we set our wits to work, in order to make some manner of float, and at last we pitched upon this odd project: We took six casks, and tarred them all over, then stopped up the bungs with corks, and nailed them close down with a piece of tarred canvas. These six casks we tied together with some of the cordage of the vessel, and upon them we placed the scuttles of the deck, and fixed them, and made it so strong that two men might sit upon them; but for fear a storm

should happen, we tied to one end of her a coil or two of small rope, of five hundred fathoms long, which we fixed to a small stake on the shore. Then two of them went out (as for my part, I was no fisherman) in order to see what success they should have, but returned with only one nurse, a fish so called, about two feet long, something like a shark, only its skin is very rough, and when dry will do the same office as a seal-skin. The same, boiled in lemon-juice, is the only remedy in the world for the scurvy, by applying pieces of the skin to the calves of your legs, and rubbing your body with some of the liquor once or twice. We sent out our fishermen the next day again, and they returned with two old wives, and a young shark about two feet long, which were dressed for dinner, and they proved excellent eating. In the morning following, we killed a young seal with our fowling-piece. This we salted, and it ate very well after lying two or three days in the brine.

We passed our time in this Make-shift Island as well as we could, and invented several games to divert ourselves. One day, when we had been merry, sorrow, as after gaiety often happens, stole insensibly on us all. I, as being the youngest, began to reflect on my sad condition, spending my youth on a barren land, without hopes of being ever redeemed. Whereupon, Mr Randal, who was a man of great experience, and had come through many sufferings, gave me considerable comfort in my affliction, both by a narrative of his own mishaps, and by a plan he laid before us of a means of getting off the island. 'Mr Falconer, and my fellow-sufferers,' said he; 'but it is to you,' pointing to me, 'that I chiefly address myself, as you seem to despair of a safe removal from this place more than any other. Is not your condition much better now than you could have expected it to be a month ago? There is a virtue in manly suffering; as to repine seems to doubt of the all-seeing Power which regulates our actions. Our bark is strong and firm; and, by degrees, I do not doubt but with time and much labour to get her into the water again. I have been aboard her this morning when you were all asleep, and examined her carefully inside and out, and fancy our liberty may soon be effected. I only wonder we have never thought before of clearing the sand from our vessel, which, once done, I believe we may launch her out into deep water.'

Having spent the night in reflection on what had passed, the next morning we went to work to clear the sand from our vessel, which we continued working on for sixteen days together, resting only on Sunday, which at last we effected. The next thing we had to do was to get poles to put under our vessel to launch her out; which we got from the burton-wood, but with much difficulty, as we were forced to cut a great many before we could get them that were fit for our purpose. After we had done this, we returned God thanks for our success hitherto; and on the day following, resolved to thrust off our vessel into the water; but we were prevented by Mr Randal

being taken ill of a fever, occasioned, as we supposed, by his great fatigue in working to free our ship from the sand, wherein he spared no pains to encourage us, as much by his actions as his words, even beyond his strength. The concern we were all in upon this occasioned our delay in not getting our vessel out. Besides, one hand out of five was a weakening of our strength. Mr Randal never thought of his instruments till now, when he wanted to let himself blood; but not feeling them about his clothes, we supposed they might have been overlooked in the vessel: so I ran immediately to see if I could find them; and, getting up the side, my very weight pulled her down to the sand, which had certainly bruised me to death if I had not sunk into the hollow that we had made by throwing the sand from the ship. I crept out in a great fright, and ran to my companions, who, with much ado, got her upright; and afterwards we fixed some spare oars on each side, to keep her from falling again; for the pieces of wood that were placed under her were greased, to facilitate her slipping into the water, and we had dug the sand so entirely from her, that she rested only on them, which occasioned her leaning to one side with my weight only. When we were entered into the vessel, and our endeavours to find the box of instruments were fruitless, we were all mightily concerned, for we verily believed that bleeding would have cured him; nay, even he himself said that if he could be let blood, he was certain his fever would abate, and he should be easier; yet to see with what a perfect resignation he submitted to the will of Heaven, would have inspired one with a true knowledge of the state good men enjoy after a dissolution from this painful life. He grew still worse and worse, but yet so patient in his sufferings, that it perfectly amazed us all. He continued in this manner a whole week, at the end of which time he expired. After our sorrow for his death was somewhat abated, we consulted how to bury him, and at last agreed on committing his body to the hole in the sand which I had dug for my well. After fulfilling this melancholy duty, the whole of our thoughts were bent on our vessel, and the means of escape from the island.

On Monday, the 31st of December, we launched our vessel out into the sea, and designed to set sail the next day from the island upon which we had been so long confined. After we had fixed her fast with two anchors and a hawser on shore, we went on board to dine and make ourselves merry, which we did very heartily; and, to add to our mirth, we made a large can of punch, which we never attempted to do before, as we had but one bottle of lime-juice in all, which was what indeed we designed for this occasion. In short, the punch ran down so merrily, that we were all in a drunken condition. When it was gone, we resolved to go to rest; but all I could do would not persuade them to lie on board that night in their cabins, yet without a bed: they would venture, though they were obliged to swim a hundred yards before they could wade to

shore; but, however, they got safe, which I knew by their hallooing and rejoicing.

Having brought my bed on board, I went to rest very contentedly, which I did till next morning; but, O horror! when I had dressed myself, and gone on deck to call my companions to come on board to breakfast, which was intended overnight, and afterwards to go on shore and bring our sails and yards on board, and make to sea as fast as we could, I could not see any land! The vessel had driven from the shore, and was now on the broad ocean. The sudden shock of this catastrophe so overcame me, that I sank down on the deck without sense or motion. How long I continued so, I cannot tell, but I awoke full of the sense of my melancholy condition; and ten thousand times, in spite of my resolution to forbear, cursed my unhappy fate that had brought me to that deplorable state. Instead of coming on board to be frolicsome and merry, we should have given thanks to Him who gave us the blessing of thinking we were no longer subject to such hardships as we might probably have undergone if we had been detained longer on that island. I had no compass, neither was I of myself capable of ruling the vessel in a calm, much less in a storm, should it happen—a case not infrequent in this climate.

After I had vented my grief in a torrent of words and tears, I began to think how the vessel could have got to sea without my knowledge. By remembrance of the matter the night before, I found, by our eagerness and fatal carelessness, we had forgotten to fasten our cables to the gears; and, pulling up the hawser which we had fastened to one of the burton-trees on shore, I perceived that the force of the vessel had pulled the tree out of the earth. Then I, too late, found that a hurricane had risen when I was sound asleep and stupefied with too much liquor. When I began to be something better contented in my mind, and thought of sustaining nature, almost spent with fatigue and grieving, one great comfort I had on my side, which my poor wretched companions wanted, was provision in plenty and fresh water; so that, when I began to consider coolly, I found I had not that cause to complain which they had, for they were left on a barren island without any other provision than that very same diet which I was forced to take up with when first thrown on shore.

I remained tossed upon the sea for a fortnight without discovering land; for the weather continued very calm, but yet so hazy that I could not perceive the sun for several days. One day, searching for some linen that I had dropped under the sacking of my bed, for I did not lie in a hammock, I found a glove with seventy-five pieces of eight in it, which I took and sewed in the waistband of my trousers, for fear I should want it some time or other. I made no scruple in taking it, for I was well assured it had belonged to poor Mr Randal. Besides, I had heard the other people say that they

were sure that he had money somewhere; and, after his death, we searched for it, but could not find any. January the 20th, 1700, I discovered a sail near me, but she bore away so fast, that there was not any hope of succour from her, and I had not anything to distinguish me. I supposed, though I could see them, yet they could not see me, by reason of my want of sail, which would have made me the more conspicuous. The next day I discovered land, about six leagues to the south-west of me, which, I observed, my vessel did not come nigh, but coasted along shore. I was well assured it was the province of Yucatan, belonging to the Spaniards, and was the place we came from. Now, all my fear was that I should fall into their hands, who would make me do the work of a slave; but even that, I thought, was better than to live in continual fear of storms, and tempests, or shipwreck.

I coasted along in this manner for two or three days, and at last discovered land right ahead, which I was very glad of, but yet mixed with fear, in not knowing what treatment I should have. On January the 30th, I made the bay and town of Francisco di Campeachy, as it proved afterwards, and was almost upon it before I was met by anything of a ship or a boat; but at last two canoes came on board, with one Spaniard and six Indians, who were much surprised when they learned my condition, by speaking broken French, which the Spaniard understood. They immediately carried me on shore, and thence to the governor, who was at dinner. They would have made me stay till he had dined; but he, hearing of me, commanded me to come in where he was at dinner with several gentlemen and two ladies; and though it is very rare any one sees the women in these countries, yet they did not offer to veil themselves. I was ordered to sit down by myself at a little table, placed for that purpose, where I had sent me of what composed their dinner, which was some fish and fowls, and excellent wine of several sorts.

After they had feasted me for two or three days, they sent me about, with several officers appointed by the governor, to make a gathering, which was done with success, for in three days we had got seven hundred and odd pieces of eight; and two merchants there were at the charge of fitting up my bark, in order to send it for my poor companions, to hearten us up; as some bottles of fine wines, two bottles of citron-water for a cordial, chocolate, and several other useful things; but the difficulty was to get seamen to go with me. At last they remembered they had five Englishmen that were prisoners there, and taken in the Bay of Campeachy upon suspicion of piracy, but nothing could be proved against them, whom they freed without any ransom. I indeed received as much humanity among them as could be expected from any of the most civilised nations.

All things being prepared, on the 15th of February 1700 we set

sail from Campeachy Bay, after paying my acknowledgments to the generous governor; but having nothing to present him worth acceptance but my Ovid, I gave him that, which he took very kindly, and said he would prize it mightily, not only in the esteem he had for that author, but in remembrance of me and my misfortunes. We plied it to windward very briskly, and in fifteen days discovered the isles of the Alcranes; but we durst not go in within the shoals, because we were all ignorant of the channel. So we cast anchor, and hoisted out our boat, with two men and myself, and made to shore, where we found my three companions, but in a miserable condition, and Mr Musgrave so faint and weak, that they expected he would not live long.

They mentioned to me, that when they awoke, after I had driven off in the vessel in the dark from the island, they were all in despair to find the ship gone, which they perceived was occasioned by a hurricane, that they were assured was violent, because it had blown down their tent, though without awaking them. When they began to consider they had no food, and but very little fresh water, which was left in a barrel without a head in the tent, their despair increased. As no passion, however, can last long that is violent, it wore off with their care for sustenance, which they diligently searched for; and not finding any quantity of eggs or boobies, the dreadful fear of starving came into their minds, with all its horrid attendants. They had been five days without eating or drinking, for the boobies were retired, out of fear or custom, to some other place; neither could they find one egg more; and weakness came so fast upon them, with hunger and drought, that they were hardly able to crawl, so they thought of nothing but dying; when at last they remembered the body of good Mr Randal, that had been buried a week, which they dug up without being putrefied; and that poor wretch, that helped to support our misfortunes, when alive, with his sage advice, now was a means of preserving their life, though dead. We arrived in time to save them from continuing this horrid cannibalism; and having seen the remains of my old friend once more consigned to the tomb, we all got on board our vessel, in order to sail as soon as the wind would rise, it being perfectly calm, and continued so for two days. At last it blew a little, and we weighed anchor, and stood out to sea, but made but little way.

I was now master or captain of a ship, and began to act accordingly. We were nine men, all English; that is, myself first, Richard White, W. Musgrave, and Ralph Middleton, my old companions; John Stone, W. Keater, Francis Hood, W. Warren, and Joseph Meadows (all of England), the five men given me by Don Antonio, who, as I said before, were taken on suspicion of piracy; whereupon a thought came into my head that had escaped me before. I considered if these were really pirates, being five to four, they might be too powerful for us, and perhaps murder us. One day we all

dined together upon deck under our awning, it being very calm weather. I then asked the five men what was the reason that they were taken by the Spaniards for pirates. Upon this they seemed considerably at a loss; but Warren soon recovered himself, as well as all the rest, and spoke for the others in this manner: 'We embarked on board the ship *Bonaventure* in the Thames, bound for Jamaica, whither we made a prosperous voyage; but after taking in our lading, on our way home we were overtaken by a storm, in which our ship was lost, and all the men perished, except myself and four companions, who were saved in the long-boat. But the reason we were taken for pirates was, that, going on shore to save ourselves, we saw a bark riding at anchor without the port of Campeachy, which we made to, in order to inquire whereabouts we were, and to beg some provisions, our own being gone. On entering the vessel, we found but two people in it; the third, jumping into the water, swam on shore, and brought three boats filled with Spanish soldiers, who came on board before we could make off.'

'Make off!' said I. 'What! did you design to run away with the vessel?'

'No,' answered Warren with some confusion; 'but we did design to weigh anchor, and go further inshore, that we might land in the morning, it being late at night.'

I must confess I did not like the fellow hesitating now and then, as if not knowing what to say; but, upon consideration, thought it might be for want of words to express himself better; so for that time I took no more notice, not weighing it in my mind; but in the evening Mr Middleton came to me with a face of concern, and told me he did not like these fellows' tale. 'Why so?' said I. 'Because I observe they herd together,' answered he, 'and are always whispering and speaking low to one another. If a foreboding heart may speak, I am sure we shall suffer something from these fellows that will be of danger to us.'

Upon this I began to stagger in my opinion of their honesty, and therefore we resolved to stand upon our guard. We took no notice of our conference then to our other two companions, but resolved to stay till night, having a better opportunity then, as we lay together in the cabin aft. When we were to go to supper, we called one another to come; but five of the sailors excused themselves by saying they had dined so lately that they had no stomach yet; whereupon we had an opportunity sooner to converse together than we designed; for, being at supper, we opened the matter to our other two companions, and they agreed immediately that we were in some danger; so we resolved in the middle watch of the night to seize them in their sleep. We were to have the first watch, which we set at eight o'clock; then they were to watch till twelve; and then, in their third watch, between one and two, we had concluded to seize upon them as they slept; that is, four of them; for one of

them watched with us, which was Frank Hood, the cook, whom we agreed to seize and bind fast towards the latter end of the watch, and to threaten him with death if he offered to make the least noise.

As soon as ever our first watch was set, we sent Mr Musgrave to prepare our arms. In about half an hour, or thereabouts, Warren called to Hood upon deck (they lying below) to get him a little water, for he was very dry, he said; whereupon the other went down immediately with some water in a can to him. As soon as he was gone down, I had the curiosity to draw as near the scuttle as I could, to hear the discourse. Now, you must know Hood our cook had been employed that day in examining our provisions, our beef-casks and pork, to see what quantity we had, that we might know how long it could last; so that the others had not an opportunity to disclose the design to him. As soon as he had got down, I could hear Will Warren say to him: 'Hark ye, Frank, we had liked to have been smoked to-day; and though we had contrived the story that I told you, yet I was a little surprised at their asking me, because then I did not expect it; but we design to be even with them in a very little time; for, hark ye'—— said he, and spoke so low that I could not hear him.

Upon which the other said: 'There is no difficulty in the matter; but we need not be in such haste, for you know, as we ply it to windward, a day or two can break no squares, and we can soon (after effecting our design) bear down to leeward to our comrades that we left on shore; for I fancy,' added he, 'that they have some small suspicion of you now, which in time will sleep, and may be on their guard; therefore, it is better to wait a day or two.'

'No; we'll do it to-night when they are asleep,' replied Warren; whereupon there were many arguments *pro* and *con.*, as I fancied.

A little while after, Hood came up again; and after walking up and down, and fixing his eyes often upon me, who in the meantime was provided with a couple of pistols under my watch-coat, and which, indeed, were their own, that we had hung up ready charged in our cabin (which was one reason of their design to attack us in our sleep)—Hood, as I said before, seemed to fix his eyes frequently on me, for, till now, I never watched in the night. At last, said he very softly: 'If you please, Mr Falconer, I have a word or two to say to you that much concerns you all.'

'What is it?' said I.

'Why,' answered he, 'I would have the rest of your companions ear-witnesses too.' With that I called them together. 'But,' said he, 'let us retire as far from the scuttle as we can, that we may not be heard by any below deck.' So we went into the cabin, and opened the scuttle above, that Mr Musgrave, who steered, might hear what was said.

When we had sat down upon the floor, Hood began as follows:

'My four companions below have a wicked design upon you; that is, to seize you, and put you into the boat, and run away with the vessel; but I think it is an inhuman action, not only to any one, but to you in particular, that have been the means of their freedom.'

Upon this (finding his sincerity), I told him that we were provided against it already; and, with the consent of my companions, I told him of our design of seizing them in the third watch.

'But,' said he, 'they intend to put their project in practice their next watch; therefore, I think 'twill be more proper for us to counterplot them, and seize them at once.'

'As they have no arms,' said I, 'and we have, we need not fear them.'

We had several debates about this, which took up too much time, to our sorrow; for Warren, mistrusting Hood, it seems, got up and listened; and when he found that we retired, all of us, to the cabin, he got upon deck, and, stealing softly, came so close that he overheard everything we said, which, as soon as he understood, he went immediately to his companions, who waited impatiently, as they told us afterwards, and let them know all our discourse; whereupon, without pausing, they resolved to attack us immediately in the midst of our consultation; which was no sooner resolved upon than done; for we were immediately surprised with their seizing us, which they did with that quickness, and so unperceivable, that we were all confounded and amazed: they had got off two pistols in our consternation, which they clapped to our breasts. In this confusion, I had forgotten mine that were at my girdle (or else we might have been hard enough for them); neither did I remember them till they found them about me. They shut the cabin-door on the inside till they had bound us, and never heeded Mr Musgrave's knocking and making a noise, till they had secured us; which done, they opened the door and seized him, who came to know what the matter was, for we had no candle in the cabin; and he, hearing a noise amongst us, thought we were seizing Hood, and called to us to forbear (as he said afterwards), and make haste, for he was going to tack about, though we did not hear him; on which he clapped the helm alee, and came down to fetch us out to haul off the sheets, &c. and was seized; and the sails fluttered in the wind, by reason she was veering round when the helm was alee.

After they had fixed the vessel, and it was broad day, they came and unbound our legs, and gave us leave to walk upon deck; whereupon I began to expostulate with them, particularly Warren, as he seemed to have a sort of command over the others. 'And what,' said I to him, 'do you design to do with us, now you have your desire?'

'Do with you! Why, by and by we design to put you into the boat, and turn you adrift; but for that Hood, we'll murder him without mercy! A dog to betray us! But as you have not so much injured

us, we'll put you immediately into the boat, with a week's provision and a small sail, and you shall seek your fortune, as I suppose you would have done by us.'

'No,' answered I; 'we only designed to confine you till we came to Jamaica, and there to have given you your liberty to go where you had thought fit. Put us ashore at any land that belongs to the English, and we will think you have not done us an injury.'

'No,' said he; 'we must go to meet our captain and fifty men upon the mainland of Yucatan, where our vessel was stranded, not to be gotten off. Our first design, when we were taken in our boat, was to get us a vessel to go a-bucaniering, which we had done at Campeachy, if it had not been for the Indian that swam on shore, unknown to us, and brought succours too soon.'

When they had got everything ready—that is to say, a barrel of biscuit, another of water, about half-a-dozen pieces of beef, and as much pork, a small kettle, and a tinder-box—we were better provided than we expected, by much: besides, they granted us four cutlasses and a fowling-piece, with about four pounds of powder, and a sufficient quantity of shot; together with all poor Mr Randal's journals, after their perusing them, and finding them of no use. When this was done, Warren ordered them to tie Hood to the mast of the vessel, and was charging a pistol to shoot him through the head, not considering it was charged before; for it was one of them I had at my girdle, and which they took from me; but in his eagerness and heat of passion, he did not mind it. We all entreated for the poor fellow; and he himself fell upon his knees, and begged, with all the eloquence he had, to spare him, and let him go with us; but Warren swore bitterly nothing should save him. With that he cocked his pistol, and levelled it at Hood; but firing, it split into several pieces, and one struck Warren into the skull so deep that it almost killed him on the spot. One of the bullets grazed the side of my temple, and did but just break the skin. As for Hood, he was not hurt, but, with the fright and noise of the pistol (as we supposed), laboured with such an agony of spirit that he broke the cords that tied him by the arms, though as thick as a middle finger, and fell down, but rose immediately; and not finding himself hurt, ran to us, and unbound our arms, unperceived by the other two, who were busy about the unfortunate Warren; and though they were called to by the man that steered (who ran immediately to prevent it), yet they did not mind it, they were so concerned about Warren. Before he that steered came, Hood had unbound me, and stopped the fellow (Meadows) by giving him a blow with his fist that knocked him down. In the meantime I had unbound White, Musgrave, and Middleton, and we went and seized upon the other two pirates, as now we called them nothing else.

After we had bound them in our turn, we went to see what assistance could be given to Warren, when we found that a piece of

the barrel of the pistol had sunk into his skull, and that he was just expiring; but yet he sat up with great resolution. 'You have overpowered us,' said he, 'and I likewise see the hand of Heaven is in it. I was born of good honest parents, whose steps, if I had followed, would have made my conscience easy to me at this time; but I forsook all religion; and now, too late, I find that to dally with Heaven is fooling one's self; but yet, in this one moment of my life that is left, I heartily repent of all my past crimes, and rely upon the Saviour of the world, that died for our sins, to pardon mine.' With that he crossed himself, and expired. I must confess I was very sorry for the unhappy accident of his death, but yet glad that we were at liberty, and felt something easy that the poor soul repented before his expiring.

After we had secured the others, we threw Warren overboard, and bore to the wind; for after our first tacking about in the morning, when the bustle happened, they bore away with tack at cat-head, as being for their purpose. The three men that were left desired us to let them have the boat, and go seek their companions, which we refused, not having hands enough to carry our vessel to Jamaica. But we promised them, if they would freely work in the voyage, they should have their entire liberty to go where they thought fit, without any complaints against them. Upon this we began to be a little sociable, as before; and they all declared that what they did was at the instigation of Warren.

The next day we discovered a ship to windward of us, that bore down upon us with crowded sails. We filled all the sails we had, and endeavoured to get away from her as fast as we could, but all to no purpose. We saw they gained upon us every moment; and therefore, seeing it was not possible for us to escape, we backed our sails, and lay by for them, that they might be more civil if they were enemies. As soon as ever they came up with us, they hailed us, and ordered us to come on board, which we durst not deny; when Mr Musgrave and I, with Hood and White for rowers, went on board them. We found by Hood's knowing them that they were his captain and comrades. Now, as Hood said, we did not know how we should behave ourselves, or what we should say about Warren; but we only told the captain how we met with his men, and that they were redeemed upon my account. He never asked particularly for Warren, but how they all did; and when they sent on board to search our vessel, they soon came to the truth, for the other three told them the story, though not with aggravated circumstances; upon which poor Hood was tied to the mainmast, lashed with a cat-o'-nine-tails most abominably, and, after that, pickled in brine, which was more pain than the whipping; but it kept his back from festering, which it might otherwise have done, because they flay the skin at every stroke, and then wash it with brine, which is called whipping and tickling. After this, they would not

keep him among them, but sent for the other three men from our vessel, and ordered us all on board, with another of their men, who was ill of a dangerous fever, which they feared might prove infectious. They did not take anything from us, as we expected at first; only gave us this sick man to look after, which we were very contented with; so we parted with them very well satisfied, but much better when we were out of sight, fearing they had forgotten themselves, and would send for us back, and take our provisions from us, or one mischief or another; for pirates do not often use to be so courteous.

Two nights after we had parted from the pirate, we encountered a dreadful storm, that lasted two days without abating; and our poor bark, which was none of the best, was tumbled and tossed about like a tennis-ball; yet we received no damage, but that she would not answer the helm; so we were obliged to let her go before the tempest, and trust to the mercy of Heaven for relief. We in the middle of the storm discovered land right ahead, which put us all in a panic. We endeavoured to bring our vessel to bear up to the wind, but all to no purpose; for she still drove nearer the shore, where we discovered several tokens of a shipwreck, as pieces of broken masts and barrels swimming on the water, and a little farther, men's hats. Then we began to think that we certainly should run the same fate—when, as soon as thought, our bark was driven on shore in a smooth sandy bay, where we had opportunity to quit her; which was happy for us, for the sea washed over her with such violence, that we had not any hopes of her escaping the storm, and thought, of course, we should be torn to pieces.

When we were ashore, we all concluded it could be no other land but the south of Cuba island, belonging to the Spaniards. We were then in a terrible fright lest we were near any place that belonged to the Indians; for Musgrave assured me that Indians dwelt in some parts of the south side of Cuba, in spite of the Spaniards, and massacred them wherever they encountered them, or any other whites. We remained all night in great fear; and though we found the storm abated, or rather a calm succeeded, yet we durst not stir till the moon rose, and then we walked towards our vessel, which we found all on one side; but, by good-fortune, most of our provisions were dry, which mightily rejoiced us. But all the vessel's rigging and masts were shattered and torn to pieces, and some part of her quarter wrung off, so that she could not be of any use to us if we could have got her upright. We took out all our provisions and our arms, with two barrels of gunpowder that were dry, the rest being damaged with water and sand that had got in. We had arms enough, as having those that belonged to the three sailors that were taken in the pirate, which we supposed they had forgotten; so we were six men well armed, with each a musket, a case of pistols, and a bayonet, besides two cutlasses, if we should need them. By

the time we had taken everything out, day approached, and then we designed all together, well armed, to go and view the country. John Rouse was very well recovered of his fever, but a little weak; yet his heart was as good as the best of us; so we resolved, if we were set upon by Indians, to defend ourselves to the last drop of blood, choosing rather to die by their hands in fight than to be tortured after their usual manner.

When we had placed our provisions and other necessaries safe behind a tuft of trees that grew close by the water-side, we fixed our arms, and ventured to walk up into the country, which we did almost every way that day, four or five miles, but could not discover any living creature, nor any sign of inhabitants; only in one place the grass seemed to be lately trodden, but whether by man or beast we could not discover; so, being tired, we went back again to our station, where we ate heartily, and at night we laid ourselves upon the grass, and fell asleep; for we durst not lie upon the sails we had got for that purpose, as they were not dry, though spread all day long.

I was awakened the next morning by a company of lizards creeping over me, which is an animal frightful enough to look at, but very harmless, and great lovers of mankind. They say that these creatures (if any person lie asleep, and any voracious beast, or the alligator, which comes on shore often, is approaching the place where you lie) will crawl to you as fast as they can, and, with their forked tongues, tickle you till you awake, that you may avoid, by their timely notice, the coming danger. I got up, being roused by these animals, and looked about me, but saw nothing except an odd kind of snake, about two feet long, having a head something like a weasel, and eyes fiery like a cat. As soon as it spied me, it ran away, and my dog after it, but he did not kill it.

We now resolved on another walk to discover what inhabitants were our neighbours, whether Indians or Spaniards; if Indians, we designed to patch up our boat, which had several holes in it, and make off as fast as we could, and row northward, till we came to some place inhabited by Spaniards; but if we found the latter, to beg protection, and some means to get to Jamaica: whereupon we ventured out with these resolutions.

We had not gone far before my dog began to bark, when turning my head on one side, I beheld a black approaching us; and being startled at the sight, I cocked my piece and resolved to fire at him; but he called to me in English, and told me he did not come to do me any harm, but was a poor distressed Englishman that wanted food, and was almost starved, having eaten nothing but wild fruit for four days. Upon that I let him come near, when he was soon known by Rouse to be William Plymouth, the black trumpeter to the captain that commanded the pirate-ship. Upon this, knowing him, we sat down and gave him some provision, which we had brought with us, because we designed to be out all day.

After he had refreshed himself a little, we asked him how he came into this island; to which he answered: 'We were cruising about Cuba, in hopes of some Spanish prize, when a storm arose, and drove us upon a rock, where our ship was beaten to pieces, and not above eighteen men saved, beside the captain.'

'And did that wicked wretch escape the shipwreck?' said I.

'Yes,' answered Plymouth, 'but to undergo a more violent death; for as soon as ever we landed, we wandered up the country to seek for some food, without any weapons but a few cutlasses, having lost our firearms; but, however, we all got something or other to defend ourselves on shore, as long clubs, which we took from the trees we found in our walks. Our captain resolved, if he met with any Indian or Spanish huts, he would murder all that he found in them, for fear they should make their escape and bring more upon us. Thus he encouraged his men to follow him with their clubs. "We will walk," said he, "till we find some beaten path, and there lie hid till night, when we may go on to some house, and come upon them undiscovered, by which means we may get provision and other arms;" for the Indians of Cuba use firearms as well as the Spaniards, and are fully as dexterous in using them as any Europeans. After travelling about ten miles to the north-west, we discovered a path, upon which a halt was commanded; and we retired into the woods again till night, and dined upon what fruits we could get on the trees.

'About two hours before night, a dog smelled us out, and, running away from us, barked most furiously. Upon that, we were afraid of being discovered, which fear proved true; for in half an hour, or thereabouts, after the dog left us, we were saluted with several arrows and musket-shot, that killed three men and wounded me in the foot; but it proved the means of saving my life; for as soon as our men perceived what had happened, they ran as hard as they could to meet the danger, knowing they could do no good till they came to handy blows. I, in endeavouring to follow them, found my hurt, which prevented me keeping up with the rest; but I could hear and see them at it. About two hundred Indians set upon our men, and in half an hour killed them every one. I saw the captain lay about him desperately, but at last he fell, being run through the throat with a wooden stake. As soon as ever the Indians had conquered, or rather murdered them, they fell to stripping them as fast as they could, and carried them off, together with their own dead, which were many; for the English sold their lives very dearly.

'After they were gone, I ventured to steal out from behind a row of bushes where I had placed myself to see what had happened. I went to the place of battle, where I found two of our men that they had left, with all their arms; so I took up one of their best muskets and a cutlass, and made farther into the wood, for fear of being caught, which I had certainly been if I had staid a quarter of

an hour longer; for I soon heard them whooping, screaming, and hallooing back, to fetch the other two bodies and their arms, as I conjectured.

'I walked as far as my injured foot would let me that night, and out of the danger of the Indians, as I thought; and then laid me down to sleep as well as I could, being very hungry and sadly tired, and slept very well till morning, when I proceeded forward in my painful journey, and directed my course north-east, thinking that was the best way to avoid the Indians, and probably to meet with some Spaniards, who, I knew, inhabited towards the north; the Havana, the capital city of the whole island, being seated there. I wandered for four days, eating nothing but fruit, in the woods; but, laying myself down about an hour ago to rest myself a little, I thought I heard the tongues of Englishmen, which, to my great joy, proved true. I left my musket behind the bushes, for fear of alarming you; but now, after returning God and you thanks for this timely nourishment, I 'll go and fetch it;' which he did, and it might be easily known to be an Indian piece, for it was rudely carved all over with several figures of birds and beasts.

'Now,' said I to my companions, 'you see the reward of wickedness. The pirate was not suffered to go on long in his crimes; for though Justice has leaden feet, yet they always find she has iron hands.'

After poor Plymouth had refreshed himself, we set forward, and walked along till we came to a road that seemed to be the main road of the island. Here we consulted what we should do—whether we should go on, or return for more provision. We resolved to go a little distance from the road, for fear we should meet with more of the Indians, and run the same fate with the other Englishmen. But Plymouth told us we were a great way from the place where his countrymen were killed (for Plymouth, though born in Guinea, would always call himself an Englishman, being brought over very young); so we resolved one and all to venture.

We sent up prayers to the Almighty for our safety, and went on with an idea that we should come off with success; but we had not gone far when we heard the reports of several muskets, and shouting in a barbarous manner behind us. Looking that way, we saw a mulatto riding as fast as his mule could carry him. When he came up to us he stopped, and cried in Spanish: 'Make haste! run!—the Indians are coming upon you; they have killed several Spaniards already, and are fighting with them!' Mr Musgrave, who understood Spanish very well, interpreted what he said to us, and asked how far they were off. He answered: 'Just by;' and hearing another shout, put spurs to his mule, and left us in an instant. We found, by the shouting and the firing, that they would be immediately upon us; so we retired out of the road, to let them pass, and lay down upon the ground, that they might not discover us. Immediately

came by about twenty Spaniards on horseback, pursued by nearly a hundred Indians. Just as they came by us, one Spaniard dropped, and crept into a bush on the other side of the road; and presently the Indians followed, shouting in a horrid manner, and overtook the Spaniards again, who, being very swift of foot, outran an ordinary horse; and they had thrown away their firearms, to make them the lighter to run, as we supposed. The Spaniards knew they would soon overtake them, so only ran to charge their pistols, and staid till they came up; then discharged them to put them in confusion, and then ran again to prolong the time, in hopes of some aid. All this we understood from the Spaniard who crept into the bush undiscovered by the Indians, he being the foremost in the flight. He told us, moreover, that, about three leagues farther, there was a fort belonging to the Spaniards, to stop the Indians, they using to make inroads, before that fort was built, even to the gates of the city of Havana. Upon this we consulted, and resolved to follow on the edge of the road, to see if we could be useful. We soon came even with them, for they were in a narrow place, and the Spaniards kept them at bay pretty well. By good-fortune there was a high hedge, made by trees, all along as we went, which hindered us from being discovered. Here we resolved to fire upon them all together, and then run farther up, and, if possible, get out into the road and face them.

Accordingly, we agreed to fire four and three, and the first four to charge again immediately. Mr Musgrave, Mr Middleton, Mr White, and myself agreed to fire first; then Hood, Rouse, and Plymouth; which, as soon as we had taken good aim, we did; and firing at their backs, killed four downright, and wounded several; for I had ordered them to put two bullets into each piece. As soon as we had fired our muskets, we let fly one pistol each, and then the other three fired their guns. After a good deal of fighting and skirmishing, we put the savages completely to the rout. However, we took four of them prisoners, and tying their hands behind them, fastened them to two of our foremost horses, the rest following after, that they might not get loose.

We were met on the road by twenty Spanish horse, each with a foot-soldier behind, upon the full gallop to our assistance, having been alarmed by the mulatto that rode by; but I believe some were glad they came too late. The officers and the rest saluted us very courteously when they heard how luckily we came to their assistance; but they fell a-whipping the poor naked Indians so barbarously, that, though they deserved it, I could not bear to see it done; and though the blood followed every lash, yet they never cried out.

We were well entertained at a gentleman's house at dinner, with provision dressed after the English way, and all manner of sweet-meats and cool wines. As soon as we had dined, we were obliged

to get upon horseback, and away for the Havana, which we reached about six o'clock in the evening. We had rooms allotted us; and several Englishmen and Irishmen who lived there came to see us.

I met there with a priest, who, I am sure, harboured nothing of cruelty in his breast, for he came to see us every day, and in such a friendly manner that charmed us all. He was always sending one good thing or other, and would take us, to divert us, abroad. He understood Latin very well, and some English. On the Sunday, he preached an excellent sermon in Spanish, in order to excite charity in the auditors, and let us have what was necessary for carrying us to Jamaica. The next day he brought us to the value of £50 in Spanish dollars, which were collected at the church-doors for us. There was a small vessel upon the stocks, that was bought of the owners for us, and a collection made in the town for money to pay for it. This was very agreeable news, and we were told our vessel was ready, and therefore might be going when we pleased. It was as neat a one as ever was built by the Spaniards, and carried between thirteen and fourteen tons. We had all sorts of provisions sent on board for half a year or more, so that we only staid for the wind to rise, it being quite a calm. While we remained there, the four unfortunate Indians were executed in the midst of the parade.

When all was over, Father Antonio took us home to his lodgings, to give us a small collation for the last time, as the next day we all designed to lie on board, in expectation of the wind rising. In the morning, we paid our hearty acknowledgments to all our benefactors, and went on board, where we had not been a quarter of an hour, before an extraordinary message came from the governor for Plymouth, our black, who went with them without any hesitation, and returned with a present from the governor of several bottles of rack, Spanish wines, fowls, rice, and brandy, with twenty pieces of Spanish gold, as the messenger told us, in recompense for the loss of our companion; for the governor had sent for Plymouth to know if he would serve him in quality of his trumpeter, and a pension should be settled on him for life. Plymouth thought fit to accept of it, as having no master, nor knowing when he should have one; but he got leave to come on board to bid us farewell, which he did in a very affectionate manner; so we parted with Plymouth, and with hearty thanks commended ourselves to Father Antonio for all his favours. Plymouth had a trumpet given him by the governor as soon as he came on shore, which he brought with him, and so sounded all the way in the boat as he went back again, to oblige us; for really he sounded extraordinarily well, and had learned on several other instruments, having a tolerable knowledge of music. The wind rising, we weighed anchor, and left port with three huzzas and a volley of small-arms (having no cannon), and in two days lost sight of the island of Cuba.

The weather continued favourable, so that we arrived at Jamaica

without meeting anything remarkable in our passage. As soon as we had cast anchor, I ordered the boat to be made ready to carry me on board my own ship, which I saw riding there. But when I got up the ship's side, I found my clothes selling at the mast at 'Who bids more?' which is the method as soon as a person is dead or killed: the first harbour they anchor in, the clothes of the deceased are brought upon the deck and sold by auction, the money to be paid when they come to England; for it generally happens that sailors have not any till they come home again.

They were at the last article when I came up to the ship's side, which was a pair of black worsted stockings, that cost, I believe, about 4*s.*, which went off at 12*s.* 6*d.*, though they had been worn. As soon as I was seen by them, some cried out: 'A ghost! a ghost!' and others ran away to secure the clothes they had bought, suspecting that now I would have them again. When they were satisfied of my being alive, and were told my story, they were all rejoiced at my good-fortune; but none could be prevailed upon to let me have my clothes again; so I took up the slop-book, and cast up what they were sold for, and found what cost me about £20 were sold for four times the money. When I was satisfied in that, I called every person, one by one, that had bought any of my clothes, and struck a bargain with them for ready money, and bought them for about £10; but the ready money pleased them mightily.

Captain Wase being sick ashore, I went to pay him a visit: he was exceedingly glad to see me, believing that I had perished. He told me that the vessel hung lights out for several hours, that I might know where to swim, and lay by as long as the wind would permit; as the crew acquainted him when they came into harbour. The captain told me that he did not think he should live long, therefore was extremely glad I was come to take charge of the ship, which would have sailed before, if he had been in a condition to bear the sea. From thence I went on board my new bark, and settled my affairs there with my new companions, who were very sorry to think of parting from me. Hood and Rouse desired they might be received on board as sailors, and go to England with us; for Hood was an Englishman, and Rouse had friends there. Besides, it was as easy to go from England to Bermudas as from Jamaica. So I spoke to the captain, who was very well pleased to receive them, as he had lost five men by the distemper of the country. Captain Wase died in a week after my coming, and left me executor for his wife, who lived at Bristol.

As soon as we had buried him, I went on board with my two men, designing to sail in three days at farthest; which I would have done before, but that I was hindered by wanting a chapman for our bark, as we had shares to dispose of. When I came on board, the master told me he had no occasion for the two men, to add to their charge.

'That is as I shall think fit,' said I; 'for the power is in my hands now.'

'And who put that power into your hands?' said the master.

'He that had power so to do,' said I: 'the captain;' whereupon I shewed him his writing. He told me it did not signify anything, and that I should find not one of the sailors would obey a boy incapable of steering a vessel. 'It would be a fine thing,' added he, 'for my mate to become my captain; and as I was designed by the captain to have the command of the vessel before you came, so I intend to keep it.'

'But,' said I, 'this paper, signed by his own hand, is but of two days' date, and you cannot shew anything for the command, as you pretend to; therefore, I'll make my complaint to the governor, and he shall right me.'

'Ay, ay, do so,' said he. 'I'll stand to anything he shall command.'

Whereupon, Rouse, Hood, and myself went into the boat again, and rowed immediately on shore; but the governor was six miles up in the country; and as it was pretty late, we designed to wait for his coming home, which, we were told, would be in the morning early: so I went on board the bark, and lay there all night, the ship lying beyond the quays, two leagues from the harbour, in order to sail. The next morning, getting up with an intent to wait upon the governor, and looking towards the place where the ship lay overnight, I found she was gone; and casting my eyes towards the sea, saw a ship four or five leagues distant from us, which we supposed to be ours. I immediately went on shore, and found the governor had just come to town, and made my complaint. He told me there was no remedy but to send immediately to Blewfield Bay, where he supposed they would stop to get wood, which was usual with our ships that were bound for England: whereupon there was a messenger ordered for Blewfield, whom I accompanied, to give instructions to the officer that commanded at the fort to seize the master of the ship, and order him before the governor at Port Royal; so we got on horseback, and reached it in three days, it being almost a hundred miles. When we came there, we found several ships in the harbour, but none that we wanted; so we waited a week, all to no purpose; for she passed the bay, as mistrusting our design. Upon this, we were obliged to return with heavy hearts, and tell the governor of our ill success, who pitied me, and told me he would see me shipped in the first vessel bound for England: so I went on board my own bark, where they were all glad to see me, though sorry I was so disappointed. Now, I was very glad that I had not disposed of my bark, for I thought it might be of use to me. We consulted together to know what it was best to do; at last I made a bargain with them, if they would venture with me in our bark to England. Upon this we agreed; and, with what money I had, I

began to lade my vessel with things to traffic with. I bought a good quantity of indigo, some cotton, sugar, and rum; in short, I laid out the best part of my money; and on the 1st of June 1700, set sail with a fair wind, and steered our course to England.

We put in at Blewfield Bay for the convenience of obtaining wood and water, and when we were provided, steered our course onward as fast as possible; but as soon as we came within ten leagues of the Havana, a Spanish man-of-war of forty guns came up with us, and commanded us to strike our sails, which we did immediately; and coming on board us, were surprised to find us all Englishmen, not expecting other than Spaniards, from the build of our vessel; whereupon they made us all prisoners, and sent fifteen men on board to carry the vessel into the Havana. Telling them how we came by the vessel, did not signify anything, for they said we were pirates, and had seized it; and our pass which we had from the governor of Havana not being to be found, made things appear so different from what they really were, that it had on the face of it a very suspicious appearance. We were very much afraid we should find a great number of difficulties in obtaining our liberty, especially if they proceeded to their station, which was St Jago. But it happened much better than we had any reason to expect; for she proceeded directly to the Havana, where we knew everything would be placed in a true light again. When we were anchored, and the people could come on board us, we were soon known, and the captain going to the governor, was informed of the matter; so we were released immediately, and had a visit made us from Father Antonio and honest Plymouth, who were mightily rejoiced to see us. We were detained two days before we could get away; and then we set sail with a brisk gale, first saluting the town.

In two days after our sailing, we made Cape Florida, and entered the gulf which bears the same name, and passed it without danger. But here a sudden calm overtook us, as frequently happens when you are past the gulf, and the current set strong to westward, occasioned, as we supposed, by the opening of the land upon that coast. The calm lasting for four days, we were insensibly carried within half a league of the shore; but a little breeze rising from land, helped us farther out again. Still, our danger increased; for we soon perceived three large canoes making towards us, full of armed Indians.

We had not much time to consult what to do, for they gained upon us every moment. Now, death, or something worse than death, stared us in the face; and most of us thought this the last day we had to live. 'Come, friends,' said I, 'if we must die, let us die bravely, like Englishmen.' We charged our four guns with double and round, and our patteraroes with musket-balls; the rest of our arms we got in readiness, and resolved to die fighting, and not suffer ourselves to be taken to be miserably butchered, as all the

Indians of Florida do when they get any whites in their power. We resolved to fire our six muskets upon them as soon as they came within reach; so we took our aim, two at each canoe, and fired upon them, which did them some damage, for they stopped upon it. Whereupon we made the best of our way; but they soon pursued us with loud and rude shouts.

By this time we had charged our pieces the third time, which we fired as before, but did more execution, as they were nearer to us; and now we charged them the fourth time, and laid them along the deck for a further occasion.

Looking towards the shore, we saw eight more of their canoes standing towards us. This put us upon making all the sail we could; and the sea-breeze being now pretty strong, we had good way. Being anxious to avoid killing the poor and ignorant creatures, we made all the sail we could, and as they could not keep up with us, we soon left them far behind. And so we sailed on with a prosperous gale, and met with no incident worth recording till Thursday, the 15th of July, when we discovered land, which amazed us all, for we did not think of falling in with any land till we saw England. We went to consult our charts, and saw we were near Newfoundland; and finding that we steered directly into St John's harbour, which is the most commodious in the island, and the capital of that part of Newfoundland which belongs to the English, we were very well pleased.

After being there two days, we set sail, and made our course to England, July 25, 1700. We met with no extraordinary incident in our passage till we discovered the Land's End, on the 21st of August. How rejoiced I was to see my native country, let them judge that have been placed in the same condition that I have. I may with truth say, that the transports I felt on first seeing the white cliffs of the island that gave me birth, exceeded the joy I received when I was delivered from the most imminent danger.

BYRON'S NARRATIVE OF THE LOSS OF THE *WAGER*.

ON the 18th of September 1740, the *Wager*, one of five ships of war under the command of Commodore Anson, sailed with its consorts from St Helen's, being intended for service against the Spaniards in the Southern Pacific Ocean. The *Wager* was the least effective of all the vessels of the squadron, being an old Indiaman, recently fitted out as a man-of-war, and the crew being formed of men pressed from other services; while all the land-force on board consisted of a detachment of invalids, or men but partially convalescent, from Chelsea Hospital. Besides being intended to act as a store-ship, the *Wager* was heavily laden with military and other

stores for the use of the squadron. All these circumstances conspired to render the vessel more than usually hazardous, from the very commencement of its long voyage.

The *Wager* rounded Cape Horn, with the other ships in company, about the beginning of April 1741, and soon after, the distresses of the ship began. The weather became tempestuous, and the mizzen-mast was carried away by a heavy sea, all the chain-plates to windward being also broken. The best bower-anchor had next to be cut away, and the ship lost sight of its companions. The men were seized with sickness and scurvy, and one evil followed another, till, on the 14th of May, about four in the morning, the ship struck on a sunken rock, and was laid on her beam-ends, with the sea breaking dreadfully over her. All who could stir, flew to the deck; but some poor creatures who could not leave their hammocks were immediately drowned. For some time, until day broke, the crew of the *Wager* saw nothing before or around them but breakers, and imagined that every moment would be their last.

When daylight came, land was seen not far off, and the thoughts of all were turned to the immediate leaving of the ship, and saving of their lives. With the help of the boats, the crew, with the exception of a few who were either drunk or thought the ship safe for a time, got on shore; but the prospect before them was still a dreadful one. 'Whichever way we looked, a scene of horror presented itself; on one side, the wreck (in which was all that we had in the world to support and subsist us), together with a boisterous sea; on the other, the land did not wear a much more favourable appearance; desolate and barren, without sign of culture, we could hope to receive little other benefit from it than the preservation it afforded us from the sea. We had wet, cold, and hunger to struggle with, and no visible remedy against any of those evils.' The land on which the crew had been cast was unknown to them, excepting in so far as they were aware of its being an island near, or a part of, the western coast of South America, about a hundred leagues north of the Strait of Magellan. In all, the shipwrecked party amounted to about a hundred and forty, exclusive of the few on board. The first night was passed in an old Indian hut, and the discovery of some lances in a corner of it bred a new source of alarm—namely, from the natives. For some days afterwards, the men were busied in the attempt to get beef-casks and other things from the wreck, which did not go entirely to pieces for a considerable time, although all the articles on deck were washed ashore one by one. After great difficulty, the men who remained on board, and who indulged there in great disorder, were persuaded to come on shore. With materials got from the wreck, or cast ashore, tents were got up, and a common store-tent erected for all the food or casks of liquor got from the ship in the same way. This place was watched incessantly; for the allowance was of course a very short or small one, and the men

could scarcely pick up a morsel of fish, flesh, or fowl on the coast for themselves. The weather also continued wet and cold.

'Ill humour and discontent, from the difficulties we laboured under in procuring sustenance, and the little prospect there was of any amendment in our condition, were now breaking out apace.' Some men separated themselves from the others, and ten of the hardiest of these seceders resolved to desert altogether. They got a canoe made, 'went away up one of the lagoons, and were never heard of more!' The spirit of discord was much aggravated by an accident that occurred on the 10th of May. A midshipman named Cozens, who had roused the anger of Captain Cheap by various acts and words, was finally shot by his superior's hand. The act was a rash one, but the captain had cause to imagine at the moment that Cozens had openly mutinied, or was about to mutiny. This act made an unfortunate impression on the minds of the men, who found food every day growing more scarce. A few Indians, men and women, of small stature, and very swarthy, visited the party, and were of service in procuring food; but the seamen affronted their wives, and they all went away. 'The Indians having left us, and the weather continuing tempestuous and rainy, the distresses of the people for want of food became insupportable. Our number, which was at first one hundred and forty-five, was now reduced to one hundred, and chiefly by famine. The pressing calls of hunger drove our men to their wits' end, and put them on a variety of devices to satisfy it. Among the ingenious this way, one Phipps, a boatswain's mate, having got a water-puncheon, scuttled it; then lashing two logs, one on each side, set out in quest of adventures in this extraordinary and original piece of embarkation.' He often got shell-fish and wild-fowl, but had to venture out far from land, and on one occasion was cast upon a rock, and remained there two days. A poor Indian dog belonging to Mr Byron, and which had become much attached to him, was taken by the men and devoured; and three weeks after, its owner was glad to search for the paws, which had been thrown aside, and of which, though rotten, he made a hearty meal.

Till the 24th of September, the party continued in this condition of continually augmenting wretchedness, with only one hope of relief before them, and this resting on the long-boat, which the carpenter was incessantly working at, to bring it into a strong and safe condition. On the day mentioned, the long-boat being nearly finished, Mr Byron and a small party were sent to explore the coast to the southward, almost the whole crew being resolute to make for Magellan's Strait, although the captain wished to go along the coast to the northward. In a day or two, the party returned to the island (for such was the land on which the wreck had taken place), and the long-boat was immediately afterwards launched, with the cutter and barge, all of which boats had been saved at first. Eighty-one men entered these

boats, being the whole survivors of the party, with the exception of Captain Cheap and two companions, who remained voluntarily, and for whose use another boat, the yawl, was left. The leaving of the captain was a thing unexpected by Byron and some others; and when a necessity occurred for sending back the barge to the island for some left canvas, these parties seized the chance of going in the boat to rejoin the captain and share his fate. On the 21st of October the final separation took place between the shore-party and those in the long-boat, who sailed for the south. Captain Cheap and those who came to him were joined by a small party who had originally seceded from the main body; and the whole of this united band, amounting to twenty men, set sail in the barge and the yawl towards the north, on the 15th of December. Up to that time, they contrived, with almost unheard-of difficulty, to subsist on what they could pick up. 'A weed called slaugh, fried in the tallow of some candles we had saved, and wild celery, were our only fare, by which our strength was so much impaired that we could scarcely crawl.' One fine day, the hull of the *Wager*, still sticking together, was exposed, and by visiting her, the party got three small casks of beef hooked up. This soon restored to them sufficient strength for their enterprise, which they undertook on the day mentioned, in the barge and yawl. Unhappily, the sea grew very tempestuous, and 'the men in the boats were obliged to sit as close as possible, to receive the seas on their backs, and prevent their filling us. We were obliged to throw everything overboard to lighten the boats, all our beef, and even the grapnel, to prevent sinking. Night was coming on, and we were fast running on a lee shore, where the sea broke in a frightful manner.' Just as every man thought certain death approaching, an opening was seen in the rocks, the boats ran into it, and found a haven as 'smooth as a mill-pond!'

The party remained here four days, suffering much from their old enemy, hunger. In passing further along the coast, which they did at continual risk, they were reduced to such distress as to 'eat the shoes off' their feet, these shoes being of raw sealskin. They never knew what it was to have a dry thread about them, and the climate was very cold. During the first few weeks of their course, the yawl was lost, and one man drowned; but what was a more distressing consequence, they were obliged to leave four men on shore, as the barge could not carry all. The men did not object to being left; they were wearied of their lives. When the poor fellows were left, 'they stood upon the beach, giving us three cheers, and called out God bless the king!' They were never heard of more; and it is but too probable, as Byron says, that they met a miserable end. But, indeed, every one had now given up hope of ultimate escape, and this was shewn by the resolution taken almost immediately afterwards, to 'go back to Wager's Island (the place of shipwreck), there to linger out a miserable life.' Eating nothing but

sea-weed and tangle by the way, the poor mariners again reached the island. They were here no better off. The weather was wretchedly wet, and 'wild celery was all we could procure, which raked our stomachs instead of assuaging our hunger. That dreadful and last resource of men in not much worse circumstances than ours, of consigning one man to death for the support of the rest, began to be mentioned in whispers.' Fortunately, one man found some rotten pieces of beef on the sea-shore, and with a degree of generosity only to be appreciated by persons so placed, he shared it fairly with the rest.

This supply sustained the whole till the arrival of some Indians, accompanied by a chief or cacique from the island of Chiloe, which lies in 40° 42′ of south latitude. This cacique could speak a little Spanish, and he agreed to conduct the party in the barge to the nearest Spanish settlement, being to receive the barge and all its contents for his trouble. Fourteen in number, the wrecked sailors again put to sea, and were conducted by their guide to the mouth of a river, which he proposed to ascend. But after toiling one whole day, the attempt to go up against the current was given over, and they were forced to try the coast again. The severe day's work, conjoined with hunger, caused the death of one of the strongest men of the party, although it was thought that he might have been preserved but for the inhumanity of Captain Cheap, who alone had food at the moment (got from the Indians), but would not give a morsel to the dying man. This roused the indignation of the others, and the consequence was, that, while others sought food on shore, 'six of the men seized the boat, put off, and left us, to return no more. And now all the difficulties we had hitherto encountered seemed light in comparison of what we expected to suffer from the treachery of our men, who, with the boat, had taken away everything that might be the means of preserving our lives. Yet under these dismal and forlorn appearances was our delivery now preparing.'

Mr Byron was now taken, with Captain Cheap, by the Indian guide to a native village, whence he expected to get more assistance in conducting the party, who, if they could not recover the barge for him, were to give a musket and some other articles as a reward. On coming in the evening to the Indian wigwams, after two days' travel, Mr Byron was neglected, and left alone. Urged by want and cold, he crept into a wigwam upon chance, and found there two women, one young and the other old, whose conduct amply corroborates the well-known and beautiful eulogium passed by Ledyard upon the kindness of that sex everywhere to poor travellers. They saw the young seaman wet and shivering, and made him a fire. They brought out their only food, a large fish, and broiled it for him. When he lay down upon some dry boughs, he found, on awaking a few hours after, that the women had gently covered him

with warm clothes, at the expense of enduring the cold themselves. When he had made signs that his appetite was not appeased, 'they both went out, taking with them a couple of dogs, which they train to assist them in fishing. After an hour's absence, they came in trembling with cold, and their hair streaming with water, and brought two fish, which having broiled, they gave me the largest share.' For a poor stranger they had just gone out in the middle of the night, plunged into the cold sea, and, with the aid of their nets or other apparatus, had got him food. These kind creatures were the wives of an old Indian, who was then absent, but who on his return struck them with brutal violence for their hospitality, Mr Byron looking on with impotent rage and indignation. The return of this Indian and his companions enabled the native guide of Captain Cheap and Byron to make an arrangement for conducting the shipwrecked party northward as they wished. The captain and Byron then left the wigwams to go back to their companions, being joined soon after by a body of Indian guides.

It was the middle of March 1742, ere this journey to the northward was begun. Various Indian canoes conveyed the whole party day after day along the sea-coast; shell-fish, eggs from the rocks, and sea-weed, being the food of the band, and even this being procurable in such miserable quantities as barely to sustain life. The condition of the captain in this respect was better than the others, for the Indians thought their reward safe if they attended to the chief of the whites alone, and he cruelly encouraged the notion. But what but selfishness could be expected from one in the following state: 'I could compare Captain Cheap's body to nothing but an ant-hill, with thousands of vermin crawling over about it; for he was now past attempting to rid himself in the least from this torment, as he had quite lost himself, not recollecting our names that were about him, or even his own. His beard was as long as a hermit's, that and his face being covered with train-oil and dirt, from his sleeping, to secure them, upon pieces of stinking seal. His legs were as big as mill-posts, though his body appeared to be nothing but skin and bone.' The rest were little better, and Mr Byron had often to strip himself in the midst of hail and snow, and beat his clothes with stones, to kill the insects that swarmed about him. At length, however, after one of them had sunk under his sufferings, the party got to the island of Chiloe, a place at the south extremity of the province of Chili, and under the rule of the Spaniards. Being a remote corner, Chiloe had only a few Spaniards in it, and these chiefly Jesuit priests; but the Indian inhabitants were comparatively civilised. The troubles of the party may be said to have ended here, for the natives pitied them much, and supplied them with abundance of food; fortunately, the quantity taken did not prove injurious.

Even after staying on the island for a considerable time, and being conveyed to the mainland to the town of Chaco, where a Spanish

governor resided, the eating of the famished mariners continued to be enormous. 'Every house was open to us; and though it was but an hour after we had dined, they always spread a table, thinking we could never eat enough after what we had suffered, and we were much of the same opinion.' Mr Byron made friends with the governor's cook, and so carried his pockets always full to his apartment, there to feed at leisure. They were in all four in number now; namely, Captain Cheap, Messrs Byron, Hamilton, and Campbell. From Chaco, they were taken to the larger town of Castro, and remained there for some months in the condition of prisoners at large, poorly clad, but decently lodged and well fed. On the 2d of January 1743, their case having become known to the authorities of Chili, they were put on board a ship to be conveyed to the city of St Jago. Here they remained two years as prisoners, but not in confinement. Fortunately for them, a Scotch physician, who bore the name of Don Patricio Ged, entreated the governor to allow the captives to stay with him; and for two years this generous man maintained them like brothers, nearly at his own expense. In December following, Captain Cheap and Messrs Byron and Hamilton were put on board a French vessel, to be conveyed to Europe: Mr Campbell, having become a Catholic, remained in Chili. They reached France safely, and after some detention there, were permitted to go to Britain by an order from Spain. Their friends were much surprised to see them, having long given them up for lost. Their term of absence exceeded five years.

The six men who cruelly made off with the barge, appear never to have been heard of again, and perished, doubtless, on the coast. The fate of the more numerous body who went off to the south in the long-boat, is known from the narrative of John Bulkely, gunner, one of the survivors. This band actually succeeded in rounding South America through the Strait of Magellan, and reached the Portuguese territory of Rio Janeiro, after hardships equal to those of the other party, and which reduced their number from nearly eighty to thirty. They reached the Rio Grande in January 1742. All of the thirty, however, probably did not see Britain. On coming to the Portuguese colony, they found food, friends, and countrymen, and separated from one another, Bulkely and two others reached England on the 1st of January 1743.

The members of this expedition went out with the hope of gathering gold at will among the Spanish colonies. What a different fate befell the unhappy crew of the *Wager!*

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

OF all the religious sects which have originated in Christendom, the most singular in its birth, its fortunes, and its tenets is undoubtedly 'The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints'—the name by which the Mormon community designates itself. Its founder was a man in whose character, at no period of his career, can we discern the customary lineaments of a saint, a reformer, or even a fanatic; and yet it is certain that he gathered round him a body of zealous and devoted followers, the majority of whom implicitly accepted him as a person divinely inspired and commissioned to regenerate and reconstruct human society. That he was illiterate, and yet achieved so much, is not the remarkable thing about him. Men almost, if not altogether, as illiterate as he have created and perpetuated sects; nor is it the mere fact that before he acquired notoriety as a prophet,

he was suspected of sheep-stealing and other evil practices—for moral contradictions as great, if not as grotesque as this, could be found in the history of other 'saints;' still less is it the utterly unintellectual, and in some parts unintelligible rubbish which constitutes Mormon theology and metaphysics—for history teaches us that there is nothing so foolish that some people will not believe it. The mystery or enigma of his success lies here—that retaining to the last an essentially low, coarse, unspiritual mind, and a language tainted not only by vulgarities of sentiment, but by positive impurities of phrase, he nevertheless swayed his followers like a Wesley, and, as Captain Burton remarks, is now spoken of by them 'with a respectful reverential *sotto voce*, as Christians name the founder of their faith.' What we propose to do in the following pages is to narrate the rise and progress of this extraordinary sect, to explain its tenets, and as far as possible to account for its success.

Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, was the son of a farmer, also called Joseph Smith, or more generally, 'Old Father Smith,' and of Lucy Mark, and was born in the town of Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, United States, on the 23d of December 1805. When he had reached the age of ten, his parents removed to Palmyra, in the state of New York, and four years later, to the town of Manchester, about six miles off. The reputation of the family (according to the testimony of neighbours) was of the worst kind; we are told that they avoided honest labour, were intemperate and untruthful, addicted to sheep-stealing, digging for hidden treasures, &c.; but these accusations, though frequently made at a later period, when the new sect was visibly establishing itself in the land, were never definitely proved; and remembering the extreme recklessness of statement prevalent in America, impartial judges will hesitate to allow their validity. There is indeed some ground for supposing that they were not wholly false. Smith himself, when assailed for his antecedents, used to reply, that he had never done anything so bad as was reported of King David, whom his orthodox enemies could not consistently deny to have been a 'man after God's own heart;' and his successor in the prophethood, Brigham Young, seems to acknowledge a certain degree of truth in the hostile charges, when he says: 'The doctrine he teaches is all I know about the matter; bring anything against that if you can. As to anything else, I do not care.' Perhaps it would not be far from the fact to suppose that Smith's early life had been generally careless, and sometimes immoral, even if we look with suspicion upon the testimony 'under oath' of 'upwards of sixty of the most respectable citizens of Wayne Co.', who declared the prophet's family to be 'false, immoral, and fraudulent,' and Joseph to be 'the worst of the whole.' That such a man could be the subject of religious impressions may appear strange to those who have never studied the mysterious vagaries of human nature; but all who are aware that there is no necessary

connection between religious emotions and moral habits, will not be staggered when they learn that from his boyhood a rude and sensual religiosity was mixed up with his more carnal conduct, and that as early as the age of thirteen, he was 'powerfully awakened by the preaching of Mr Lane, an earnest Methodist minister.' There is the most satisfactory evidence—that of his enemies—to shew that from an early period he was regarded as a visionary and a fanatic. This fact is of the utmost importance, as affording a clue to his *real* character, and an explanation of that otherwise unaccountable tenacity of purpose and moral heroism which he displayed in the midst of fierce persecution. A *mere* impostor—that is, a person who did not in some sense or other partly believe in his own mission, but who, on the contrary, felt that he was simply the liar and cheat that people called him—would have broken down under such a tempest of opposition and hate as Smith's preaching excited.

Mr Orson Pratt, an eminent Mormon apostle, has furnished us with a record of some of those 'visions' vouchsafed to Smith from time to time. It is extremely difficult for an outsider to discuss them in a rational manner. Although intrinsically absurd and theatrical, we seem to discern in the tone and accessory circumstances a certain strong, morbid susceptibility to religious impressions. How far persons in this condition are capable of speaking the truth, to what extent they are inwardly tempted to discolour, or even fabricate details in their narratives concerning themselves, is a moot-point with psychologists. With this hint to point criticism, we may proceed. According to Pratt, when Smith 'was about fourteen or fifteen years of age, he began seriously to reflect upon the necessity of being prepared for a future state of existence.' It was a period of hot revivalism in Western New York, and he went about from one religious denomination to another, but could find nothing satisfactory anywhere—nothing but 'a great clash in religious sentiment.' Then he began to retire to a secret place in a grove, a short distance from his father's house, and there occupy himself for many hours in prayer and meditation. Once, when so engaged, he 'saw a very bright and glorious light in the heavens above, which at first seemed to be at a considerable distance;' but as he continued praying, 'the light appeared to be gradually descending towards him, and as it drew nearer, it increased in brightness and magnitude, so that by the time it reached the tops of the trees, the whole wilderness around was illuminated in a most glorious and brilliant manner.' The account goes on to say that the light 'continued descending slowly, until it rested upon the earth, and he was enveloped in the midst of it. When it first came upon him, it produced a peculiar sensation throughout his whole system; and immediately his mind was caught away from the natural objects with which he was surrounded, and he was inwrapped in a heavenly vision, and saw two glorious personages, who exactly resembled

each other in their features and likeness.' These wondrous beings informed him that his sins were forgiven; and they furthermore disclosed to him that all the existing religious denominations were 'believing in incorrect doctrines;' and that, consequently, 'none of them was acknowledged of God as His church and kingdom.' He was expressly forbidden to attach himself to any of them; and received a promise that in due time 'the true doctrine, the fulness of the Gospel,' should be graciously revealed to him; 'after which the vision withdrew, leaving his mind in a state of calmness and peace indescribable.'

The narrative proceeds with a curious Old Testament frankness to tell how Smith, being still young, became 'entangled in the vanities of the world,' and for a while demeaned himself so like a 'vessel of dishonour' as to be rendered temporarily unfit for seeing visions. But after due penitence, the miraculous light reappeared on the 21st of September 1823, and 'it seemed as though the house was filled with consuming fire.' In another moment a 'personage' stood before him, 'with a countenance like lightning,' and 'visible to the extremities of the body.' The apparition of this mysterious stranger restored Smith to his former state of indescribable serenity. He was now informed that he stood in the presence of the angel Moroni, who had been sent forth 'to communicate to him that his sins were forgiven, and that his prayers were heard; and also to bring the joyful tidings that the covenant which God made with ancient Israel concerning their posterity was at hand to be fulfilled; that the great preparatory work for the second coming of the Messiah was speedily to commence; that the time was at hand for the gospel in its fulness to be preached in power unto all nations, that a people might be prepared with faith and righteousness for the millennial reign of universal peace and joy.' Then followed the inevitable announcement that Smith 'was called and chosen to be an instrument in the hands of God to bring about his marvellous purposes in this glorious dispensation.' A historic basis for the new 'dispensation' to rest on was finally revealed by Moroni. He explained that the Indian tribes were a remnant of Israel; that when they originally emigrated to America they were a pious and enlightened people, enjoying the peculiar favour and blessing of God; that prophets and inspired writers had been appointed to keep a sacred history of events happening among them; that this history was handed down for many generations, till at length the people fell into great wickedness, and afterwards the records were hidden, 'to preserve them from the hands of the wicked,' who were seeking to destroy them; that these records contained 'many sacred revelations pertaining to the gospel of the kingdom, as well as prophecies relating to the great events of the last days,' and that Smith, if he proved faithful, would be divinely commissioned to restore them to the world.

We have now reached that point in Smith's history when criticism becomes possible. So long as a man tells us only of his visions and experiences, we never can be certain to what extent he is deceiving us, to what extent deceiving himself. Religious exaltation (however low the type) so wondrously blends into illusory unity the two worlds of mind and matter, and so strangely dims the clear eye of conscience itself, that when a 'visionary' declares an angel has spoken with him, and has told him a thousand things in detail, he may either literally believe his own words, or, what is more probable, and far worse, he may fancy himself justified in summoning to his presence the heavenly messenger, and manufacturing conversations that never occurred. Smith, brooding much in his dull coarse way over his own confused and motley thoughts, may have deemed himself inspired—we rather think he did—and, his sense of veracity and honour being singularly weak, it would cost him small effort to put into fictitious shape the religious crudities of his brain, and palm them off for revelations without a blush or a twinge. But the next step is a different one. We have got beyond the region of the prophet's visions and experiences, and are face to face with outward fact. To any man who has no faith in the divine origin of Mormonism, the story of the discovery of the lost records—otherwise known as the *Book of Mormon*—must appear a most flagrant falsehood. In this instance, he could not possibly be deceiving himself, and must have known he was grossly imposing upon others. What upheld him all through his lying story was probably an unexpressed conviction that when a man was really called to found a religion all things were lawful to him. Many people prefer simply to brand Smith as a liar and impostor of the most vulgar description; a man who invented a religion merely to *swindle* the community; but those who content themselves with this easy solution of the problem of Mormonism find it very hard to account for the fortitude and enthusiasm of the prophet's later career. The truth is, the religious impostor defies the analysis of common minds, who have never studied the strange perversities of human nature, and who do not know what it is capable of. This we may confidently say in regard to the founder of Mormonism, that whoever reads his life, failing to see that it really has a religious side, that he was in earnest about his work, and had a thorough belief in his mission and himself—whatever were his private thoughts about the 'lost records'—will entirely miss the most wonderful feature of that life, and, in all likelihood, will misread it through all its stages.

Having, as we hope, furnished the reader with a proper stand-point from which to judge the character and work of Smith, we return to the narrative of his life. Up to the period when the angel Moroni visited him, he had been in the habit of working on his father's farm; and on the morning after this vision he went to his labour as usual, apparently not supposing that his mission as a messenger

of a new and peculiar gospel was yet to be commenced. But while he was at work, the angel again appeared to him, and gave him direct instructions to go and 'view the records,' which for many ages had been deposited in a place which was pointed out to him. This was 'on the west side of a hill, not far from the top,' about four miles from Palmyra, in the county of Mayne, state of New York, and near the mail-road, which leads thence to the little town of Manchester.

While contemplating this extraordinary treasure with great astonishment, Smith became aware of the presence of the angel who had previously visited him, and who now, with due solemnity, called on him to 'Look!' 'And as he thus spake,' says the Mormonite apostle before quoted, 'he beheld the Prince of Darkness, surrounded by his innumerable train of associates. All this passed before him, and the heavenly messenger said: "All this is shewn, the good and the evil, the holy and impure, the glory of God and the power of darkness, that you may know hereafter the two powers, and never be influenced or overcome by the wicked one. You cannot at this time obtain this record, for the commandment of God is strict, and if ever these sacred things are obtained, they must be by prayer and faithfulness in obeying the Lord. They are not deposited here for the sake of accumulating gain and wealth for the glory of this world, they were sealed by the prayer of faith, and because of the knowledge which they contain; they are of no worth among the children of men only for their knowledge. In them is contained the fulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ, as it was given to his people on this land; and when it shall be brought forth by the power of God, it shall be carried to the Gentiles, of whom many will receive it; and after will the seed of Israel be brought into the field of their Redeemer by obeying it also."'

Smith had to wait four years before the records were finally delivered by the angel into his hands. During that time, however, he had numerous interviews with the 'heavenly messenger,' and 'frequently received instructions' from his mouth. At length, on the morning of the 22d of September 1827, when he was about two-and-twenty years of age, he was formally permitted to take possession of his discovery. 'These records,' says our authority, Mr Pratt, 'were engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold. Each plate was not far from seven by eight inches in width and length, being not quite as thick as common tin. They were filled on both sides with engravings in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume as the leaves of a book, and fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. This volume was something near six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed. The characters or letters upon the unsealed part were small and beautifully engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks of antiquity in its construction, as well as much skill in the art of engraving. With the records

was found "a curious instrument, called by the ancients the Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow. This was in use in ancient times by persons called seers. It was an instrument by the use of which they received revelation of things distant, or of things past, or future."'

Being in an unknown tongue, the book required to be translated before its contents could be intelligibly communicated to mankind; and Smith having now provided for himself a separate home, straightway commenced turning this ancient record into English. His mode of procedure was rather suspicious. He hung a blanket across the room, to conceal the sacred records from profane eyes, and then by means of the stone spectacles dictated the translation to one Oliver Cowdery. In this way the work proceeded, as Smith's 'pecuniary circumstances would permit,' until he had finished what he describes as the 'unsealed portion of the records.' This is that part of the revelations which is styled the *Book of Mormon*, the recognised Bible of the Latter-day Saints, deemed by them of equal authority with the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and represented to contain that 'fulness of the gospel' which was to be revealed in the latter days. An abstract of its contents is given in Burton's *City of the Saints*.

When the volume was completed, there arose an obvious difficulty respecting its publication. As no man is accounted a prophet in his own country, who would believe the miraculous story about its origin, and the way in which the work had been brought to light? How was any one to know that it was not utterly a fabrication, and that Joseph Smith, junior, was not an arrant knave and impostor? Assuredly there ought to be witnesses to testify concerning the facts set forth, and vouch in some way for the credibility of Smith's pretensions. This circumstance was accordingly provided for; witnesses were providentially 'raised up' in the persons of Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris; and when the work was published in 1830 there was appended to it a statement by these three persons (hence known among Mormons as 'the three witnesses'), in which they solemnly declare that 'an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes that we beheld and saw the plates and engravings thereon.' This statement was presently supported by eight other witnesses, who testify expressly that 'Joseph Smith, junior, the translator of this work, has shewn unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands; . . . . and we know of a surety that the said Smith has got the plates . . . . and we give our names unto the world of that which we have seen; and we lie not, God bearing witness to it.' It might strike a sceptic as a suspicious circumstance,

that the 'eight,' with one exception, belong to two families, evidently on terms of intimacy with each other; and further, that three of them belong to the family of Joseph Smith—being, in fact, his father and two brothers. What is undoubtedly still more 'suspicious,' is that several years after, 'the three witnesses' having quarrelled with Smith, renounced Mormonism, and avowed the falsity of their testimony. The prophet was enraged by their apostacy; and in a publication of the new sect, called the *Elder's Journal*, he writes (1837) of Harris in a style of vituperation that is ludicrously feeble: 'There are negroes who have white skins (!) as well as black ones; Granny Parish and others, who acted as lackeys, such as Martin Harris. But they are so far beneath my contempt, that to notice any of them would be too great a sacrifice for a gentleman to make.' In Smith's own neighbourhood the story of the origin of the book did not find much credence; but a shrewd critic will place no value on statements like that of Peter Ingersoll (one of Smith's non-Mormon associates), though given upon oath: 'Smith told me the whole affair was a hoax, that he had no such book, and did not believe there was such a book in existence: but, said he, as I have got the fools fixed, I shall carry out the fun.' Such evidence is the mere reckless outcome of vulgar spite and hatred. No man in the process of founding a new religious sect, however corrupt his motives—no man earnestly interested in its mere success (apart altogether from considerations of its truth), would so express himself. There is nothing in the public career of the prophet to lead us to believe for a moment that he started his system for a 'lark.' It is beyond the power of any but a blockhead to think that the man who was torn by his infuriate enemies from the bosom of his wife, tarred and feathered in a meadow at midnight, and who heroically preached next day 'with his flesh all scarified and defaced,' was merely animated by a desire 'to carry out the fun.'

With the exception of the persons mentioned, we do not find that any other individuals, Mormonites or otherwise, ever professed to have seen the plates. Like Macpherson's Ossianic manuscripts, they have never been forthcoming, however loudly demanded; and of late years, all knowledge or account of them has been confessedly traditional.

The account so far given of the *Book of Mormon* will be understood to be that of the Mormonites themselves; but there remains to be presented another relation of its origin, which the American opponents of Mormonism consider the true one. According to this account, it would appear that one Solomon Spaulding (born in Ashford, Connecticut, 1761, and a graduate of Dartmouth College), a man who had once been a clergyman, and had afterwards gone into business, having his attention attracted about 1809 by the notion that the North American Indians were descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel, conceived that the idea might be turned to

account as the groundwork of a religious novel. He accordingly set about a work of that description, which he entitled *The Manuscript Found;* and labouring at it at intervals for three years, he in that time completed it. Two of the principal characters in this production are Mormon and his son Moroni—the same who act so large a part in Joseph Smith's *Book of Mormon.* As early as 1813 (according to the *New American Cyclopædia*), the work was announced in the newspapers as forthcoming, and as containing a description of the *Book of Mormon.* In the year 1812, Spaulding shewed his manuscript to a printer named Patterson, residing at Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania; but before any satisfactory arrangement had been made in regard to its publication, the author died (1816), and the manuscript is said to have remained for some time thereafter in Mr Patterson's possession. While here, it came under the notice of a compositor in his employment, named Sidney Rigdon, who was also a preacher in connection with some Christian sect, whose proper designation has not been stated. Rigdon (according to a statement published by Spaulding's widow in the *Boston Journal*, May 18, 1839) borrowed and copied the manuscript; and his possession of a copy was known to all in the printing-office, and was often mentioned by himself. The original manuscript was, however, she says, returned to her husband before his death, and subsequently read by several of her friends. But after her husband's decease, she seems to have spent the next three years in visiting her friends in different parts of the States; and during this period the manuscript was left at her brother's, somewhere near the residence of the Smiths. Whether Rigdon had, as she asserts, taken a copy of it, or whether the original now fell into the hands of Joseph Smith, there is no evidence for deciding. What in any case is a very significant circumstance, is that Rigdon afterwards became, next to Joseph Smith himself, the principal leader of the Mormons. How Smith and this person became connected is not known, but soon after leaving Mr Patterson's printing-office he came out as a preacher of doctrines very like those afterwards incorporated in the *Book of Mormon*, and had actually succeeded in obtaining a small body of converts, when Smith and he grew intimate about 1829—the year before the appearance in print of the famous work. No sooner was it published than the wife, several friends, and the brother of Solomon Spaulding affirmed the identity of the principal portions of the *Book of Mormon* with the novel of *The Manuscript Found*, which the author had from time to time, and in separate portions, read over to them. John Spaulding declared upon oath that his brother's book was a historical romance, relating to the first settlers in America, endeavouring to shew that the American Indians were descendants of the Jews, or of the lost ten tribes. He stated that it gave a detailed account of their journey from Jerusalem by land and sea, till they arrived in America under the command of Nephi and Lehi; and

that it also mentioned the Lamanites. He added that 'he had recently read the *Book of Mormon*, and to his great surprise he found nearly the same historical matter and names as in his brother's writings. To the best of his recollection and belief, it was the same that his brother Solomon wrote, with the exception of the religious matter.' Similarly, John N. Miller of Springfield, Pennsylvania, testified, in September 1833, that in 1811 he was in the employment of Spaulding, lodged and boarded in his house, and frequently perused portions of *The Manuscript Found*, which the author also sometimes read to him. Miller says: 'I have recently examined the *Book of Mormon*, and find in it the writings of Solomon Spaulding from beginning to end, but mixed up with Scripture and other religious matter, which I did not meet in *The Manuscript Found*. Many of the passages in the *Mormon Book* are *verbatim* from Spaulding, and others in part. The names of Nephi, Lehi, Moroni, and, in fact, all the principal names are brought fresh to my recollection by the gold Bible.' Such evidence (and it might be indefinitely multiplied) is certainly very strong, and will probably constrain most readers to conclude that Spaulding's unpublished romance formed the basis of the Mormon Bible. If our conception of Smith's character be the true one (as we honestly think it is), he was just the kind of man to be charmed by a delusive hypothesis like that which is found in Spaulding's work. It would appeal to his fancy, his ignorance, and his impulsive credulity. He would naturally think it a probable account of the peopling of America, and there was nothing in the region of his moral nature sufficiently stern to deter him from investing the record with the dignity of supernatural sanctions.

As a literary composition, the work is but a bungling affair; the religious matter ingrafted upon the original romance being full of ungrammatical and illiterate expressions. For instance, such phrases as the following very frequently occur: 'Ye are like unto they;' 'Do as ye hath hitherto done;' 'I saith unto them;' 'These things had not ought to be;' 'Ye saith unto him;' 'I, the Lord, delighteth in the chastity of women;' 'For a more history part are written upon my other plates.' Anachronisms are also frequent, and blunders of almost every imaginable kind abound.

In confirmation of the theory that only the 'religious matter' is Smith's, we may here state that this religious matter does not refer to old-world faiths and the practices of an ancient ritual, but to quite modern questions, such, we are told, as were rife in the villages of Western New York about 1830. Calvinism, Universalism, Methodism, Millenarianism, Roman Catholicism, are discussed. Infant baptism is warmly condemned, and polygamy, many will be surprised to learn, is repeatedly denounced; as, for example: 'For, behold, thus saith the Lord, this people begin to wax in iniquity; they understand not the Scriptures. Behold David and

Solomon truly had many wives and concubines, which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord. Wherefore thus saith the Lord, I have led this people forth out of the land of Jerusalem, by the power of mine arm, that I might raise up unto me a righteous branch from the fruit of the loins of Joseph. Wherefore, my brethren, hear me, and hearken to the word of the Lord; for there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife; and concubines he shall have none; for I, the Lord, delighteth in the chastity of women.' Freemasonry is also liberally anathematised, although Smith and his followers were subsequently not only initiated into its puerile mysteries, but modelled their hierarchy on its system of degrees.

Before the publication of the *Book of Mormon*, Smith had already gathered to himself a small number of adherents. Their notions of what they should preach were apparently rather confused, but moved by the interest then felt in Millenarianism (always a great favourite with the ignorant and superstitious) throughout Western New York, they finally settled into the doctrine that the millennium was close at hand, that the Indians were to be speedily converted, and that America was to be the final gathering-place of the saints, who were to assemble at New Zion or New Jerusalem, somewhere in the interior of the continent. In 1830, the year after Smith began to announce his visions and to speak of the discovery of the plates, his followers amounted to five persons. Among these were included his father and three brothers; but in the course of a few weeks the number increased to thirty. On the 1st of June, in the year just mentioned, the first conference of the sect, as an organised church, was held at Fayetteville, New York, where the prophet at that time resided. As the people of the neighbourhood generally regarded him as an impostor, his proceedings from the outset met with considerable opposition. Smith, on the present occasion, had ordered the construction of a dam across a stream of water, for the purpose of baptising his disciples. But before the ceremony was commenced, a mob collected, and broke down the preparations, using such language towards the prophet as was anything but flattering to him or his followers, threatening him with violence, and accusing him of robbery and swindling. They derided his prophetical pretensions, charged him with having lived the life of a reprobate, and in every way did their utmost to make him the object of ridicule and suspicion. Smith, however, was nothing daunted. With singular tact, as well as courage, he bore down all detraction by confessing boldly that he *had once* led an improper and immoral life; but, unworthy as he was, 'the Lord had chosen him—had forgiven him all his sins, and intended, in his own inscrutable purposes, to make him—weak and erring as he might have been—the instrument of his glory. Unlettered and comparatively ignorant he acknowledged himself to be; but then, said he, was not St Peter illiterate? Were not John

and the other Christian apostles men of low birth and mean position before they were called to the ministry? And what had been done before, might it not be done again, if God willed it?'

He appears to have had many contests with the preachers and leading people of other religious sects, and to have signally exasperated them against him by the boldness of his self-sufficiency, and the boundless resources of his ingenuity and impudence, in asserting and defending his pretensions. Yet if he was arrogant and presumptuous, they were not less dogmatic and intolerant. When Joseph proved himself utterly invincible by their logic, and not to be put down by any taunts concerning his unworthiness as a man or his incompetency as a scholar, they had recourse to the ordinary expedient of persecution. Their animosity rose so high at last, that the prophet and his followers found the place too strait for them; and, accordingly, to escape from the virulent opposition they had to contend with, the whole family of the Smiths and the most tenacious of their adherents deemed it prudent to remove from Palmyra and Fayetteville, and to settle themselves in other quarters. The place they selected was Kirtland, in Ohio, the birthplace of Sidney Rigdon, where they received considerable accessions to their numbers. It was, however, regarded only as a temporary resting-place. The attention of the sect was directed, from the very commencement of their organisation, to the desirableness of establishing themselves in the 'Far West' territories, where, in a thinly settled and partially explored country, they might squat down or purchase lands at a cheap rate, and clear the wilderness for their own purposes. Shortly after their removal to Kirtland, Oliver Cowdery was sent out on an exploratory expedition, and, coming back, reported so favourably of the beauty, fertility, and cheapness of the land in Jackson County, in Missouri, that Joseph Smith himself determined to go and visit the location.

Leaving his family and principal connections in Kirtland, he proceeded with Sidney Rigdon and some others upon a long and arduous journey, his object being to fix upon a site for the 'New Jerusalem'—the future city and metropolis of the divine kingdom, where Christ was to reign over the Saints as a temporal king, in 'power and great glory.' They started, apparently, about the middle of June 1831, travelling by wagons or canal-boats, and sometimes on foot, as far as Cincinnati. From this place they proceeded by steamer to Louisville and St Louis, where at length all the civilised means of transport failed them. The rest of the journey, a distance of three hundred miles, had to be performed on foot. With brave hearts and hopeful faces, however, they toiled along through the wilderness, and finally reached the town of Independence, in Jackson County, in the middle of July. Though footsore and weary, they were not sad; for the country, with its grandeurs and conveniences, surpassed their most sanguine expectations. It is pleasant to see

how the prophet was enraptured at the sight of it, and how, in his description, there is even a touch of poetry. Looking intently on the landscape, he notes, 'as far as the eye can glance, the beautiful rolling prairies lay spread around like a sea of meadows.'

That there might be no doubt among his followers that this was assuredly the spot marked out by Providence as their place of settlement, Smith, after the fashion of many greater prophets, produced a direct revelation on the subject—a practice to which he always had recourse whenever a difficulty presented itself or a novelty had to be introduced. On the present occasion, it was revealed to him that a certain district in Jackson County was 'the land of promise, and the place for the city of Zion.'

On his return to Kirtland, by the aid of others, members of the church, he established a mill, a store, and a bank. Of the latter, he appointed himself president, and intrusted Sidney Rigdon with the office of cashier. It was the object of himself and of the sect to stay in Kirtland and make money for the next five years; until, in short, the wilderness should be cleared, and the temple built in Zion.

It is impossible to deny that from this point the history of Mormonism becomes something more than respectable. Whatever opinion we may form regarding the character and motives of the founder, none can doubt that henceforth a certain degree of high enthusiasm prevailed among the sect, and that some of the best virtues of common life, industry, order, sobriety, and cleanliness, were strikingly developed. Rigid and unbending critics may be reluctant to admit that a system founded (as is most certain) on fabrication and falsehood, could ever produce such beneficial results; but it is nevertheless clear, from the testimony of impartial observers, that morally, industrially, and socially, the Mormons were far in advance of their neighbours. The prophet himself seems to have risen in tone with the fortunes of his faith. None of the numerous missionaries of the sect, who spread over the states of Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Indiana, Illinois, &c., everywhere establishing churches, surpassed its founder in zeal, energy, perseverance, and heroic courage. Of course, his success as a propagandist was the signal for an outburst of persecution. One night, in the month of March 1832, 'a mob of Methodists, Baptists, Campbellites,' and other miscellaneous bigots, broke into his peaceable dwelling-house, and dragging him from the wife of his bosom, stripped him naked, and most despitefully maltreated him. Under the bleak midnight sky, they carried him into a meadow a little distance from the house, and there, with curses and wild uproar, anointed his sacred person with that dark impurity which Falstaff mentions as having a tendency to defile; and then rolling him well in feathers, set him at liberty. Sidney Rigdon was similarly handled, and rendered temporarily crazy by the treatment. As to the prophet, it took the whole night for his friends to cleanse his polluted skin. Yet, the next day being the Sabbath, with his

'flesh all scarified and defaced,' he preached to the congregation as usual, and (for once we record the fact with a certain degree of pleasure) in the afternoon of the same day baptised three individuals. It is but fair to state, however, that the wrath of his enemies was not purely religious, but had also a secular origin. Smith's bank had, it seems, flooded the neighbouring country with notes of doubtful value, and certain business transactions had likewise taken place in which the backwoodsmen thought they had been swindled by the prophet and Rigdon; hence the furious outrage.

Meanwhile the brethren in Missouri continued to prosper, and Smith resolved to pay them a second visit. Accordingly, he started on the 2d of April (eleven days after the tarring and feathering) with a small company of adherents. Some of his inhuman persecutors dogged his steps as far as Louisville, taunting and harassing him by the way; but, getting protection from the captain of a steamboat, he arrived in safety at Independence on the 26th. In obedience to a revelation which he had sent them, a printing-press had been established, and the work of proselytising was advancing vigorously. A monthly periodical, called the *Morning and Evening Star*, was conducted by Mr Phelps, the printer to the church; and a weekly newspaper, devoted exclusively to the interests of Mormonism, had been started under the title of the *Upper Missouri Advertiser*. The number of the disciples amounted to nearly 3000; while in Kirtland, including women and children, they had not yet exceeded 150. Being enthusiastically received by the congregation, and solemnly acknowledged as their 'prophet, seer, and president of the high-priesthood of the church,' Smith, after a brief and pleasant sojourn, left the place in perfect confidence that all was going on prosperously.

But the very prosperity of the sect deepened the hostility of all the non-Mormon population. Strange rumours also began to spread concerning their peculiarities of intercourse and ways of living. They were accused of communism, and not simply of a community of goods and chattels, but also of a community of wives. This charge appears to have been utterly unfounded, and probably originated in some manifestations of a tendency towards polygamy, a doctrine not yet revealed, however (in fact, as we have seen, *contrary* to the revealed doctrine on the subject); but it materially helped to inflame the hatred of the impulsive and unscrupulous backwoodsmen. Smith himself affirms that the neighbours of the Saints were 'many of them the basest of men, who had fled from the face of civilised society to the frontier country, to escape the hand of justice.' Be that as it may, a party was secretly formed whose object was to expel them from the state. The printing-office of the *Star* was razed to the ground, and the types and presses confiscated. A Mormon bishop was tarred and feathered (July 20), and Editor Phelps had a narrow escape from a touch of the like treatment. Outrages of almost every description were committed by armed

mobs upon the Mormons, till at length they saw no chance or likelihood of ever being left at peace; and the final result was, that —having no other resource—the leaders agreed that, if time were given, the people should remove westward to some other situation.

Under circumstances of such peril and humiliation, the Saints despatched Oliver Cowdery to Kirtland with a message to the prophet. Smith proved himself not unfertile in resources. He decided that the *Morning and Evening Star* should be thenceforth published in Kirtland, and that another newspaper should be started to supply the place of the one lately printed in Missouri. He also resolved to apply to the governor of that state, and to demand justice for the outrages inflicted upon the sect; and on the 8th of October, Elders W. W. Phelps and O. Hyde presented a petition from the Saints praying for redress.

The governor of Missouri responded by a sensible and conciliatory letter. He alluded to the attack upon them as being illegal and unjustifiable, and recommended them to remain where they were, and to apply for redress to the ordinary tribunals of the country. Acting on the strength of this advice, the Mormons commenced actions against the ringleaders of the mob, engaging, by a fee of 1000 dollars, the best legal assistance to support their case. But on the 30th of October, the mob again rose in arms to expel them. Several houses of the Saints were sacked and partially demolished. The Mormons, in some instances, defended their possessions, and a regular battle ensued between them and their opponents. In this encounter, it happened that two of the latter were killed. 'This was the first bloodshed, and the Mormons shed it,' say their opponents with rather silly exultation. Thenceforth the fray became so furious and alarming, that the militia had to be called out to suppress it. The militia, however, being anti-Mormon to a man, took sides entirely against them, and the hapless Saints had no alternative except in flight. They sought refuge across the Missouri river, November 4, and encamped in the open wilderness, but ultimately took up their abode for the most part in Clay County, where they appear to have been received with some degree of kindness.

The public authorities of Missouri, and indeed all the principal people, except those of Jackson County, were exceedingly scandalised at these proceedings, and sympathised with the efforts of the Mormon leaders to obtain redress. The attorney-general of the state wrote to say, that if the Mormons desired to be re-established in their possessions, an adequate public force should be sent for their protection. He also advised them to remain in the state, and organise themselves into a regular company of militia, promising to supply them with arms at the public expense. About the same time a message arrived from the prophet, who had now returned to Kirtland from a missionary tour through Canada, urging them to abide by their possessions, and not in any case to sell any land to which

they had a legal title, but hold on 'until the Lord in His wisdom should open a way for their return.'

The Mormons, however, were never more restored to their beloved Zion. They remained for upwards of four years in Clay County. The land on which they settled was mostly uncleared, but being an industrious and persevering people, they laid out farms, erected mills and stores, and carried on their business as successfully as in their previous location. But here also the suspicions and ill-feeling of the people were soon aroused against them, and were eventually the cause of their expulsion from the whole state of Missouri. The bearing of the Mormons towards the slavery question, the calumny about their community of wives, their loud pretensions of superior holiness, their repeated declarations that Missouri had been assigned to their possession by divine command, and the quarrels that were constantly resulting, brought about the same kind of misunderstandings and collisions which they had experienced in Jackson County.

On the 3d of May 1834, a conference of elders was held in Kirtland, and the Mormon body was first named 'The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.' Two days later, the prophet marched for Missouri at the head of an organised body of Mormons, one hundred and fifty in number, mostly young men, and nearly all priests, deacons, teachers, and officers of the church. Twenty of them formed the body-guard of the prophet; his brother, Hyrum Smith, being captain, and another brother, George Smith, his armour-bearer. His aim was to put the affairs of his scattered and dispirited disciples into order; but the Missouri mobs were convinced that he meant to conquer the state, and introduce a theocratic government, and accordingly the history of the sect for the next three years is one of strife and contention with their enemies.

Meanwhile, a remarkable accession to their ranks had been received. On the 14th of April 1832, Brigham Young (born 1801) was converted by Elder Samuel Smith, and baptised by Eleazar Millard. In the year following, he came to Kirtland, and soon rose to high honour among the Saints. His wonderful sagacity and force of character, his immovable faith in Mormonism, his ardent but not obstreperous enthusiasm, marked him out from the beginning as a natural leader of the new church; and when in February 1835 a further step was taken in the development of a hierarchy, by the institution of a body of apostles—twelve in number—Young was appointed head of the apostolic college. A fortnight later, the organisation of the 'Seventies' was established. On the 3d of May, the apostles departed on their first mission among the Gentiles—Young being ordered down east among the New Englanders, where he made numerous converts, even among that acute race. Shortly after the departure of the Twelve, a 'discovery' was made of certain rolls of Egyptian papyrus, which contained the writings of Abraham and

Joseph in Egypt (!); and on the 17th of August, at a General Assembly held at Kirtland, the *Book of Doctrines and Covenants*, together with the *Lectures on Faith* delivered by Sidney Rigdon, was accepted as a rule of faith and practice. In other words, the Mormons drew up their *creed*. On the 4th of January 1836, a Hebrew professorship was established at Kirtland, which one would have thought superfluous to a community which had for three years enjoyed the miraculous gift of tongues. Finally, on the 30th of April in the same year, the copestone was put to the edifice of spiritual despotism which Smith had gradually been rearing, for on that day, as was alleged, in the House of the Lord at Kirtland, the Saviour, Moses, Elias, and Elijah appeared to him and Cowdery, delivered to them the keys of the several priesthoods, and bestowed unlimited power in things temporal and spiritual.

While the internal organisation of the sect was being thus perfected, its numbers in Missouri went on increasing so rapidly that its opponents were both alarmed and enraged. Smith, Rigdon, and others had been forced to take refuge there in order to escape a sudden outburst of fury on the part of the mob in Kirtland, owing to the awkward stoppage of the Mormon bank there. On arriving in Missouri the prophet found the affairs of his church in the greatest confusion. Conflicts with the anti-Mormon mobs continually occurred, many outrages were committed, and several persons killed on both sides. Worse than all, a great schism (as it has been called), took place in the spring of the year, and the new religion seemed on the point of ruin. Martin Harris, Oliver Cowdery, and David Whitmer (the 'three witnesses' to the *Book of Mormon*), charged with lying, theft, counterfeiting and defamation of the prophet's character, were cut off from the church, while others of its most influential members apostatised. Among these were Orson Hyde, Thomas B. Marsh (then president of the Twelve Apostles), and W. W. Phelps, who accused Smith in turn of being accessory to several thefts and murders, and of meditating a tyranny not only over the state of Missouri, but over the whole American Republic (!). The language of their affidavits, however (it must be confessed), strikes one as suspiciously extravagant; for example: 'I have heard the prophet say that he would yet tread down his enemies, and walk over their dead bodies: that if he was not let alone, he would be a second Mohammed to this generation, and that he would make it one gore of blood from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic Ocean.' And finally, what deprives their accusations of any real weight is that the renegades themselves subsequently retracted them, sought forgiveness, and were restored to their former privileges. There can indeed be no doubt that violent language was used during this crisis, when foes without and within threatened the very existence of the sect. Toward the close of the year, the conflict assumed the character and proportions of a civil war—Smith himself and his brother

Hyrum being twice imprisoned and once sentenced to be shot. The most determined efforts, in fact, were made to expel the Mormons from the state.

This object was finally effected in April 1839, and the Mormons, to the number of 15,000, took refuge in Illinois. They purchased lands in the vicinity of the town of Commerce, and shortly afterwards changed the name of the place into Nauvoo, or the 'City of Beauty.' The country was rich in agricultural resources, and the Mormons failed not to turn them to account. 'Soon,' says Lieutenant Gunnison, 'the colonists changed the desert to an abode of plenty and richness: gardens sprang up as by magic, decorated with the most beautiful flowers of the Old and New World, whose seeds were brought as mementoes from former homes by the converts that flocked to the new state of Zion; broad streets were soon fenced, houses erected, and the busy hum of industry heard in the marts of commerce; the steam-boat unladed its stores and passengers, and departed for a fresh supply of merchandise; fields waved with the golden harvests, and cattle dotted the rolling hills.' A site for the temple was chosen on the brow of a hill overlooking the town, and the building was commenced according to a plan or pattern which the prophet professed to have received by revelation. In the course of eighteen months, the people had erected about 2000 houses, besides schools and a variety of public buildings. The place became a populous and imposing-looking town. Joseph Smith was appointed mayor, and for a while enjoyed an undisturbed supremacy. His word was law; he was the temporal and spiritual head of the community; and, besides his titles of prophet, president, and mayor, he held the military title of general, in right of his command over a body of militia, which he organised (1841) under the name of the Nauvoo Legion.

As early as 1837, Kimball, Hyde, Richards, and other Mormon leaders had visited England and preached the new gospel. Lancashire has the doubtful honour of furnishing the first converts. On the 20th of July in that year, at Preston, the first Mormon baptism was performed by immersion in the river Ribble. It does not appear, however, that great success attended this effort; but in the autumn after the settlement at Nauvoo, a second attempt was made by a body of enthusiastic 'elders,' among whom was Brigham Young. They cunningly sought the great centres of industry, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Glasgow, South Wales, and by pictures of worldly prosperity, no less than by the magic influence of fanatical zeal, they charmed and led away multitudes of the 'weary and heavy-laden' poor, to whom the new faith had at once the zest of novelty and the allurements of an earthly Paradise.

At home, affairs did not run quite so smoothly as the prophet wished. Prosperity, in his case, unfortunately involved additional persecution. The more his followers, the more his enemies. It

was dangerous to boast of the '100,000 Mormons in the United States,' or to meddle in political elections. Thrice in 1841-42, Smith was arrested on a charge of instigating or attempting the assassination of the United States' authorities, and it gradually became clear to him that even Nauvoo could not be an abiding city. The result of his conviction was a prophecy that 'the Saints would be driven to the Rocky Mountains.' What probably strengthened this conviction was the development about the same time of a new social feature of his system, since become its most distinctive and perilous one: we mean polygamy. In 1842, it began to be whispered about Nauvoo that polygamy was secretly practised among what we may perhaps call the fully initiated Saints, the prophet himself setting a liberal example. It is, we confess, extremely difficult to ascertain what amount of truth was contained in the allegation. Our readers will remember that in the *Book of Mormon* polygamy is actually denounced, and that up to this date, twelve years after the formation of the sect, no evidence exists that the subject had seriously if at all engaged the thoughts of the Saints. What raised the marriage question into such startling prominence all at once, cannot probably be discovered. Of course, if we are persuaded (with his enemies) that Smith was simply a drunken and licentious reprobate, the explanation is easy. It was mere lust that provoked the new revelation; but when we consider the sobriety and decorum of household life among the Mormons (according to all candid observers), we will be slow to believe that their domestic relations—however repugnant to our social ideas—have no better origin than the depraved appetites of one of the leaders. Further, it must not be overlooked that there is a large body of Mormons who positively deny that the prophet is the author of the 'revelation' ascribed to him, or that he ever lived in polygamous relations. That he did not openly live with more than one woman, is admitted by all. 'Emma, Joseph's wife and secretary, the partner of all his toils, of all his glories, coolly, firmly, permanently denies that her husband ever had any other wife than herself. She declares the story to be false, the revelation a fraud. She denounces polygamy as the invention of Young and Pratt—a work of the devil—brought in by them for the destruction of God's new church. On account of this doctrine, she has separated herself from the Saints of Utah, and has taken up her dwelling with what she calls a remnant of the true church at Nauvoo.'—Dixon's *New America*, sixth edition, vol. i., p. 321. Testimony to the same effect, and no less emphatic, is borne by the four sons of Joseph—Joseph, William, Alexander, and David—who have practically formed a great schism in the church. Under the name of Josephites, there exist, particularly in Missouri and Illinois, but also to some extent in Utah, considerable numbers of Mormons who denounce in the strongest language the doctrine of a plurality of wives. On the other hand, most of the elders stoutly

assert that the prophet had secretly taken or 'sealed' to himself a multitude of wives at Nauvoo, though Young alone seems to know anything about the matter. 'I was pointing out to him,' says Mr Dixon, 'the loss of moral force to which his people must be always subject, while the testimony on that cardinal point of practice is incomplete. If Joseph were sealed to many women, there must be records, witnesses, of the fact: where are those records and those witnesses? "I," said Young vehemently, "am the witness—I myself sealed dozens of women to Joseph."' But Young at the same time admitted that his predecessor had no issue by any of these 'dozens of women.' The conclusion at which Mr Dixon arrives ('after testing all the evidence to be gathered from friend and foe') is one in which we are disposed to agree. He says: 'These ladies, though they may have been sealed to Joseph for eternity, were not his wives in the sense in which Emma, like the rest of women, would use the word wife. I think they were his spiritual queens and companions, chosen after the method of the Wesleyan Perfectionists —with a view not to pleasures of the flesh, but to the glories of another world. Young may be technically right in the dispute; but the prophet's sons are, in my opinion, legally and morally in the right. It is my firm conviction that if the practice of plurality should become a permanent conquest of this American church, the Saints will not owe it to Joseph Smith, but to Brigham Young.'

But if the calmer and less prejudiced verdict of posterity is likely to free Smith from the imputation of having introduced the obsolete Turkish harem to the modern society of the New World, it was a very different affair with his Gentile contemporaries and enemies in 1842-44. Every wild slander was greedily caught up, and intensified by circulation. Women recklessly accused him of offensive conduct; apostates from the faith furnished the world with 'revelations' of his secret character; persons expelled from the Mormon community for misdemeanours of their own, kept up an incessant fire of malignant recriminations. Finally, in May 1844, a paper in Nauvoo, called the *Expositor*, and edited by some Mormon renegades, made the most specific and offensive charges against the prophet, who was then mayor of the city. A council was convened, and measures instantly taken to silence the defamers. The marshal and municipal officers, with a posse, destroyed their printing-press, scattering the types in the streets, and burning an edition of their paper. After finishing this work of demolition, they repaired to headquarters, and were complimented by the prophet and his brother Hyrum, and received from them the promise of some appropriate reward. This, however, they never got, for a grand and fatal outrage was presently transacted, which brought both the power and the life of the prophet suddenly to an end.

It being impossible to bring the Mormon mob to justice through the Nauvoo courts, the officer who undertook to deal with them

procured a county writ, and attempted to enforce it in the manner resorted to against ordinary offenders. But this attempt was opposed and prevented by the people and troops in Nauvoo; and when at length the militia were called out, Joseph Smith, as mayor and commanding-general of the legion, declared the city under martial law. Thereupon an appeal was made to Governor Ford of Illinois, who forthwith ordered out three companies of the state militia, to bring the prophet and his adherents to submission, and to enforce their obedience to the laws. An officer was despatched to arrest Joseph and his brother Hyrum; but to avoid the indignity, they crossed over the Mississippi into Iowa, and there remained to watch events, keeping up by a boat a correspondence with the Mormon council. At length (June 24), the governor persuaded them to surrender, pledging his word, and the faith and honour of the state, that no harm should befall them in consequence, and that they should have a fair trial. They accordingly repaired to Carthage, the seat of government, and were there indicted for treason, and, in company with two of their apostles, were lodged in the county jail.

It is related that the prophet had a presentiment of evil in this affair, and said, as he surrendered: 'I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer morning; I have a conscience void of offence, and shall die innocent.' As the mob still breathed vengeance against the prisoners, and as the militia sided with the people, and were not to be depended on in the way of preventing violence, the governor was requested by the citizens of Nauvoo and other Mormons to set a guard over the jail. But the governor, seeing things apparently quiet, discharged the troops, and simply promised justice to all parties. It now began to be rumoured that there would be no case forthcoming against the Smiths, and that the governor was anxious they should escape. Influenced by this belief, a band of about two hundred ruffians conspired to attack the jail, and take justice into their own hands. 'If law could not reach them,' they said, 'powder and shot should.' On the 27th of June 1844, they assaulted the door of the room in which the prisoners were incarcerated, and having broken in, fired upon the four all at once. Hyrum Smith was instantly killed. Joseph, with a revolver, returned two shots, hitting one man in the elbow. He then threw up the window, and attempted to leap out, but was killed in the act by the shot of the assailants outside. Both were again shot after they were dead, each receiving no less than four bullets. One of the two Mormons who were with them was seriously wounded, but afterwards recovered; and the other is said to have escaped 'without a hole in his robe.'

Here, then, ends the life and prophetic mission of Joseph Smith. Henceforth, the Mormons are left to be guided by another leader. Of himself it has been said: 'He founded a dynasty which his death

rendered more secure, and sent forth principles that take fast hold on thousands in all lands; and the name of Great Martyr of the nineteenth century is a tower of strength to his followers. He lived fourteen years and three months after founding a society with six members, and could boast of having 150,000 ready to do his bidding when he died; all of whom regarded his voice as from heaven. Among his disciples he bears a character for talent, uprightness, and purity, far surpassing all other men with whom they ever were acquainted, or whose biography they have read. But few of these admirers were cognizant of other than his prophetic career, and treat with scornful disdain all that is said in disparagement of his earlier life.' The man had faults enough, no doubt; but it would be the grossest injustice to deny that he had also some sterling and commanding qualities. Whatever of the liar or vagabond he may have been in his youth and the beginnings of his career, any one who carefully observes his progress cannot fail to perceive that his character and designs became developed into something that was at least partially commendable. A rude, uncouth genius, who, like many another genius, for a long while apprehended not his mission; knew not the things which Nature had appointed him to do; and yet, with a blind unconscious instinct—manifested through many follies and insincerities—he struggled, and could not help but struggle, to make felt the influence and administrative power which he was born to exercise among mankind. We may call him a sort of mongrel hero, and non-commissioned leader of the unguided; a charlatan-fanatic, whose work was half-knavery and half-earnest, and whom, probably, Nature had ordained to do the rough pioneering of civilisation in the waste places of her kingdoms. That he had available powers for leading and for ruling men, there is proof in the multitude and successful consolidation of his adherents. Saint or sinner, Joseph Smith must be reckoned a remarkable man in his generation; one who began and accomplished a more extraordinary work than he was aware of; and whose name, whatever he may have been whilst living, will take its place among the notabilities of the world.

After his death, the Mormons were somewhat agitated by the question of the succession to his seership. Sidney Rigdon and others came forward with claims and pretensions to the office; but finally, on the 7th of August, the council of the twelve unanimously elected Brigham Young. 'This man,' says Lieutenant Gunnison, 'with a mien of the most retiring modesty and diffidence in ordinary intercourse in society, holds a spirit of ardent feeling and great shrewdness; and when roused in debate, or upon the preacher's stand, exhibits a boldness of speech and grasp of thought that awes and enchains with intense interest—controlling, soothing, or exasperating at pleasure the multitudes that listen to his eloquence.'

One of the first things which the new president had to do, carrying

out the prophecy of the founder, was to conduct the removal of the Mormons from Nauvoo, and to establish them in a settlement where they should no longer be molested. Almost as soon as he was elected, arrangements began to be made for abandoning the city. For the hostility of the Gentiles continued unabated; the houses of the Saints were frequently burned down, and even the charter of the city was repealed by the state legislature. Several places were proposed: Vancouver's Island, Texas, California, &c.; but finally they decided in favour of the barren valleys of the Rocky Mountains.

'Beyond the western prairies,' says Dixon, 'lay a howling wilderness of salt and stones, a property which no white man had yet been greedy enough to claim. Some pope, in the middle ages, had bestowed it on the crown of Spain, from which it had fallen as a paper waste, to the Mexican Republic; but neither Spaniard nor Mexican had ever gone up north into the land to possess it. In the centre of this howling wilderness lay a Dead Sea, not less terrible than Bahr Lout, the Sea of Lot. One-fourth of its water was known to be solid salt. The creeks which run into it were said to be putrid; the wells around it were known to be bitter; and the shores for many miles were crusted white with saleratus. These shores were like nothing else on earth except the Syrian Ghor, and they were more forbidding than the Syrian Ghor in this particular, that the waters of Salt Lake are dull, impure, and the water-lines studded with ditches and pools, intolerable to the nostrils of living men. To crown its repulsive features, this desert of salt, of stones, and of putrid creeks, was shut off from the world, eastward by the Rocky Mountains, westward by the Sierra Nevada, ranges of Alps high as the chain of Mont Blanc, and covered with eternal ice and snow. The red men who roamed over this country in search of roots and insects, were known to be the most savage and degraded tribes of their savage and degraded race. A herd of bison, a flight of gulls, a swarm of locusts peopled the plain with a fitful life. In spring, when a little verdure rose upon the ground, a little wild sage, a few dwarf sunflowers, the locusts sprang from the earth and stripped the few green plants of every leaf and twig. No forests could be seen; the grass, where it grew, appeared to be rank and thin. Only the wild sage and the dwarf sunflower seemed to find food in the soil, plants which are useless to man, and were then thought to be poisonous to his beast.'

But though the Indian and the trapper alike held it unfit for a human dwelling-place, Young thought otherwise, and in February 1846 the westward exodus began. Two thousand Mormons crossed the frozen Mississippi, and formed a temporary camp at Council Bluffs in Iowa; others gradually followed, till the remnant of Saints left at Nauvoo was so small that their enemies expelled them from their homes with ease. Yet, with singular magnanimity, the new prophet, in the midst of perplexities and brutal persecutions, furnished

to the United States' government, then entering on the Mexican campaign, a Mormon battalion of five hundred youths, 'the flower of the migrating bands.'

'Weakened by the departure of this living force, the Mormons crossed the Missouri river in a ferry made by themselves, entering on the great wilderness, the features of which they laid down on a map, making a rough road, and throwing light bridges over streams as they went on; collecting grass and herbs for their own use; sowing corn for those who were to come later in the year; raising temporary sheds in which their little ones might sleep; and digging caves in the earth as a refuge from the winter snow. Their food was scarce, their water bad, and such wild game as they could find in the plains, the elk, the antelope, and the buffalo, poisoned their blood.' From their winter-quarters, Omaha nation on the west bank of the Missouri river, a pioneer band of 143 men, headed by Brigham Young, started on the 14th of April, and after terrible hardships, entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake on the 24th of July. The rest of the people soon followed in greater or smaller parties.

The journey ended, work was instantly commenced. The industry of the Mormons has, ever since they became a sect, been pre-eminently exemplary. In five days a field was consecrated, fenced, ploughed, and planted! Tents and cabins were rapidly erected for the temporary service of the emigrants; but very shortly a city was laid out, and a fort, enclosing about forty acres, built for its protection. Everywhere the most cheerful and prosperous activity went on. As yet, however, the hardships of the Mormons were not ended. During the first year, every month was so mild that they constantly ploughed and sowed; but though the winter was thus auspicious, and all things promising, they were so reduced in provisions as to be obliged to eat the hides of the slaughtered animals, and even eagerly searched for them out of the ditches, and tore them from the roofs of the houses, to boil them for that purpose. They also dug up the wild roots used for food by the Indians. But, we are informed, the most formidable enemy they had to contend with, as the crops were nearing maturity, was an army of black ungainly crickets, which, descending from the mountain-sides, destroyed every bit of herbage in their way. No wonder the Mormon farmers considered it a miracle, when, in despair from the ravages of these 'black Philistines,' they at length were visited by large flights of beautiful white gulls, which in a short time exterminated the enemy. The next season they came earlier, and thereby saved the wheat from any harm whatever; and since then they have regularly appeared, and move hither and thither about the settlement, as tame as household pigeons. Since the first year, the crops of the Mormons have amply met their wants; and for the last three years there has been a surplus of food among them, which was sold to the gold emigrants at a less price than provisions were selling four

hundred miles nearer the States, and of course that distance further from the California diggings.

Among no people is the dignity of labour held more sacred than among the Mormons. The excellency and honourableness of work is exemplified in their whole polity and organisation. 'A lazy person,' we are told, 'is either accursed, or likely to be; usefulness is their motto; and those who will not keep themselves, or try their best, are left to starve into industry. . . . . The labour for support of one's self and family is taught to be of as divine a character as public worship and prayer. In practice, their views unite them so as to procure all the benefits of social Christianity without running into communism. The priest and the bishop make it their boast that, like Paul the tent-maker, they earn their bread by the sweat of their brow; and teach by example on the week-day what they preach on the Sabbath.'

The territory of Utah is extensive, but it is calculated that hardly one acre in ten is fit for profitable cultivation. Immense tracts of pasturage around the cultivable spots are held in common, and are not intended to be given up to the possession of individuals. It is worthy of being mentioned, that when the Mormons arrived in the valley, they did not quarrel about the fertile, eligible plots, but put a portion under cultivation jointly, and made equitable apportionment of the proceeds of the crop, according to the skill, labour, and seed contributed. The city was laid off into lots, which, by mutual consent, were assigned by the presidency, on a plan of equitable and judicious distribution. It is true, after the assignments were made, some persons commenced the usual speculations of selling according to eligibility of situation; but this called forth anathemas from the spiritual power, and no one was permitted to traffic for the sake of profit. If any sales were to be made, the first cost and actual value of improvements were all that was to be allowed. 'The land belongs to the Lord,' it was said, 'and his Saints are to use so much as each can work profitably.'

The Great Salt Lake City, which is laid out in squares, is described as a place of great attractions. The streets are 132 feet wide, with 20 feet side-walks; and a creek which runs through the city is so divided as to run along each walk and water a colonnade of trees, and is made likewise to communicate with the gardens. The lots contain nearly an acre each, with eight lots in every block. The site of the city is slightly sloping, with the exception of a part to the north, where it rises into a sort of natural terrace. It is four miles square, and is watered by several small streams, and a canal twelve miles long, besides being bounded on the western side by the Jordan river. Besides this central city, there are other four colonies which have branched off from it; and towns, with thickly populated and rapidly growing suburbs, extend along a line of 200 miles of country. Various public edifices have

been built, or are now in progress of erection. In one place, a large and commodious state-house was completed in 1850; and there is a wooden railway laid down to certain quarries some miles distant, for the purpose of transporting the fine red sandstone to a situation called the Temple Block, 'where a gorgeous pile is to be erected, which shall surpass in magnificence any yet built by man, and which shall be second only to that finally to be constructed by themselves, when the presidency shall be installed at the New Jerusalem, on the temple-site of Zion.'

The system of government under which the Mormons live is described by themselves as a 'Theo-democracy.' They are organised into a state, with all the order of legislative, judicial, and executive offices, regularly filled, under a constitution said to be eminently republican in sentiment, and tolerant in religion. Its priesthood, who rule in matters temporal and ecclesiastical, are divided into various orders. The highest is the *First Presidency*, composed at present of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Daniel C. Wells—the successors of Peter, James, and John in the Gospel Church. Of these, Brigham Young acts as chief. The first presidency is elected by the whole body of the church, and possesses supreme authority. The second office in point of dignity is that of *Patriarch*, held at present by the nephew of Joseph Smith, whose chief duty is to administer blessings. Then follows the council of 'The Twelve,' whose functions are of great practical importance. They ordain all other officers, elders, priests, teachers, and deacons; they baptise, administer the sacraments, and take the lead in all meetings. Next come the *Seventies* (of whom there are many). They are under the direction of the 'Twelve Apostles'—and are the great propagandists, missionaries, and preachers of the body. The fifth order is that of *High-priests*, composed usually of men advanced in years. Their duty is to officiate in all the offices of the church when there are no higher authorities present. After these come the *Bishops*, who are 'overseers' of the church chiefly in secular matters, attending to the registration of births, marriages, and deaths, the support of 'literary concerns' (such as newspapers and magazines), house-visiting, and the settlement of private grievances. The duties of the *Elders* are not very precise; they are charged with the conduct of meetings, and exercise a general surveillance over the *Priests*, who correspond to the 'fixed ministry' of other sects, that is, they preach, exhort, and expound the Scriptures. The lowest orders are the *Teachers* and *Deacons;* the former are simply assistants to the priests, elders, and bishops, and act as catechists; the latter are church-collectors, treasurers, &c.—The whole priesthood is divided into two classes, the Melchisedek and the Aaronic. To the first belong the offices of apostle, seventy, patriarch, high-priest, and elder; to the second, those of bishop, priest, teacher, and deacon. The latter can be held only by

'literal descendants of Aaron,' who are pointed out by special revelation.

The Mormon church calls itself universal, because it claims to have preached in almost every nation, and in every congressional district of the United States; and to have established societies called 'Stakes of Zion,' on the model of the home-assembly, on the islands of the ocean, and on both continents. All are bound to obey the presidency—at home, in all things; and abroad, in things spiritual, independent of every consideration—and the converts are commanded to gather to the mountains as fast as may be convenient and compatible with their character and situation.

The *Doctrine* which has gradually evolved itself out of the history, experience, and crude speculation of the Mormon leaders generally, and more particularly of Orson Pratt, about 1848–49, is incredibly materialistic. Their Godhead is formed on Buddhistic principles. While professing to believe in the Trinity, they explain that God was once a man, who has, however, so advanced in intelligence and power that he may now be called (comparatively speaking) perfect, infinite, &c., but that he has still the form and figure of a man; he has even 'legs,' as is evident (according to Mr Pratt, an eminent Mormon) from his appearance to Abraham; though he has this advantage over his creature, that 'he can move up or down through the air without using them.' Christ is the offspring of the 'material' union, on the plains of Palestine, of God and the Virgin Mary—the latter being duly married after betrothal by the angel Gabriel. Yet he is believed to have had a previous existence, to have even made the universe out of 'unformed chaotic matter as old as God,' and his worship is enjoined as Lord of all. The Holy Spirit is vaguely described, but is also material. It would appear, however, that there is an older Trinity, that of 'Elohim, Jehovah, and Michael, which is Adam.' Adam, again, is declared to be the 'god' of Jesus Christ; Jesus Christ the god of Joseph Smith; and Joseph Smith is now the god of this generation. But the whole affair is a mass of unintelligible jargon. The human intellect probably never sank into more absolute nonsense; all that can be definitely set before the mind is, that Mormons believe that by faith, obedience, holiness, any man may rise into a deity, and acquire the power of making, peopling, and ruling a 'world' for ever. The *second* article of the Mormon creed affirms that 'men will be punished for their own sins, and *not* for Adam's transgressions'—an opinion which, if not very orthodox, is considerably more rational than those embodied in the first article. The *third* article states that 'through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.' The *fourth* article affirms these 'ordinances' to be: 1. Faith in the Lord Jesus (which is very curiously expounded). 2. Repentance. 3. Baptism (which takes place at eight years of age—that being, according to the Saints, the period at which moral

responsibility begins). They also baptise for the dead, in accordance with St Paul's saying (1 Cor. xv. 29), and assert that, at the resurrection, all the persons for whom a man has been baptised will be added to his family. 4. Imposition of hands by the gift of the Holy Spirit. 5. The Lord's Supper, administered kneeling. The Saints, who are much averse to strong drinks, use water instead of wine in the sacrament, which is taken every week. The *fifth* article declares that 'men must be called to the work of God by inspiration;' the *sixth*, that the same organisation must now exist that existed in the primitive church; the *seventh*, that miraculous gifts—'discerning of spirits, prophecy, revelations, visions, healing, tongues,' &c.—have not ceased. The 'discerning of spirits' led Smith into a variety of curious speculations. He believes that the soul of man was not created, but 'coexisted equal with God. "God," he says, "never did have power to create the spirit of man at all—the very idea lessens man in my estimation—I *know better!*"' He also believes in the transmigration of souls. Rebellious spirits descend into brute tabernacles, till they yield to 'the law of the everlasting gospel.' The *eighth* article is decidedly liberal; it expresses a belief that the word of God is recorded not only in the Bible and the Book of Mormon, but in 'all other good books.' As for the contradictions that exist in the first, Smith admits them, but alleges that they are 'corruptions,' and that they can be removed by his or any other prophet's inspired explanations. It is said that he has left an 'inspired translation' of the whole Bible in manuscript. The *ninth* article expresses a belief in all that God has revealed, is revealing, or will yet reveal. The *tenth* affirms the literal gathering of Israel, the restoration of the ten tribes (the 'American Indians,' who are, in consequence, treated with considerable humanity by the Saints), the establishment of the New Zion on the western continent—the millennial reign of Christ on earth, and the transformation of earth into a Paradise. The *eleventh* article maintains 'the literal resurrection of the body'—to 'flesh and bones,' but not blood—blood being, according to Smith, 'the principle of mortality.' The *twelfth* article asserts the absolute liberty of private judgment in matters of religion; the *thirteenth* declares it the duty of the Saints and all others to be 'subject to the powers that be,' whether monarchical or republican. The *fourteenth* and last is worthy of being universally accepted: 'We believe in being honest, true, chaste, temperate, benevolent, virtuous, and upright; and in doing good to all men;' also, that 'an idle or lazy person cannot be a Christian, neither have salvation.'

The religious views of the Mormons are, it will thus be seen, an extraordinary jumble. They have something in common with nearly every sect that has ever been known. Hebraism, Persian Dualism, Brahmanism, Buddhistic apotheosis of saints; Christianity, both in its orthodoxy and heterodoxy; Mohammedanism, Drusism, Free-

masonry, and latterly, Methodism, Swedenborgianism, Mesmerism, and Spirit-rapping, have all contributed something. The Saints do not deny this. Smith, in fact, declares that as every religion in the world 'has a little truth mixed with error,' it is the duty of his followers to pick it out, that 'all the good and true principles may be gathered together;' 'otherwise,' he adds, 'we shall never become pure Mormons.'

We are told that the preaching from the pulpit and the usual extempore teachings are restricted to the promulgation of doctrines like those commonly inculcated by the Christian sects which hold to faith, repentance, baptism, and the resurrection of the body. 'Their mode of conducting worship,' says Gunnison, 'is to assemble at a particular hour, and the senior priest then indicates order by asking a blessing on the congregation and exercises, when a hymn from their own collection is sung, prayer made extempore, and another sacred song, followed by a sermon from some one previously appointed to preach, which is usually continued by exhortations and remarks from those who "feel moved upon to speak." Then notice of the arrangement of the tithe-labour for the ensuing week, and information on all secular matters interesting to them in a church capacity, is read by the council-clerk, and the congregation dismissed by a benediction.' Everything of a gloomy or sombre character is excluded from the ordinances; and during the assembling and departure of the congregation, their feelings are exhilarated by an excellent band of music playing marches, waltzes, and animating anthems.

In all their social and domestic relations, the Mormons are represented as being uniformly cheerful. Though professedly living in anticipation of a miraculous millennium, they object not to enjoy the hour that now is, and cordially participate in all the healthful and gladdening satisfactions which this temporary state affords. It is one of their peculiarities to blend the serious with the gay, and to invest their most light and frivolous pastimes with a kind of religious sanction. 'In their social gatherings and evening-parties,' says Lieutenant Gunnison, 'patronised by the presence of the prophets and apostles, it is not unusual to open the ball with prayer, asking the blessing of God upon their amusements, as well as upon any other engagement; and then will follow the most sprightly dancing, in which all join with hearty good-will, from the highest dignitary to the humblest individual; and this exercise is to become part of the temple-worship, to "praise God in songs and dances." These private balls and soirées are frequently extended beyond the time of cock-crowing by the younger members; and the remains of the evening repast furnish the breakfast for the jovial guests. The cheerful happy faces, the self-satisfied countenances, the cordial salutation of brother or sister on all occasions of address, the lively strains of music pouring forth from merry hearts in every domicile,

as women and children sing their "songs of Zion," while plying the domestic tasks, give an impression of a happy society in the vales of Deseret.'

The testimony of Captain Burton in his clever but somewhat irritating and mocking book, *The City of the Saints*, and of Mr Dixon, in his *New America* (the most valuable work on Mormonism that has yet appeared), is equally emphatic. The latter gives a description of the Mormon theatre erected by Brigham Young that is positively charming; and, in fact, it is beyond all question that the Mormon community of Utah is one of the happiest and most comfortable in the world. The time is gone by when the public can be excited by the monstrous calumnies of infuriated and reckless adversaries, who sought to persuade us that the Salt Lake City was an earthly Gehenna, where every vice was practised without shame or restraint; that men were drawn to it by the vilest of motives, and that the character of its inhabitants had its counterpart only in our dens of infamy at home. This notion, or any, even the faintest approach to it, is utterly false. The Mormons are not a sensual, or impure, or demoralised community at all: they are exactly the opposite. We must, if we honestly wish to understand them and their system, try to subordinate our preconceived theories to the facts. Whatever aversion we may entertain to polygamy, either as a thing wrong in itself (because tending to the dishonouring of women as a class, with all the injurious consequences to the family), or as a barbarous attempt to restore an obsolete form of domestic life, we are driven to allow that its evils have not yet become apparent. They may be at work, and may one day come to the surface, but in the meantime the Mormons are entitled to assert that their community is free of the horrible sin and viciousness that prevail elsewhere; the obtrusive and loathsome vices which are the reproach of our large cities are almost unknown; there are no wretched prostitutes, no illegitimate children, no vile seducers; their wives, as far as can be ascertained, are happy, virtuous, and healthy; and, in a word, they boldly challenge comparison, in regard to their domestic and social purity and felicity, with any monogamic community in the world.

The later history of this extraordinary sect may be briefly sketched. After founding the Salt Lake City, an emigration fund was established, and settlers poured in from all parts of Europe and America. In 1850, the government of the United States admitted the region occupied by the Mormons into the Union as a territory, under the name of Utah, and Brigham Young was appointed governor by President Fillmore. District judges were also appointed by the federal government, but these were looked upon with great suspicion and mistrust by the Saints, who finally drove them out of the country in 1851. Brigham Young was now suspended from his office of governor, and Colonel Steptoe of

the United States' army was appointed his successor. He arrived in Utah in 1854, but found it prudent, after some time, to withdraw from the country. During the next two years, the collisions between the United States' officers and the Saints became more and more frequent, and in the spring of 1856, the whole of the former were forced to flee from the territory. A new governor, Alfred Cumming, was appointed by the authorities at Washington in 1857, and also a new superintendent of Indian Affairs; besides, a force of 2500 men was sent to enforce obedience to the laws of the United States. The Saints attacked their supply-trains, and compelled the enemy to winter at some distance from the Salt Lake. In the early part of next year, negotiations were entered into between the contending parties; the Mormons submitted to the federal authority, and the federal troops were allowed to encamp on the western side of Lake Utah, about forty miles from Salt Lake City, where they remained till 1860, when they withdrew.

The exact number of the Saints cannot be ascertained, but it is believed to amount to at least 200,000, of whom perhaps one half are scattered over the Old World; the rest are chiefly in Utah.

In drawing what we have written to a close, it may safely be asserted that though the Mormon metaphysics are for the most part nonsense, and their Bible a clumsy, dull, and illiterate forgery, yet what the Mormons *do* is in many ways commendable. The world may very well permit them to indulge in their millennial fancies and patriarchal crotchets, so long as they live peaceably and honestly among themselves, and make no intolerant aggressions on the beliefs and religious systems that differ from their own. Their steadfast and honourable industry, the unity of aim and sentiment that subsists among them, their zealous devotion to a central idea, their reverent, if perverted, recognition of a Supreme Power over them, the pleasant fellowship that results from their social regulations, and the robust and sterling independence by which they are distinguished as a community; these, and other highly creditable qualities and characteristics, assuredly entitle them to the honest respect of all candid and discriminating persons. Their grand danger as a sect is the practice of polygamy. Sooner or later, they must come into collision with the forces of a monogamic civilisation. The opening of the Pacific Railway in 1869, at once brings them in contact with the ordinary usages and notions of the civilised world, and places them at the mercy of the United States' executive. It was no doubt very prudent and politic of Dr Richards, one of the chief Mormon dignitaries, to grace the ceremony of opening that magnificent line of railway with his presence; but though its immediate effect may be beneficial to the Saints, its ultimate but no less certain effect must be not only hurtful but absolutely ruinous. Mormonism has achieved wonders, but in order to give itself a chance of life, it has been

continually forced to retreat (like the Red Indian) before the imperious march of modern society. The one thing it will never do is to convert the people of the United States to a belief in the lawfulness, or the wisdom, or the purity of polygamy; and when the time comes in which the westward-pressing settlers of the New World stand once more face to face with these modern imitators of the patriarchal system, they will either have to abandon their practice of plurality, or submit to be 'wiped out.' Perhaps the instinct of self-preservation may be strong enough to convert them into 'Josephites' (see page 19), even before the approach of that critical hour, especially if the lapse of years shall have removed from their midst the iron will and commanding soul of Brigham Young.*

* Since the above was written, news has reached this country that Brigham Young himself has resolved to take time by the forelock, by bringing out a 'revelation,' enjoining a return to the practice of monogamy.

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.*

I.

EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION.

TOM DRYSDALE and ANDREW COCHRAN were both sons of two respectable Scotch mechanics in Edinburgh; the one by trade a shoemaker, and the other a tailor. William, the father of Tom, had, after serving his apprenticeship, repaired to London, with the view of obtaining higher wages as a journeyman, and at the same time a more perfect knowledge of his business. Walter, the father of Andrew, after his apprenticeship, continued in the place of his nativity, and, previous to the return of William Drysdale from London, had commenced business for himself. As they were both industrious and respectable men in their conduct, and lived within a few doors of each other, an intimacy naturally took place; and, getting gradually forward in the world, both married much about the same time, and had each a son born in the same year. The intimacy between the fathers produced of course the like between the two boys; and when the time came when it was necessary to give them instruction, they were both sent to the same school, to attain reading, writing, and arithmetic. Although different in some

* The present tract is an abridgment of a work of the same name, by Hector Macneill, Esq., published in Edinburgh in 1812, and though popular at the time, now little seen.—*Ed.*

respects, the two boys were both good scholars, and met with the approbation of their teachers; for although one was quicker than the other, it enabled him not to get before the superior attention and perseverance of his competitor, who, with much less memory, and consequently readiness, excelled him not only in application, but in judgment. This difference in the progress of the two boys was partly occasioned by the different manner in which they were brought up by their respective fathers; for, while Walter Cochran contented himself with Andrew's executing things quickly, William Drysdale constantly inculcated this advice to his son Tom—never to do anything he was engaged in superficially. 'The quicker you do it the better,' he would say; 'but never let quickness dispose you to put anything out of your hand without doing it well.'

When the two boys had mastered the elementary branches of instruction, Walter resolved on giving his son a classical education, by a course of study at the High School; such, in his opinion, being all that was desirable for personal accomplishment and advancement in life. William Drysdale, a shrewd, sagacious man, prudent and circumspect in his conduct, and, withal, possessed of an acuteness in his observations on men and manners, differed from his friend on this important subject. Without entertaining any enmity to Latin, and other branches of classical study, he felt it to be his duty to give his son an education of a more useful and practical kind—geography and the use of the globes; plane and spherical trigonometry; geometry and algebra—these, with a perfect knowledge of English grammar, and instruction in the French language sufficient to enable him to prosecute it at any future period, as occasion might require, together with an excellent hand, and a thorough acquaintance with figures and accounts, William very justly conceived were much more beneficial than Latin or Greek, or anything that classical learning could afford in six tedious years at the High School. What was still more gratifying, and of infinite importance to a tradesman's son, the boy's progress was fully equal to the father's wishes and expectations, and everything mentioned accomplished in the course of three years. But perhaps the most beneficial part of Tom's education was the private instruction of his own father. Convinced of the importance of early impressions, he lost no opportunity to inculcate sound morals, and to imbue the young and ductile mind of his son with everything connected with principle, piety, and rectitude of conduct. For this purpose he selected proper books for his perusal during his evenings at home; and while Andrew Cochran was poring over his Rudiments, and conning his lesson at his father's fireside (who contented himself with constantly telling him 'to be sure and get it weel by heart'), Tom was delightfully occupied and amused in reading to his parents stories and histories pregnant with entertainment and instruction, while his father commented on different passages and descriptions, explaining what was difficult or

abstruse, and moralising on what was impressive, serious, amiable, and respectable. By this means the boy not only advanced in useful knowledge and experience, but improved in genius, sentiment, and judgment; while he became the constant companion and delight of his parents. While his mind was imbued with knowledge, and impressed with serious admonition, his heart was warmly attached to the authors of his birth. Both parents were devout, and regularly attentive to the duties of Christianity; but it was that happy species of piety which is untinctured with superstitious gloom and austerity, and totally free from intolerance.

In due course of time young Drysdale, following the bent of his inclinations, was put apprentice to the business of a cabinetmaker and joiner; and to enable him the better to prosecute an art which might at some future period extend to other branches connected with it, his father very judiciously sent him to attend a private natural philosophy class, where, among other subjects of useful knowledge, an acquaintance with the powers of mechanics could not fail to be of material service.

During all this time Andrew Cochran was constantly occupied with his Latin exercises at the High School, where he certainly made no contemptible figure. By the help of his extraordinary memory, he soon surmounted the uninteresting and painful labours annexed to the elementary parts of an unknown language, which generally proves so irksome to boys at the commencement; in consequence of which he erelong outstripped his competitors, and became dux of his class. This, while it procured him the eulogiums of the teachers, operated so powerfully on the vanity of the delighted tailor and his wife, that they did nothing but expatiate on the wonderful genius and talents of their laddie to all their friends and acquaintance around, and looked forward to little less than a professor's chair as the ultimate reward of their son's celebrity. These sanguine expectations, however, were not permanent; for, as Andrew advanced further, it was discovered by his teachers that some of those boys who at first were left far behind, were now not only approaching him, but treading fast on his heels. In fact, neither Andrew's taste nor judgment kept pace with his memory, and when he arrived at those parts of the language where both were necessary, it was found that nature had not been equally bountiful to him. His teachers did all they could to support their favourite, and maintain him in his wonted station, by explaining to him the principles of good composition, and illustrating passages in the best Roman authors where elegance was conspicuous, and by exemplifying the difference between refinement and vulgarity of style and phraseology; but these distinctions were so obscured from Andrew's sight, that little or nothing was perceived. All he could do was to get the approved passages by rote, and repeat them afterwards to incompetent judges, as a proof of his refined taste and critical knowledge of the Latin language; but in his themes and

versions, it was very evident to his instructors that he got not one step forward, and that others, who were not gifted with a third of his memory, were greatly his superiors.

Having continued long stationary in his classical stance, and losing ground in his reputation, the teachers at last, finding they could do no more, thought it advisable to intimate to him that, being now qualified to attend the humanity class, he might tell his father, from them, that he might send him to college. As this was some months previous to the allotted time at the High School, it was most gratifying intelligence to Andrew, although not equally so to the father, who, notwithstanding he experienced no small degree of pride and pleasure in his son's success, began seriously to consider the additional expense he must necessarily be put to in giving him a college education for another year or two. While he was ruminating on this circumstance, and a further loss of time in establishing his laddie in some line more productive and less burdensome to him, Andrew, inflated with the prospect of going to college, ran to all his acquaintance, and communicated the important intelligence; among others to Tom Drysdale, with whom he had had little intercourse for a considerable time, in consequence of the dissimilarity of their occupations. They were at this time both about the age of seventeen, and stout, fine-looking young men; with this material difference, that while one had been instructed in the different branches of useful knowledge—was acquainted with men, manners, and things, and had already served two years of his apprenticeship—the other knew nothing but Latin superficially, had a very imperfect *knowledge of* figures and accounts, and wrote an exceedingly bad hand.

The interview between Tom and Andrew happened to be on a holiday morning, and as neither of them had anything to interrupt them, Tom proposed taking a long walk, by way of exercise, as well as to have a long conversation.

The ramble which the two friends took on this occasion conducted them to Newhaven, a fishing-village on the Firth of Forth, near Edinburgh, at the time, which was during the heat of the war, the resort of a press-gang in connection with a vessel of war in the roads. Accident brought the two young men into an unfortunate collision with this party, who were armed, and seeking for seamen. Having seized on a sailor, who loudly remonstrated against the cruelty of carrying him from his home, his wife, and family, Cochran's sense of justice was roused, and he interfered to assist in a rescue, but in a manner so insolent and inconsiderate, as greatly irritated the officer in command of the party, who immediately seized him, and proceeded to drag him away with him. Seeing his friend in this jeopardy, Drysdale flew to his rescue, grappled with the officer, and being a stouter man, threw him to the ground, at the same time calling on those around to assist him in effecting the liberation of

his companion. The scuffle now became general; the press-gang drew their cutlasses, beat off their assailants, and succeeded in carrying both the lads to their boat—the commander of the party saying that he would make two landsmen supply the place of the seaman he had lost; for the latter had made his escape during the struggle.

Drysdale and Cochran were now immediately rowed on board the tender, which was at that moment under-weigh in the roads; and in a few days after they found themselves at Spithead. Here they were put on board the ship of the admiral of the Channel fleet, which was then waiting for a fair wind; and in a few days more they were at sea. The lieutenant, who accompanied them, after having brought them on the quarter-deck, addressing himself to the captain, said: 'These are two young Scotch lads, whom I was in a manner forced to bring along with me, in consequence of their very improper conduct in opposing me in the execution of my duty. I know not who they are, but I know that they are spirited young fellows, and as stout as they are brave. As to that young man,' said he, pointing to Tom, 'I don't know whether he will make a good seaman or not, but I will answer for him that he will not flinch from his gun. Had he not lost me a good seaman, whom I wished to have got, I would have let him off for having come manfully forward to rescue his companion there, who brought everything on by his own folly, in meddling with what he had no business with.'

All eyes were turned on our two unfortunate heroes, who, with their heads bound up and bloody, made a rueful appearance, and excited the sympathy of the bystanders; but, as they had been guilty of opposing a king's officer in the execution of his duty, they were committed to the care and tuition of the boatswain, after a caution and gentle reprimand from the captain.

The boatswain, who was naturally a humane man, and, as far as was consistent with his duty, kind and indulgent to the seamen, had the two lads berthed and messed; and telling them to be of good cheer, and not cast down with their misfortune, assured them that, if they conducted themselves properly, and minded their business, they should be taken care of. 'You have had a hard brush, I find, my lads,' said he, 'at the commencement of your service; but that's nothing at all against you, but rather in your favour. We seamen must lay our account with meeting with these things every day in our lives, and the sooner we meet with them the better. All you have to do is, to attend to your duty, obey your orders, and do everything as well as you can, and there is no fear of your coming on. We have no idlers, no skulkers here; every one must be active and alert.' So saying, he left them.

Sadly at variance as his new situation was with all his former habits and pursuits, Drysdale wisely resolved, since no better could now be done, not only to get reconciled to it as fast as possible, but

to endeavour to make himself useful, and to acquire, as speedily as he could, a knowledge of the profession which he had thus been compelled to adopt; and so diligent and successful was he in this laudable pursuit, that he soon promised to be one of the best seamen on board, and, as such, was soon distinguished by little marks of kindness and favour from his superiors, who, pleased with the zeal he displayed, and with the cheerfulness and good-will with which he became reconciled to and discharged the duties of his new profession, gave him every encouragement to hope for better fortune than he might have expected to arise from the accident which had so strangely changed his apparent destiny.

Cochran's conduct and situation were very different. No persuasions of his friend, neither encouragement nor threats on the part of the subordinate officers who had immediate command over him, could induce him to bestir himself, or to take any interest in the new duties which he was now called upon to perform. He gave himself entirely up to despondency, and sat weeping in his berth, reading a copy of Horace, which he happened to have with him, for nearly a fortnight after the ship had put to sea. The boatswain, however, becoming at length tired of what he called his skulking and shamming of Abraham, compelled him, by threats of punishment, to take to the deck, and to begin to make himself useful. All he did, however, was done negligently and reluctantly, and of course done ill. He became the laughing-stock of his shipmates, from the awkward and unseamanlike manner in which he performed the tasks allotted him, and lived under a continual threat of the cat-o'-nine-tails from his superiors. In short, it soon became evident that he never would be a sailor. The poor lad's own feelings on the subject—and they were in some measure the result of his education—were, that it was a disgusting employment, unfitted for and degrading to a person of refined tastes and classical acquirements. He therefore continued to read his Horace, and to treat with great contempt and indifference the duties which he was now compelled to perform. On one occasion, he with difficulty escaped a severe chastisement, for having had the silly impertinence to write a letter in Latin to the admiral, complaining of his situation; and though pardoned the offence, he sunk still lower in the esteem of his messmates and officers.

II.

SERVICE ON SHIPBOARD.

The ship in which were the two lads—the one active and attentive to his new duties, the other sullen and indifferent—had been now at sea some time, when a serious accident occurred. The large spar called the mainyard of the ship having broken in two during a violent storm, it became a matter of painful consideration how it

was to be repaired, as it could not be done without, and there was no spare stick on board of sufficient size to supply its place. It had always been a matter of great difficulty, nay, it had hitherto been deemed an impossibility, to unite the broken beam, when such accidents occurred, so securely as to enable it to resist a repetition or continuance of the violence to which it had already yielded. The accident was a frequent one in the navy, and a remedy for it, when it occurred, was long considered a most serious desideratum. All that ingenuity had hitherto been able to devise towards repairing the broken spar was to *fish* or to splice it; and when done by the former process, no dependence could be placed on it; and when by the latter, it was necessarily so much shortened as to be rendered all but useless. The great object desired, therefore, was to keep the spar to its original length, and to restore it to its original strength, and both of these points Drysdale thought he could undertake to accomplish. He accordingly took occasion to open his mind on the subject to his friends the carpenter and boatswain; but both at first seemed sceptical of his project. Taking a model of the yard in several pieces from his pocket, he demonstrated how the operation of uniting them was to be performed.

'You observe, sir,' said Tom, addressing the carpenter, 'here are the two broken pieces of the mainyard sawn asunder, two parts of the one four feet longer than the other two.'

'Well, we see that very plainly,' said the carpenter, winking to the boatswain.

'I first take one of the *long* pieces,' said Tom (laying it on the table with the plain side uppermost), 'to the broken part of which I join one of the *short* pieces, which you know, sir, is the half of the whole yard sawed in two.'

'It is so, Tom,' said the carpenter, again winking to the boatswain.

'I then, sir, take the other long piece, and, by reversing it thus, it covers the short piece and part of the long one below, which you see makes *two splices;* and by joining the remaining short piece, which you likewise see covers the remaining part of the long one under it, it makes another splice, without the yard being one inch shorter.'

'Well, there 's something in this,' said the boatswain seriously.

'Here,' continued Tom, taking up the pieces thus joined neatly between his fingers; 'there is the yard, you see, complete, with *three splices*, each piece supporting and strengthening the other, by which I conceive that the yard is not only mended, but rendered fully as strong, if not stronger than it was before, and not the least shortened.'

The carpenter, who had hitherto been silently attentive, exchanged looks with the boatswain, very different from what they expressed formerly, and taking the pieces out of Tom's hand, began replacing them in the same manner he had done; and after having carefully examined every part and purchase of the whole when put together,

said: 'I protest I am astonished! This certainly must be Sir Charles Douglas's grand secret.'

'I don't care whether it is or not,' said the boatswain, 'but it is one that will do our business, if as how you can secure the pieces strongly together.'

'That can be easily done,' rejoined the carpenter; 'for, in addition to good pinning, we can serve the whole yard round with strong cordage, well tarred, which I am convinced, with you, will render the yard stronger than ever it was.'

'Don't you likewise think, sir,' said Tom, 'that it will be much less liable to snap than if it was all of one solid piece?'

'Certainly, Tom,' said the carpenter; 'for the different pieces, supporting and yielding to each other, the yard must bend like a bow before it breaks.'

'That's a great point,' said the boatswain; 'for it warns us of our danger before it comes!'

'I'll go this instant,' said the carpenter, putting the pieces in his pocket, 'and shew it to the captain and the admiral.'

When the carpenter had gone, the boatswain turned round to Tom with his usual archness, and said: 'Tom, how did you think of all this? It is a matter that has puzzled the brains of all the carpenters in the fleet for these six weeks to no manner of purpose.'

'I owe it all to my father,' said Tom impressively.

'Your father?' rejoined the boatswain; 'what! is he a ship's carpenter?'

'No,' answered Tom; 'but he gave me an education which enabled me to know something of mechanics, and if I could live to repay him for all his kindness and attention to me, by being placed in some situation to insure independence, and afford him pleasure, it is all I wish for.'

The boatswain, who was himself a father, and a warm-hearted man, was sensibly touched with Tom's observation; and taking him by the hand, while he turned his head aside to conceal his emotion, said: 'You are a good fellow, Tom, as well as a clever one, and if you are not rewarded, why, we live in an ungrateful world, I say!'

By this time the carpenter had returned, and acquainting Tom that the captain and the admiral were not only satisfied, but delighted with the ingenuity of the invention, desired him to go to breakfast, and hasten up, as they were to set about the reparation of the yard immediately, and that he appointed him to perform the sawing of the pieces asunder, as he was convinced none on board could execute it so correctly.

Tom, delighted with the duty imposed on him, in three days had the accident completely repaired, a new mainsail bent, and everything replaced as formerly. No sooner was the double-reefed sheet let go and secured, the yard properly bound, and the ship scudding away before a stiff gale, than the men gave three cheers, while all

eyes were fixed on the happy contriver of their present good-fortune.

After two days and three nights of very tempestuous weather, the carpenter and boatswain went aloft, and having very minutely examined the mainyard, found it in every part as strong and secure as when it was put up. The old admiral was so delighted with this intelligence, that he determined to give a public mark of his approbation to Tom, and as the gale had now moderated, he desired that the signal should be made for all captains. On their coming on board, among whom was Sir Charles Douglas, the admiral was anxious to ascertain whether the method adopted was the same as Sir Charles's; and when the latter observed that we had had a severe time of it for the last fortnight, the admiral answered: 'Ay, that we have indeed, Sir Charles; and in addition to our other trials, we have had our mainyard broken.'

'That is a serious matter indeed,' said Sir Charles: 'I hope it has not snapped in the slings?'

'No,' said the other; 'about four feet from it.'

'That 's lucky, that 's lucky!' said Sir Charles; 'for in that case we can mend it; and now, since none of the carpenters in the fleet know anything about the matter, it would be unpardonable in me to conceal my secret any longer; and I assure you it affords me infinite pleasure to discover it on the present occasion.'

'Thank you, Sir Charles,' said the old gentleman; 'we are much obliged to you, but we have had our mainyard repaired already.'

'Repaired!' said the other contemptuously; 'but in what manner?—fished, I suppose, which is not worth one farthing?'

'It is not fished,' rejoined the admiral.

'Then it must be shortened,' said the other, 'which is still worse?'

'Not an inch, or the twentieth part of an inch,' said the admiral.

'Where is it?' resumed the other eagerly.

'It is performing its duty,' said the old gentleman smiling; 'and it has done so these last three days and nights—which you must allow, Sir Charles, was no trifling trial—and is at this moment as sound as when it was put up.'

'If this is the case,' said the other, a good deal discomposed, 'your carpenter is the cleverest fellow in the British navy.'

'Our carpenter certainly is a very good man,' said the old admiral, 'and understands his profession, I believe, as well as any in the fleet; but it was not he that mended our mainyard, Sir Charles.'

'Not he?' said the other with astonishment.

'No,' rejoined the admiral; 'and it will perhaps surprise you still more, when you are informed that this has been contrived and executed by a young countryman of your own, who has not yet attained his nineteenth year.'

A disclosure of this importance could hardly fail to awaken the curiosity of all the captains present, who forthwith repaired to the quarter-deck to inspect this new object of general interest; and on a critical investigation of the invention, it was found to be precisely the same with that of Sir Charles Douglas. When they had taken their departure, Sir Charles, who remained behind, expressed a wish to see and converse with the ingenious artist who had discovered his secret, and proved it to be effectual. 'Stay and dine with me,' said the good old admiral, 'and you will then have an opportunity to gratify your curiosity, Sir Charles; for I have determined, by way of public reward and public example, to break through established rules and etiquette, and have this young man at my table to-day.—Captain, do you intimate this to him and the carpenter; and pray, let as many of the midshipmen be asked as our table can accommodate.'

This was a trial for Tom's sensibility for which he was not prepared; but he got through it with his usual modesty and good sense. From the service he had rendered on this occasion, and the favourable impression he made, may be dated his advancement in life.

The friendly feeling and respect now entertained on board for young Drysdale, were of some advantage to his acquaintance Cochran. By his influence he was placed in the admiral's secretary's office as a clerk; yet for this he was not by any means well suited. For some time the extreme badness of his handwriting, which, with all other acquirements, he had neglected for an exclusive acquisition of Latin, threatened not only to render him entirely useless here also, but to prevent his being permitted to remain in the office. At the earnest entreaties of his friend, however, he was at length induced to shake off somewhat of his lethargy, and to betake himself assiduously to the improvement of his penmanship. In this he was so successful, that in a few months he acquired an excellent hand, and otherwise gained so much on the good graces of the secretary, that he became an especial favourite with that gentleman, and was intrusted with the execution of some of the higher duties of the office.

III.

ARRIVAL IN PORT.

A cruise of six months at length terminated in the return of the grand fleet to Spithead, and in the old admiral resigning his command, in consequence of age and a love of retirement. Previous to this, however, an opening had occurred for the appointment of a purser to one of the frigates, which was immediately filled up by a commission for the first assistant in the office; and although

the secretary did not formally appoint any to supply his place, he uniformly gave Andrew the first drafts of the official letters to transcribe, on account of his superior penmanship and improvement. As this had been always executed by the first assistant, it was an unequivocal proof of preference; nor did the succeeding conduct of Andrew, during the remainder of the cruise, abate it. On the contrary, when the secretary found that, in consequence of the admiral's resignation, all hopes of his continuing longer in office vanished, he took an opportunity, previous to his departure, to assure Andrew that he was much pleased with his conduct and assiduity—advised him to remain where he was till the ship was paid off, giving him hints that ere long, perhaps, something might occur to enable him to serve him; and in the interim, gave him his address, and permission to draw on him occasionally to the amount of a certain sum; concluding with an assurance, that should circumstances induce him to visit London, he would at all times be happy to see him at his house.

As for Tom, who had nothing but his character and industry to depend upon, now that his old admiral was to give up his command, he consoled himself with the hope of obtaining some berth on board of another ship, through the recommendation of his friends the carpenter and the boatswain; for as to what the old gentleman said to him on his departure, he viewed it in no other light than as a compliment. Seeing Tom on the gangway, as he was descending the accommodation-ladder, the old gentleman nodded to him, and said: 'Fare-you-well, Tom; I have not forgot you.'

Tom felt the parting address most sensibly, and for the first time since his leaving home shed a tear—but it was the tear of gratitude, for the marked attention paid to him by one who had now no other favours to bestow. In a short time after, the ship's company was paid off, and the ship put into ordinary. Of course, none but the warrant-officers remained on board, and every one else was left to shift for himself. The carpenter, who had a wife and family on Portsmouth Common, took Tom to his house till something might cast up for future employment; while the boatswain and gunner, willing to contribute their share, told him that the oftener they saw him in theirs the better. Matters were very different with Andrew.

Perceiving that nothing now remained for him in his official capacity, and unwilling to depend on the assistance of the secretary in pecuniary matters, he determined on an immediate return to Scotland.

This intention Tom strenuously opposed, as a step not only mortifying to his own feelings, but unfavourable to his success in life, in the event of something being done by the secretary to promote his interest. 'You have already secured his friendship,' said he, 'which is evident from his generous conduct; why, therefore, relinquish it? What could you possibly gain by returning to your friends

in Scotland, after all your late exertions and improvements, but pity and neglect? My advice is, that you should repair to London, and wait on the secretary without delay—thank him for his proffered assistance, without making use of it, and communicate your intention of earning your subsistence as clerk in some counting-house, till more favourable events occur to enable you to return to your former station. This, while it is performing a duty which you owe to him, is securing him in your interest, and placing you near him in case anything may cast up. It will likewise be the most likely means of procuring you immediate employment in London through his assistance, and as you are now sufficiently qualified for executing the office of a clerk, you can, without incurring unnecessary expense, remain quietly and patiently till you see how matters are likely to turn out. Should things not succeed according to your wish, it will be then time enough to return to Scotland. In the meantime, write to your father and friends, and avoid despondency in your letter.'

Andrew, who had good cause to attend to Tom's advice in all matters, complied with his request; and after a very interesting parting between the two friends, with mutual promises of regular correspondence, Andrew, without further delay, set off in the stage-coach for London.

As for Tom (who must now be the principal subject of our narrative), a new scene immediately opened to him. Entering the dock-yard a few days after his coming on shore, he was struck with everything around him. The various operations of ship-building, the different artificers employed, and all the implements necessary for constructing a fabric which he had never before examined separately and in detail, engaged his whole attention, and excited a strong desire to make himself completely acquainted with every particular relative to the art by his own manual labour. Communicating this wish to his friend the carpenter, who was intimately acquainted with the master-builder in the yard, he not only approved of the intention, but called on his old friend next day, and gave him such an account of our young hero's genius and invention, that he cheerfully assented, adding that, for the better accommodation, and the readier attainment of Tom's object, his house and table were at his service. On the carpenter's returning and communicating this pleasing intelligence, he could not help congratulating Tom on the occasion. 'You will now,' said he, 'have not only every opportunity to obtain all the information you wish for, but the daily society and conversation of a man whose long experience and knowledge in the profession will be of infinite service to you. He is, besides, an agreeable companion, and, in consequence of his industry and long residence here, has laid up something very handsome, and lives conformable to it. His family, now that he has lost a favourite son, consists of only his wife and daughter; the first, a good motherly woman, well advanced

in years; the other, one of the best and prettiest girls we have among us. You must take care of your heart, Tom, for although a master-builder's daughter, this young woman has already refused several good offers, to my certain knowledge, and although young, seems to prefer living with her old father and mother to every other wish; so be on your guard!'

When the carpenter and Tom repaired next day to the dockyard, they found the master-builder at home, in a house greatly exceeding Tom's expectations. On their entering, the old man received them with much cordiality, and turning to his wife and daughter, who were both present, introduced Tom as one who for some time was to be part of the family.

Tom had taken care to dress himself neatly in his best sailor's attire that morning, and as nature had been as bountiful to him externally as mentally, he failed not, on his first appearance, to make a very favourable impression on the whole family. After exchanging a few remarks, the old builder proposed taking a walk through the dockyard till dinner-time, acquainting his wife and daughter that his friend the carpenter, and one or two more, would be his guests that day. When they were gone, the mother and daughter had the following conversation.

'Well, Susan, what think you of our young companion that is to be?'

'I think him a modest, well-behaved young man,' answered Susan, 'and certainly very good-looking, mother; but don't you think this an odd whim in my father to bring a stranger, of whom we know nothing, to live with us as one of the family?'

'He is, you know, Susan, a particular friend of Mr ——, and highly recommended by him as a young man of excellent character and great abilities, and as he will be constantly employed in working all day in the dockyard, he will only be with us during meal-times, and remain no longer here than he makes himself master of ship-building.'

'Working in the dockyard!' said Susan with surprise. 'What! are we to have a common dirty shipwright in the dock every day at our table, mother?'

'The young man is anxious to make himself particularly acquainted with everything belonging to ship-building, my dear,' said the mother: 'he has, it seems, an extraordinary genius for mechanics, and has already made surprising discoveries in the admiral's last ship, and got the thanks and praises of all the officers on board. Who knows, Susan, but this may be some gentleman's son in disguise? for I have heard some story of a great king or emperor who once worked like a common carpenter in the dockyard, just to make himself acquainted with ship-building.'

'Upon my word, now that you mention it,' said Susan, 'I think that this is not unlikely, for there is something in the manners, and

even in the appearance of this young man, that is too genteel for his station. Don't you think so, mother?'

'We shall see more of that hereafter,' answered the old woman smiling. 'In the meantime, let us go and prepare dinner, Sue.'

The deportment and conduct of Tom during the time of dinner, and indeed while he continued in the family, rather confirmed than weakened the fallacious idea of the mother and daughter with regard to his birth and parentage. His mind, naturally studious and thoughtful, gave him often an apparent air of pensiveness, which they attributed to the change he now experienced from what he had formerly been accustomed to; and the superior intelligence and knowledge which he evinced on every subject introduced, convinced them that the education he had received was not that of a common mechanic or seaman. But what chiefly contributed to confirm their opinion, was the attention which Tom uniformly paid to his dress and appearance at meal-times; for however tarred and dirty he might be when coming from his daily occupation in the dockyard, he never sat down to table without changing his apparel, and having everything personally clean and neat about him. 'Ay, ay,' would the old woman say, 'it is easy to see the gentleman in whatever situation he is placed!'

Tom had not been long in the family till he became not only an intimate, but a favourite. With all his habitual attention to everything connected with his immediate object, he was naturally cheerful and communicative, and as he had frequent opportunities of exhibiting these agreeable qualities in his evening conversations, his facetiousness, joined to his excellent understanding, rendered his society particularly agreeable to the little circle. In addition to this, he frequently read to them, during an evening, such books as chance threw in his way, exclusive of those which the old builder had in his small library; and while he commented, with his usual good sense, on certain passages, and explained the meaning of technical terms and French idioms, he became a kind of instructor and commentator to the family. One thing in particular tended to ingratiate him with the daughter. His knowledge of drawing, which he had acquired during his apprenticeship with the cabinetmaker, enabled him to instruct Susan in the principles of the art; and as she was generally occupied with her needle in preparing articles of dress, Tom's taste and ingenuity were of material service to her, in improving and designing patterns for her workmanship.

In this manner he continued, much to his own improvement, and to the satisfaction and pleasure of the family, for nearly six months, when one evening, as they were conversing cheerfully round a sea-coal fire, two letters by post were brought to him, one of which, by the superscription, he knew came from his constant correspondent Andrew, and the other in a frank, which, from its size, he concluded contained something more than a letter. Upon opening it, he found

a warrant from the Navy Board appointing him carpenter to a seventy-four; and from the contents learned that, in consequence of the high commendations and particular request of his old admiral, the Board had appointed him one of the warrant-officers of the ——, at that time fitting out at Plymouth for the East Indies, under the command of Commodore ——, who was to sail with a squadron for that quarter as speedily as possible. Handing the letter and its contents to the old builder with a smile, Tom proceeded to open the other, which was from his friend Cochran, announcing that he had received an appointment as clerk on board, as it appeared, the same vessel in which Drysdale was to act as carpenter.

This announcement surprised and delighted Tom; and he was congratulated on his own as well as his friend's success by the kind family with whom he had taken up his residence. Susan's expressions of satisfaction were, however, not unmingled with sorrow, and she hurried from the room.

'Susan,' said the old woman, 'feels this more than any one of us: I hope she may bear up against it.'

The meaning of this last remark the husband did not comprehend; for while he had perceived nothing but attention and civility between Tom and his daughter, the mother had plainly perceived, in spite of their endeavours to conceal it from each other, that a strong and mutual affection existed. Notwithstanding all Tom's caution and resolution to conform to the advice he had received from his friend the carpenter, it was impossible for him to see and converse with this lovely and amiable girl daily, without feeling what hearts like his are susceptible of; and although, from the prudence and propriety of the object he loved, he perceived nothing to give him encouragement, he could, on his side, do nothing but struggle with a passion which he could not overcome. On the other hand, Susan, cautioned by the mother to beware of an attachment which was unlikely to insure matrimonial union (not only from the dissent of the father, but from a conviction that Tom was in reality the son of a gentleman, and looked higher), did all she could to repel the kindling flame, and, when at its height, used every possible means to conceal it, if not from her mother, at least from her lover. The time now came when all these ineffectual arts were forgot and cast aside; for, when the trying period arrives that two mutually attached are to part, and perhaps to be separated for ever, what are the feeble studied methods of disguise and concealment against the genuine burst of nature!

During the remainder of the evening, Susan made not her appearance, pleading the excuse of a violent headache. The next morning, on Tom's coming into the parlour earlier than usual, he was surprised to find her at her needle, and, inquiring kindly after her health, she informed him that her headache was considerably easier. After a short pause, she addressed him in the following terms: 'You are

now going to leave us, Tom, and I have been considering that you will require a number of articles for your long voyage. You can procure these much better here than at Plymouth, where you will be occupied and hurried with necessary business on board; among other things, you must have a sufficient stock of linen, and I am much better qualified to judge of these articles than you are. I mean to go a-shopping this morning for that purpose, and, with your permission, which I'm sure you'll grant, I will purchase some shirts, and mark them for you. It is but a small return, I confess, for the many obligations I owe you since you have been in this family; but it may at least serve to remind you now and then of those you have left behind you, and whom it is likely you will never again see.'

As she falteringly pronounced the last words, a tear had insensibly stolen down her cheek; while Tom, equally affected, retired to the window, where for some minutes he continued, completely overpowered with his emotions. In a few minutes, however, he recovered himself, and in less than half an hour he and Susan understood the state of each other's heart perfectly. As an additional assurance of his attachment, and much to the satisfaction of Susan, Tom undeceived her with regard to her idea of his birth and parentage, and, although he mentioned not particularly his father's occupation, assured her that he was no more than the son of a plain, respectable tradesman, who had given him an education suitable to his prospects in life, to which he owed the success he had just met with.

There is, in the mixed emotions of sorrow and joy, that which many do not comprehend, and none but those who experience it can feel. Tom and Susan, while they foresaw and felt a separation which was to divide them far from each other for a considerable time, felt, however, what contributed powerfully to solace them—the assurance of mutual affection, of which formerly they were ignorant, and a mutual engagement of constancy, which gave them at least the prospect of happier days, should life continue. This counterpoise between sorrow and joy, although not exactly balanced, was, however, so nearly so, that when the family sat down to breakfast, our two lovers were not only the most composed, but the most cheerful of the four; a circumstance that failed not to surprise the old couple, who were really depressed with Tom's approaching departure.

We shall not attempt to describe the parting scene, because we are confident we could do it no manner of justice; neither shall we describe the meeting between Tom and Andrew on their first interview, but shall leave everything to the conception and feelings of those who, experiencing the genuine emotions of love and friendship, can easily paint in their own minds what we are unable to paint in description.

IV.

AFLOAT—A CRITICAL SITUATION.

The situation of our two young men was now very different from what they experienced formerly. Tom, whom we must now designate Mr Drysdale, was not only a warrant-officer of considerable consequence and trust on board a flag-ship, destined for a long and precarious voyage, but, through the assistance of his friend the builder, was enabled to fit himself out in a manner that did credit to his station and appearance, and added to his consequence. On the other hand, Andrew, whom we must likewise call Mr Cochran, was the particular friend and assistant of the secretary, who upon all occasions treated him as such, and represented him to the commodore as one in whom he had the utmost confidence, and without whom he could not execute the important duties of his office. He had taken care, previous to their leaving London, to arrange matters so, that everything relative to personal appearance should not be wanting to procure him respect and do credit to his station on board, well knowing that *externals* in every situation, but particularly on board of a king's ship, have no small influence on general opinion.

Nothing material occurred during the voyage to Rio de Janeiro, and thence to the Cape of Good Hope. Our two messmates continued to rise in estimation in their respective stations. The carpenter's superior knowledge in his profession secured him the attention and regard of all on board, and as he naturally felt the consequence attached to his office, and the consciousness of acting with propriety, his air, manner, and address naturally acquired that ease of deportment which good sense and good feelings usually produce. On the other hand, Cochran, independently of the marked attention paid him by the secretary, felt the superiority of his station in the office, and naturally looked forward to future appointments and emoluments. Less steady and dignified than Drysdale, and greatly his inferior in judgment and genius, he was, however, extremely engaging in his manners, and particularly so in his conversation.

Excepting hard gales off the Cape, nothing material occurred till the fleet arrived in the Mozambique; when one morning at the dawn of day, signal-guns of distress were heard from the north-east on board the commodore's ship, which was then considerably ahead. As the Mozambique passage, from a number of shoals and sand-banks, is but narrow in several places, navigation becomes not a little intricate and dangerous, and much attention and caution are requisite. Proceeding in this manner with a moderate gale under reefed topsails, and the lead constantly going, on a nearer approach, and better daylight, there was clearly perceived from the commodore's

ship a large vessel at some distance evidently aground, with the sea breaking over her bows. Willing to afford all the assistance possible, and anxious to investigate matters critically, the cutter was immediately hoisted out, and the second-lieutenant and carpenter, with some stout hands, put into her, with instructions that, should more assistance be wanted, a certain signal should be made on board the strange ship. As the boat approached, Drysdale perceived, from the ship's position, that she was aground chiefly from the chest-tree forward; and on coming alongside, he made the boat to be rowed round her, in order to be more perfectly assured of the fact. During this preliminary step, he observed a lady with some children on the poop, apparently in great terror and distress, which induced him to say to the lieutenant, that whatever might happen, he could wish they were conveyed to some other ship, out of danger and confusion: a wish in which the other cordially joined him. On coming aboard, they found every person in the utmost consternation and despair; the captain walking the quarter-deck with a hurried step, and a countenance highly expressive of affliction; the officers standing in a state of stupefaction; the men spiritless and dejected; and the unhappy mother wringing her hands, and embracing her children by turns, repeatedly exclaiming: 'Oh that my dear infants were safely out of this ship!'

While the lieutenant proceeded to the quarter-deck to announce, with the usual naval air and consequence, the purport of the commodore's message, and the intention of the visit, Drysdale went forward to collect intelligence, and to investigate the immediate situation of the ship. Having found the carpenter, and been informed that the accident had happened but a few hours before, he begged to sound the well, and, to his astonishment, found that there were seven feet of water in the hold. 'Why, your ship is completely water-logged,' said he, turning round to the carpenter.

'Yes,' said the other, with seeming indifference; 'we sprung a leak yesterday in a heavy squall, which no doubt by this time must have made a considerable quantity of water.'

'And why are not your pumps going?'

'Both of our chain pumps,' answered the carpenter, with the same degree of unconcern, 'have gone wrong, and will not work without great labour: our men are already quite knocked up at them, without doing any good; and as our ship is now fast aground, and cannot sink, it is just as well that they should rest and recruit themselves, in case anything can be done to get the ship off; though, for my part, I see not the least likelihood of it.'

After staring at him, Drysdale shook his head, and went immediately to examine the pumps, when he found that the defect proceeded from a couple of joints broken in the chains, which could be very easily repaired, if an armourer was on board. During this time the captain and the lieutenant had discussed everything

relative to the accident that had happened to the ship, which proved to be one of our homeward-bound East Indiamen, very richly laden. When the lieutenant informed the captain that the commodore had sent his carpenter to assist him with his advice, and pointed out Drysdale to him, while occupied about the pumps, the other remarked that he seemed to be quite a young lad, and could not have had much experience. 'However young he may be,' rejoined the lieutenant, 'he has more experience and knowledge than any I ever met with in the line of his profession; for, independent of his being an excellent carpenter, and a thorough-paced seaman, he seems to know everything.'

'I am blessed with a carpenter who knows nothing,' rejoined the other mournfully; 'and who, in addition to his ignorance, is one of the stupidest and most indolent fellows that ever was on board a ship. I should be glad to converse with this young man, and hear what he has to say on our melancholy situation.'

When Drysdale made his appearance on the quarter-deck, the captain said: 'Well, Mr Drysdale, what is your real opinion of matters as they now stand?'

'My opinion is, that nothing can possibly be worse,' answered the other.

'I am sorry to hear that from one of your knowledge,' rejoined the captain; 'but do you really think that there is no chance of the ship being saved?'

'I shan't say that,' answered Drysdale; 'on the contrary, I think there is a chance of her being saved, but not while matters remain in the state they are in at present on board. Why, sir, there are seven feet of water in the hold.'

'I make no doubt of it,' said the other; 'for the pumps have not worked these last twenty-four hours, owing to some unfortunate derangement, which our carpenter cannot find out, during all which time there has been a leak.'

'If you have an armourer on board,' said Drysdale, 'the derangement may be rectified in about an hour;' and accordingly described the impediment already mentioned.

'But, admitting them to be repaired, how is that to save the ship?' asked the captain.

'First, by lightening her of a heavy weight of water, without which nothing else, in my opinion, will be effectual,' answered Drysdale.

'And supposing this weight discharged, what is next to be done?'

'By lightening her still more forwards,' answered the other.

'But why do you conceive that lightening her forward would prove more effectual than anywhere else?'

'Because it is evident to me, from her position in the water, that she hangs forward, and grounds particularly from the head to the chest-tree; and, if I may be allowed to form an opinion, after having rowed round her,' continued Drysdale, 'I have reason to think that

all abaft is afloat. There are other circumstances that occur to me, which I shall not at present mention, as they must depend greatly on accident and favouring events. In the meantime, I humbly suggest that not a moment may be lost; for should it begin to blow, I 'm afraid, sir, your ship and cargo are gone!'

'You shall have the sole direction, Mr Drysdale,' said the captain ardently. 'I delegate everything to you, and whatever you order, shall be complied with.'

Drysdale modestly thanked him for the honour he did him, in reposing so much confidence in his knowledge, adding that, having delegated such an important charge to him, he had to request that the forge might be lighted instantly, and that the lieutenant should return, without loss of time, on board the commodore, and beg that a signal might be made for all the boats of the fleet to repair alongside, in case additional assistance should be wanted. 'I likewise propose, sir,' said Drysdale, 'that one of my mates may be sent me, in the event of discovering the leak after the ship is completely pumped out, which I flatter myself I shall be able to accomplish. In addition to these requests, sir, may I take the liberty to propose that this lady and her children should embrace the present opportunity of being conveyed on board the commodore's ship, safe from danger, and from a situation distressing to her, and painful to every humane and benevolent mind?'

'I have not the smallest objection,' said the captain, 'if you have none, madam?' turning to the disconsolate mother, who instantly exclaimed:

'Oh none! none whatever!—let me but preserve the lives of my children—I care not what becomes of mine!'

'Permit me, then, madam,' said the lieutenant, presenting his hand to her, 'to conduct you over the side. I shall take good care of you, so be under no apprehension or alarm.'

'And I shall take good care of your children,' said Drysdale approaching them, when a lovely girl of about six years old rushed into his arms, anxious to escape from scenes which for several hours had involved them all in horror and despair. As Drysdale handed the last child into the boat, the fond mother addressed him in these words: 'Unable as I am to repay you for your goodness, may the Almighty reward you for snatching me and mine from destruction!'

When the boat pushed off, Drysdale felt the genuine glow which every well-constituted mind must experience in performing an act of true benevolence; and as the impressive words of his grateful addresser recalled the pious sentiments and admonitions he had received from his parents in his early youth, he could not, even in his hurried ascent up the ship's side, avoid ejaculating: 'Well, blessed be God for having made me the humble instrument of giving even temporary happiness and consolation to the afflicted this day!' Every attention was now directed to expedition.

To enable the reader to enter fully into Drysdale's views and plan of operation, and to account satisfactorily for his great anxiety to have everything executed as speedily as possible, it is necessary to explain what particularly occupied his mind on this occasion. In the first place, he was impressed with a belief that the ship was only partially aground, and consequently could be more easily detached from her present perilous situation; in the second, that, by lightening her where she was principally aground, there was a greater probability of getting her off; and, in the third, from considering the time when she struck, which was during ebb-tide, he had good reason to conclude that, on the return of full tide, there would be a very powerful agent in his favour. It was therefore highly necessary that all possible despatch should be made, in order to catch the only favouring circumstance that could occur during that day. In addition to these considerations, Drysdale also knew well the inconvenience and embarrassment annexed to the detention of a large fleet in so confined and dangerous a passage as the Mozambique; and, anxious to remove all impediments, determined to exert himself to the utmost of his power.

Having summoned the armourer to attend him, he not only gave the necessary directions for repairing the pump-chains, but superintended the operation till it was finally executed; and addressing himself to the ship's company, encouraged them to apply vigorously and with spirit to labour, by assuring them that in a very short time they would receive assistance from all the ships in the fleet. After seeing the pumps work freely and effectually, anxious to examine critically what hitherto he had only conjectured, he carefully sounded from stem to stern, having previously measured the exact height of the ship's hull above water, in order to ascertain precisely what effects the pumps produced in lightening her where he conceived she principally grounded. His first conjecture was fully supported by experiment; but, unwilling to leave anything untried that might contribute to the relief of the ship, he next determined to discover, if practicable, the nature and direction of the bank or shoal on which she struck, by sounding for a considerable distance around her. In performing this operation with care and correctness, he found that she rested on the edge of a sandbank, and that nearly adjacent there was another shoal, on which there was also good holding-ground. As he had provided himself with an additional boat, with a grappling and hawser, he brought her to anchor on a part which he conceived could be depended upon; and perceiving the commodore's boat returning with a number of others from the ships of the fleet, he hastened on board, anxious to ascertain what effect the pumps had produced.

It was with no small satisfaction that Drysdale perceived the consequence of his assiduity. Upon sounding the well, he found hardly three feet of water in the hold; but what afforded him the

greatest pleasure was, the ship having lightened considerably from the quantity of water discharged. Giving immediate directions that the capstan should be manned, and that the best bower anchor and cable should be conveyed to the spot where he had stationed the boat, and where he directed that the anchor should be dropped, he suggested to the captain the propriety of backing the fore and fore-top sails, and all the other drawing sails, now that the wind had shifted nearly ahead, and freshened; which, in addition to the operations at the capstan, he conceived the most likely means to accomplish matters during the continuance of the tide already set in, together with a strong current, which he had likewise discovered while sounding.

Leaving these operations to be executed on deck, he descended with his mate to try if they could discover the leak, which he considered as of the utmost importance. It was not till the pumps had sucked that Drysdale was enabled to find it out; and when he did discover it, he was highly gratified in finding it such as could be effectually stopped without much difficulty. While he was giving directions to his mate for this purpose, he heard three cheers on deck, and perceiving the ship in motion, immediately concluded that she had been got off. Ascending to ascertain the fact, while his heart throbbed with anxious expectation, he was instantly surrounded by the poor fellows, who, but a few hours before, had given up everything for lost, and who, as soon as they saw him, in token of their gratitude and joy, gave him three cheers more. In return for this compliment, Drysdale informed them that he had discovered the leak, which in a very short time would be completely repaired, and that he hoped, after all their late disasters and labours, they would yet have a safe and prosperous voyage home to England.

As the ship was now fairly under-weigh, the captain, after shaking Drysdale cordially by the hand, and congratulating him on the success of his skill and assiduity, insisted on his accompanying him to the cabin, and taking some refreshment after his indefatigable exertions. The lieutenant, who had returned with the carpenter's mate, likewise joined them, and in talking over the operations of the day, the captain could not avoid remarking the immense value of an experienced ship's carpenter, particularly in long voyages, and lamenting his own situation in the want of one.

'I wish from my heart, sir,' said Drysdale, 'that you had my mate, who is now below stopping the leak, in exchange for the man you have got; for he is not only one of the cleverest fellows I have met with, but highly deserving of preferment.'

'I wish I had,' rejoined the captain; 'but that, I am afraid, is altogether out of the question.'

'I don't know that,' said the lieutenant; 'I have some reason to think that neither the captain nor commodore would object to it, were they applied to; and as your late situation has been perilous,

and your present one critical, by not having one qualified to afford proper assistance in the event of your ship meeting with new misfortunes, I think,' continued he, turning to Drysdale, 'that we might represent matters in such a light as to obtain not only forgiveness, but approbation for having, without permission, done what neither time nor situation admits of delay; for I perceive the signal already made on board the commodore for sailing.'

'Nothing, I promise you, shall be wanting on my part to represent this circumstance in the strongest light possible,' said Drysdale; 'and it affords me a double gratification in sparing one of my best hands on the present occasion, and at the same time rewarding a very deserving, worthy man.'

As it was now time to repair on board their own ship, Drysdale and the lieutenant, after wishing the captain a safe and speedy voyage home, took their leave, and as they were proceeding to go down the ship's side, they perceived a boat approaching, which they soon recognised to be one of their own, conveying the lady and her three children back. Having been the principal agents in removing this family from apparent danger, it was but natural for them both to wish to see them safely on board, previous to their final departure; they accordingly remained standing on the steps of the accommodation-ladder ready to receive them. The boat had approached within half a cable's length of the ship, when the lovely girl formerly mentioned, delighted with the near prospect of getting once more into her favourite cabin in the cuddy, suddenly started up, clapping her hands with joy, at the very time the boat unfortunately took a deep heel, when, losing her balance, she instantly dropt overboard. Drysdale, who was standing half-way down the ladder, like a flash of lightning plunged in after the child, and being an excellent swimmer, got up to her just as she was about sinking, and supporting her head with one hand above the waves, dashed through them with the other, till the boat came to their assistance. The agonies of the mother may be well conceived; for, in addition to maternal affection, this of all her children was the greatest favourite. When she, therefore, saw her darling Isabella snatched from a watery grave, and heard her generous protector, as he bore his lovely charge firmly along, calling out to her not to be in the least alarm, for that there was no danger, she experienced a conflux of varied emotions, between terror, hope, and anxiety, not to be described; but when she once more clasped her recovered child to her bosom, and perceived that he who had saved her was the very man who had that morning, with such humanity, removed them all from a perilous and distressing situation, her sense of gratitude was such that she could only say, as she turned round to him with the most expressive look: 'What do I not owe to you this day!' The captain, and every one on board were uncommonly agitated during this accident. When the mother and children were safely brought on deck, little Isabella,

forgetting her own situation, was solicitous about nothing but the comfort of her deliverer. Running up to the captain, she continued exclaiming: 'Oh, give him dry clothes! give him dry clothes, or he will die!'

'He shall have dry clothes immediately,' said the captain; 'do you go and get some on likewise, Isabella, for you have had a very narrow escape indeed.' The mother with her children retired to their cabin, but not before she enjoined Drysdale not to depart till he first waited upon her, which he promised, and immediately accompanied the captain to his cabin, who was anxious to relieve him of his sea-drenched garments.

We must again disappoint our sentimental readers in not gratifying them with pathetic speeches, long harangues, and elevated sentiments on this interview. Time will really not admit of them; and consistency in this, as well as in everything else connected with plain unadorned narrative, we consider as of some importance. We shall therefore briefly state that the grateful mother, after lamenting her inability to reward the preserver of her child's life in the manner she could have wished, presented him with an order for 300 pagodas, enclosed in a letter to the father of her children, in the event of the commodore's ship touching at Madras; assuring him at the same time that, upon reading the contents, the person to whom it was addressed would, exclusive of this small testimony of her gratitude, be as willing as he was able to recompense in some degree one whom it was next to impossible he could ever repay for the obligation he owed him. To the lady's astonishment Drysdale positively refused receiving the letter, alleging as his excuse that he had done nothing more than what every man of common humanity and feeling would have done on the same occasion, and consequently that he had no claim or title whatever to recompenses or rewards. After surveying him for a few moments with a look of surprise, she requested that, since he rejected so trifling a mark of her gratitude, he would at least accept of some token in remembrance of her. 'Here,' said she, taking down a chased gold watch, with several seals attached to a rich chain, that hung near her in the cuddy—'here is the only article I have at hand to present to you, as a small remembrance of one whom perhaps you may never more see, but of whose gratitude and esteem you may be well assured, while life and memory remain.'

'What, madam!' said Drysdale, stepping back with affected astonishment, 'would you have me act the part of a common highwayman or footpad, and rob a lady of her watch and trinkets? Impossible! You cannot surely have so bad an opinion of me; but since you are so very anxious to give me something to keep in my remembrance what I am confident I never could forget, I shall with pleasure accept of one of those seals, which I shall most carefully preserve, not as a remembrancer of this memorable day's events, but

as a token of the kindness and worth of the giver. This is all I can or will receive at present.'

After another look, which disposed the lady to view Drysdale in a very different light from that in which his immediate station had placed him, she selected one of the seals, and presenting it to him, said: 'Should you ever chance to meet with the father of these children, and shew him this seal, he will know well from whom you received it.'

Drysdale, for its better security, immediately affixed it to a plain coarse steel chain that was attached to a silver watch of about forty shillings value; and embracing the children, with a warmth of affection peculiar to him, wished the fond mother (who, with little Isabella, wept at his departure) a safe and happy arrival in England, and hurried from a scene too powerful for his feelings.

The ships now proceeded on their different courses, and that on board of which were Drysdale and Cochran soon after arrived safely at Madras.

V.

INDIA—SKILL LEADS TO FORTUNE.

Shortly after arriving in India, one of those extraordinary and unforeseen occurrences which frequently happen in human affairs took place in favour of Cochran. The secretary was seized with a fever, which carried him off in a few days, and Cochran, at the special request of the dying man, was appointed to succeed him. One of our young heroes thus dropped immediately into an exceedingly lucrative office, and became the friend and associate of the naval commander-in-chief.

Drysdale's good-fortune was not less remarkable, but it came in a different and much more interesting way. For two years he was engaged in the ordinary duties of his profession, visiting during this period various ports in India and the Eastern Archipelago, and more than once doing great service to vessels in distress, for which he earned not only thanks, but rewards suitable to his merits. At the end of two years the vessel returned to Madras, where he again had the happiness of seeing his old friend Cochran. One day Cochran returned his visit to the ship, and chanced to use the seal of Drysdale's watch in sealing a note, not having brought his own with him. What great events spring from the most trifling causes! The seal employed on this occasion was that which the lady already spoken of had presented to Drysdale; and the note which bore its impress, by a fortunate coincidence, was one addressed to the husband of the lady in question. Surprised by the circumstance, he waited upon the secretary, and begged of him to inform him how the seal had come into his possession. This Mr Cochran readily did, stating all the circumstances which had led to his friend becoming its owner. Delighted

and surprised by the account, the gentleman instantly requested that the secretary would procure him an introduction to one to whom he was so much indebted; adding, that he would be most happy if his friend the secretary would dine with him on the following day, and bring Mr Drysdale along with him. To this the former readily agreed, and on the following day, accordingly, the desired meeting took place. Amongst other persons to whom Mr Drysdale was here introduced was a wealthy and beautiful young widow, in an exceedingly precarious state of health, sister-in-law of his host. Drysdale's upright character, his intrepidity in saving a sister and her family, and his amiable manners, made a deep impression on this fragile being; and on the occasion of her death, a few weeks afterwards, it was found that she had left him substantial marks of her esteem. When her repositories were examined, a paper was found, bearing her own signature, in which, after making some bequests to her friends, she directed the residue of her fortune to be given to the man who had preserved the lives of her beloved sister and her children, in token of her gratitude, and as a reward for his honourable and disinterested conduct. The sum thus left was found by the deceased's brother-in-law, who adjusted her affairs, to amount to £10,000 sterling; but before communicating the intelligence to Drysdale, he resolved to avail himself of the opportunity which it presented, of adding to the bequest some token of his own gratitude to the man who had saved his wife and children from a premature death, and whom he could never prevail upon to accept of any consideration for that important service. When, therefore, he called upon the secretary to inform him of what had occurred, he requested him to say to his friend that the sum left was *fifteen* thousand pounds, to be paid on demand.

The circumstances attending the bequest of this interesting woman were of so painful a nature, that they affected Drysdale's health as well as his feelings; and, depressed by a morbid sensibility, as well as by an enervating climate, he petitioned to be allowed to return home to England in one of the East India ships then lying in the roads. Unwilling as the commodore was to part with such a valuable officer, he, in reward for his services, granted his request.

The parting of the two friends who had been so long and intimately acquainted, and who were now to be separated, perhaps for ever, was such as may well be supposed. Setting sail with a fair wind, in company with three more East Indiamen, Drysdale bade adieu to the shores of Coromandel, where a succession of uncommon events had occurred in the space of two years, and with a heart agitated by a variety of emotions difficult to describe. He had, indeed, succeeded to a fortune—increased to the value of twenty thousand pounds by the presents of friends—which enabled him to return to the place of his nativity with honour, and with credit to himself and his connections; and at the same time, should nothing untoward have

intervened in his absence, to unite himself for life to the woman of his affections. Still, he did not feel at ease, considering the melancholy circumstance which had placed fortune in his possession. It was a considerable time before he could repel distressing reflections; nor did he altogether gain health and spirits till his arrival on the coast of England.

VI.

RETURN TO ENGLAND.

No sooner had Drysdale set foot on shore at Portsmouth, than he hurried to the dockyard, and on calling at the porter's lodge, learned that the worthy old builder had died a few months before, and that his place had been supplied by his old friend and shipmate the carpenter. Unable to inquire after other particulars nearer his heart, he, with an agitated step and boding mind, proceeded straight to the house where he once enjoyed the sweetest moments of his life, and on approaching the door, discovered his two old friends, the carpenter and boatswain, by whom he was heartily cheered and welcomed.

After mutual congratulations were exhausted, Drysdale learned that the mother as well as the father of Susan was no more, and that she now resided near Fareham with a female relation. 'The old builder,' observed the carpenter, 'left not nearly the money that was expected of him; and as Susan wished for retirement and quiet, she took a small neat cottage about a mile from the town, where she and her friend live comfortably and prudently on her little income; which I hope, Tom, you are enabled to increase?'

'We shall talk more of that hereafter,' said our hero hastily; 'in the meantime I must get a boat to convey me to Gosport.'

No entreaty of his two friends could prevail on Drysdale to delay his intention till the next morning: he instantly hurried to the shore, nor stopped till, with a heart glowing with affection, he clasped his faithful Susan to his beating breast.

'How happy should I now be,' said Drysdale, 'in having the good-fortune to return so much sooner from India than I had any reason to anticipate.'

'Happy it certainly is to me, Tom,' answered Susan, sighing; 'but as to its being fortunate to you, I'm afraid it is otherwise. My poor father possessed not nearly the wealth he was thought to have. Five thousand is all he left behind him to her whom he loved while living, and whom he wished should be enabled to live comfortably and easily with the man of her choice after his death.'

'And is it not perfectly sufficient to do so?' rejoined Tom. 'Nay, more than sufficient, Susan?'

'Indeed, I don't know,' answered Susan, hesitating; 'but it gives me pleasure to perceive that, after having visited the rich shores of

India, you are so easily contented. I have, however, the satisfaction to inform you that both my dear parents approved and wished for our union, and that with their last breath they left you their blessing.'

'That is worth at least five thousand more,' rejoined Tom; 'and you, my dear Susan, an additional ten! Am not I, then, a fortunate fellow in the possession of twenty thousand pounds, and such a lass to the bargain?'

'Is it in this manner you adventurers calculate your fortunes in India?' said Susan smiling. 'If you have brought nothing home with you but this, Tom, I fancy we must live upon love as our best income.'

'Do you call a good constitution and an unchanged heart nothing, Susan?' asked the other jeeringly; 'for my part, I consider these well worth five thousand more! Set your mind, therefore, at rest about fortune, my dear Susan; depend upon it, I am worth good five-and-twenty thousand pounds, and if we can't contrive to live on that, we deserve to starve.'

Tom was not perfectly correct in his calculation, for his fortune was really considerably more; while Susan, conceiving that her five thousand was all they possessed in the world, turned affectionately round to him, and taking him by the hand, in the most earnest manner said: 'I could live with you, Tom, contented and happy in the humblest cottage in the kingdom; it only gives me concern that I have so little to reward you for your fidelity, and that fortune has not smiled upon you as a reward for your merit and services.'

Drysdale's impatience was such, that he could hardly permit a single fortnight to elapse ere he secured the prize he had long and anxiously wished to possess. During this short interval he lodged with his friend the carpenter in the dockyard, and every day passed the greatest part of his time with Susan at her cottage. One morning, as he was about departing for Fareham, the postman brought a letter directed for him at the old builder's, which upon opening, he found to his unspeakable surprise that it contained an intimation that the owners of the ship he had saved had awarded him a salvage of fifteen hundred pounds, as a small testimony of their gratitude, and which sum should be payable by his order on the agent in London. Already more than rewarded for this act of duty and humanity, Drysdale shrunk from accepting the proffered gift. His two friends entertained an opposite view on the subject. The boatswain was surprised at his hesitation, on the score of a fairly won recompense; while the carpenter, whose opinion had more weight, observed that, after the handsome manner in which the shipowners had come forward to reward his merit, and shew their own gratitude, a rejection of their offer would hurt them, and be attributed to ostentatious pride rather than to magnanimity. This determined Tom to accept of the sum; and being extremely anxious to transmit part of his acquired fortune to his father as speedily as possible, he

embraced the present occasion to enclose him an order for the £1500, as a testimony of his future assistance, should it be wanted. He likewise informed him of his approaching nuptials, and of the joy he should experience in once more embracing his affectionate parents on his return to the place of his nativity, which he hoped would be soon; begging his father to arrange matters so as to make himself perfectly easy and comfortable in everything during the remainder of life, as nothing on his part should be wanting to promote it. Previous to this, the old man had received from his son intimation of his success, and of his arrival in England.

When the long-wished-for day arrived that was to unite Drysdale to his beloved Susan, the carpenter and boatswain accompanied him to the cottage, where everything consistent with neatness and propriety was prepared for their reception. We pass over the detail of particulars, and shall shortly remark, that few events in this chequered scene of joys and disappointments could surpass the general happiness of this friendly and affectionate group, interested in each other's prosperity, and bound by the firmest ties of esteem.

One day spent at the carpenter's house, and another at the boatswain's, were all that Drysdale could allow to retard his departure to London on his way to Scotland, where he now ardently wished to be. A more affectionate and tender parting between friends can hardly be conceived. Susan naturally felt sensibly in bidding adieu, perhaps for ever, to the scenes of her youth, and to those who had been the friends and intimates of her good father; while the carpenter and boatswain, overcome with her tears, could only present their hands in silence, and turning aside their heads to conceal their sorrow, murmur out in a broken voice: 'God bless you!' Although sensibly touched with the evident affliction of his two old friends and shipmates, who had been his instructors in nautical knowledge, and the partial promoters of his present happiness, Drysdale was, from very natural causes, the most tranquil of the four. He was in possession of all he held dear and valuable on earth; he was repairing to London, where matters of importance were to be settled for his future establishment and comfort during life; and he was on his way to a spot where he was to meet with the authors of his birth, and once more restore to their arms a son who had been suddenly snatched from them, and who now, after all his hardships and trials, returned crowned with respectability, favours, and emolument. Such were the soothing sensations of Thomas Drysdale; and such must always be the sweet consolations of every mind conscious of having acted with uniform rectitude, accompanied with the well-earned rewards of industry and genuine merit.

On his arrival in London, his first object was to find out the abode of the lady who had been the accidental instrument of his present fortune, and to whom he was bound in honour to pay his respects. He found her in deep affliction for the loss of her beloved Sophia,

but highly gratified at seeing him. Letters from her friends in Madras had informed her of all that had passed there relative to her sister's death; and while she was overwhelmed with sorrow for the loss of one whom she tenderly loved, she felt a sincere pleasure in learning that, unfortunate as the circumstances were, they had contributed to reward the man who had rendered her and her children such essential service, and who could not have been otherwise recompensed by her friends in India. During the stay of Drysdale in London, he had the pleasure of seeing her repeatedly, and of introducing to her his wife, with whose amiable manners she was highly charmed. Having despatched the business that brought him to town, he now proceeded to Scotland, where we shall follow him.

VII.

ARRIVAL IN SCOTLAND—CONCLUSION.

On the arrival of our hero in Edinburgh, he had the satisfaction of finding his father in perfect health, and in a commodious, good house, where everything was prepared for his reception. His mother had been dead nearly a twelvemonth before, and an only sister married to a respectable farmer about thirty miles distant, a few months before his arrival in England. His appearance at this time was therefore doubly gratifying to his affectionate parent, who, in addition to the pleasure he felt on the return of a favourite son, dignified with the fruits of honest industry, and the honourable rewards of merit, enjoyed the society of two persons the best qualified to cheer his hours of solitude, and render the remainder of his life placid and grateful.

The second day after his arrival, Drysdale made it his business to wait on the parents of his friend Cochran, and to gratify them with the accounts of their son, whom he had left in such prosperity in India. He found the old tailor, who had retired from business, very comfortably situated, and highly elated with the success of his son Andrew, which he attributed entirely to the education he had given him; and it was with no small pain that Drysdale was under the necessity of assuring him that the contrary was the case—that instruction in Latin, in due moderation, was by no means wrong in itself, but that by stopping short there, as in his son's case, and not preparing the mind, by a wider range of study, for the practical duties of life, a deplorable error in education was too frequently committed.

These views, however, as well as some others, were not relished either by old Cochran or by the society of Edinburgh generally. Classical education was at that time considered all in all; and young men supposed to be well educated were daily turned into the

world with a knowledge of no single principle in moral or physical science; profoundly ignorant of nearly everything but Latin—which, however, not one in ten would have been able to write with fluency or elegance. Disconcerted with what he felt to be the general tone and tendencies of society—by no means charmed with the blending of sectarian prejudice and narrow circumstances with the straining after fashion which distinguished Edinburgh life—he determined to pay a visit to his sister, whom he had not yet seen since his coming home. Communicating his wish to his father and Susan, they, on the return of spring, set off to the residence of the farmer, with the view of passing some weeks with him and his wife, and seeing the adjacent country.

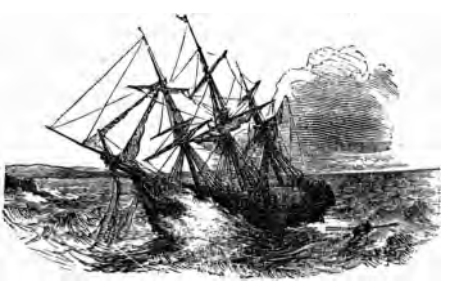
Every Scotsman who makes a fortune abroad, seems to be possessed with a strong desire to return home and settle as a proprietor of lands. In the case of our friend Drysdale there was no exception to the rule. Purchasing the small estate of Fauldslie, in the neighbourhood of his brother-in-law's residence, he there may be said to have settled down for the remainder of his days.

It was now that the important branches of Drysdale's early instruction came usefully and smilingly to his aid. His geometrical and mathematical knowledge enabled him not only to lay out his pleasure-ground with judgment and correctness, but to construct his house and offices with convenience and taste. From his knowledge in drawing and perspective, exclusive of the pleasure it afforded him, he was also enabled to sketch various plans to give ornament and additional effect to surrounding scenery; and, in particular, to the formation of a new garden, which, for singularity and beauty, attracted the notice of all the neighbourhood. On each side of a small stream or brook grew a number of trees of various kinds, and on the north bank, a rising slope occupied a portion of rich arable ground belonging to one of his farms. To the southward of the brook, an uncultivated marsh and a deep moss terminated an opposite slope, which, while it was productive of nothing beneficial, was particularly offensive to the eye. After having first effectually drained the marsh, and judiciously intermixed argillaceous earth and lime with the remaining moss, Drysdale set about forming a garden, orchard, and shrubbery walks in one. For this purpose he enclosed a portion of the rich arable land on the north slope, facing the south, for his garden, with a good wall, sufficient in length to contain a variety of the best fruit-trees; and on the south side of the brook he enclosed another portion of the improved moss-land with a thorn hedge and a deep drain, that conveyed the superabundant water from the adjacent grounds. Here he planted a number of fruit-trees for his orchard, interspersed and ornamented with gravel-walks, shrubberies, flower-pots, and arbours, which, corresponding with the windings of the stream, afforded, during the heat of the summer season, a delightful retreat for meditation and

retirement. But the principal effect produced was by the concealment of the adjacent objects, in consequence of the trees that intervened, and by your being suddenly and unexpectedly transported from one kind of scenery to another, by means of rustic bridges judiciously placed across the stream. What added considerably to this ingenious contrivance were the different approaches, the one entering by a shady walk along the rivulet to the orchard and shrubbery, the other at the opposite end into the garden, so as to produce, in either direction, the unexpected and pleasing effect of contrast already mentioned.

In the course of a few years Drysdale was visited by his friend Cochran, who had also retired with a competency from the duties of his profession, and increased his happiness by uniting himself with a lady every way worthy of his regard. Cochran, after some time, also settled in the country, and though at some distance from Fauldslie, he contrived occasionally to see one to whom he owed so deep a debt of gratitude.

The last time we heard of Drysdale, he was busily engaged in establishing a society for mutual improvement among the young men of the neighbourhood, and in performing other public services consistent with the benevolence of his character. Fully competent to the expense of his undertakings and that of his establishment, he, without show or ostentation, lived liberally and consistently; saw his friends frequently, and visited them in return; while the genuine worth of his character, and the unassuming sweetness and gentleness of his Susan, who was the benefactress of all the poor around, insured the esteem and affection of the whole neighbourhood.



STORY OF WALTER RUYSDAEL,

THE WATCHMAKER.

BENEATH the shadow of the old and venerable castle of Rosenthal, on the beauteous river Rhine, there lived some years ago a humble husbandman with his family, the cultivators of a small patch of ground, whence they drew the meagre means of support. Hans Ruysdael, as this obscure tiller of the fields was named, and Greta his wife, though poor and hard wrought, though rising early and lying down late, were contented with the lot which Providence had assigned them, and the only heavy sigh they ever uttered was when a thought as to the rearing of their numerous children passed through their minds.

Besides requiring much labour, the grounds which Hans cultivated bore precarious crops. They were principally laid out for vines; and some seasons, from the effects of blighting winds and rains, these yielded scarcely any harvest. It was sometimes in vain that Greta would toilsomely carry earth from the low grounds to the higher, and lay it at the roots of the plants where the soil was the thinnest; or that the elder children would be set to pick the dead leaves from the drooping stalks; or that Hans himself would turn up the ground with his powerful mattock, so as to expose it to the sun. In a single night a blighting wind would rush up the valley, and at a blow disconcert the toils and plans of a whole summer.

'It is clear, Greta,' said Hans Ruysdael to his wife one day, after

the occurrence of a calamity of this kind—'it is clear that at least one of the boys must leave us, and perhaps more than one. The family cannot all live in this wretched spot, and in such circumstances it is wisdom to disperse. What do you say, Greta, to our beginning with Walter? He is too feeble for this toilsome and precarious profession, and would do better as an artisan in Strasbourg or some other large town.'

'I have had many sad thoughts on that score, dear Hans,' replied Greta. 'I should not by any means like to part with even one of them; but God's will be done. Let Walter go. He may become a great man.'

'I care nothing for that,' rejoined the husband and father. 'What I desire is to see my sons grow up honest men, diligent in their calling, whatever it may be. I say that a man, though ever so hard working and obscure, if he be honest and happy in his own mind, is a great man—greater far than the overbearing and sinful barons who used to live in the proud old tower up yonder.'

'No doubt of it, Hans; yet Walter is an aspiring child, and who knows to what height he may push himself?'

Walter was delighted with the notion of going to Strasbourg, to which it was arranged he should be taken, and placed under the charge of his uncle, the head worker in one of the principal watch-making establishments of that city. Ever since he had seen the watch of a passing stranger, he had formed a fancy for mechanical pursuits, and took a pleasure in making wheels and other little objects with his knife—all which he exhibited to his twin-sister Margaret, who admired them as prodigies of ingenuity.

Influenced by necessity, as well as by what he perceived to be his boy's inclinations, Hans applied to his brother, who promised, at the first vacancy, to place his nephew in a situation in the same employment with himself. A vacancy occurring when Walter was about fourteen years of age, and the master watchmaker being willing to gratify his foreman, Hans had the pleasure of learning that as soon as he could bring Walter to Strasbourg, his brother would take charge of the boy, and set him to a good line of business.

Walter scarcely knew how or where he stood with joy and pride when his father told him the good news. Choking with emotion, he ran to the old tower, where his sister was at the time employed, and there poured out to her his full and happy heart. They sat down together on a stone bench, and when Walter had finished speaking, she looked up in his face with her large tearful eyes. She thought how lonely she would be without him; but she remembered it was for his good, and she took his hand between hers and smiled. The brother and sister sat late that evening; but no one called them away, for they knew it would be their last evening together for many years—perhaps for ever. Walter talked of his projects

for the future, and Margaret already fancied she saw him the great man which he wished to be. He promised her a watch of his own manufacture one day, and they counted the months and weeks which would elapse before they met again. Margaret scarcely liked to see him so glad to part with her, but she did not say so; and she talked to him of next Christmas, and her hopes that he would be allowed to come and see them then, and that they should all be very happy. Walter, however, was too full of his new greatness to think of returning so soon home; and his sister already thought she saw her brother was extinguishing affection in ambition. Her heart was heavy as they entered their father's dwelling, and tears forced themselves unbidden into her eyes.

The next morning was bright and beautiful as a May morning could be. Margaret had helped her mother to put up Walter's little bundle of clothes long before daybreak, and prepared breakfast for him and her father. It had been arranged that they should travel by one of the barges employed in passing up and down the Rhine; for at this time no steam-vessels navigated the river. The only conveyances were these barges, a clumsy kind of boats, partly moved by oars and sails, but chiefly by means of horses yoked one after the other to a long rope passing from a mast in the barge to the shore. Hans's occupation near the banks of the river had made him acquainted with many of the barge owners, and by some of them he was occasionally carried to Mayence and other places on the river to which his business led him. He had never, however, gone as far as Strasbourg with any of them. That was a long way up the river, and few barges went to such a remote distance. On the present occasion, he expected the passage upwards of an old acquaintance, whose profession was the conducting of large rafts of timber from the Black Forest, on the borders of Switzerland, down the Rhine all the way to Dort in Holland, and who therefore passed Strasbourg in his voyage. Having performed his duty of conductor of the raft, and consigned it to the timber-merchants who waited its arrival, Ludwig, as this pilot was called, was in the habit of returning up the Rhine in a barge along with the men under his charge.

Old and trustworthy Ludwig was now bending his way homewards to the Black Forest after one of these excursions. His barge had been perceived toiling its way up the strait of the Lurli, and was expected to pass the village and old tower of Rosenthal on the following morning.

By early morn, as we have said, everything was prepared for the departure of Walter and his father as soon as Ludwig should make his appearance. In a state of agitation, Margaret would one moment run out to see if the towing-horses were yet in sight at the nearest turn of the river, and the next she would rush into the cottage and again busy herself about Walter and his bundle, saying

to him a thousand things which she had said over and over again before.

At length, about seven o'clock, the cracking of whips and the noise of horses were heard. 'There they are at last!' exclaimed every one. Walter seized his bundle with one hand, and with the other led Margaret down the bank to the side of the Rhine, their hearts too full to speak. The anxious moment of departure had arrived. Hans, who had signalled his old acquaintance Ludwig to draw nigh, was already speaking to him of his proposed journey to Strasbourg. The bargain was settled in a moment, for the raft-pilot had made a more than usually good excursion, and was in the best possible humour. Besides, he was glad to have a fresh companion to talk to about his adventures on the river, and was quite happy to welcome Hans and Walter to a lift in the barge. They accordingly stepped on board, Walter's brothers giving him a hearty cheer, and his mother her blessing, as they left the shore. Margaret was the last they saw, as she stood on a bank near, straining her eyes through her fast-coming tears, to catch the last glimpse of Walter as they turned a bend in the Rhine.

Walter, who had never been more than a few miles up and down the Rhine from Rosenthal, was charmed with every new feature of the scenery which came into view, and he was equally delighted with the stories and anecdotes of Ludwig, who had something to say of every old castle and crag which they passed in their journey. Although a man of rough manners, he was kind to Walter, and gave him a place in which to sleep at night, under a little deck mounted near the stern of the vessel.

The first night Walter was on board the barge, he had little inclination to sleep, his mind being too much agitated with the novelty of his situation to allow of repose.

'Since you do not seem to wish to lie down,' said old Ludwig to him, as he sat looking out upon the broad river glittering in the moonlight, 'if you like I will tell you a story about that curious old tower which we are going to pass on our right.'

'What tower?' asked Walter. 'I do not see any one on the banks just now.'

'It does not stand on the banks at all, my young friend; it is situated on a rock which rises from the middle of the Rhine—a kind of island; and a strongly fortified place it must have been in the times of the old German wars. Do you not see it now, almost right ahead, like a grim giant rising from the bosom of the stream?'

'Now, I think I see it,' replied Walter. 'Do tell me the story about it, if you please. I am sure it must be something very terrible.'

'Terrible it is, if all be true, though of that one cannot be certain. Like all the Rhine stories, it is no doubt a mixture of truth and invention, and we must just take it as we find it. At all events,

here it is as the people round about tell it.' And Ludwig related the following legend.

'Once on a time, ages ago, when the castles on the Rhine were inhabited by barons and their men-at-arms, this tower in the midst of the river was erected by a wicked and powerful chief named Count Graaf, for the purpose of exacting tolls from every one who passed up or down the Rhine. If a boat or barge dared to go by without drawing up to the tower to pay a certain toll, the warders on the top of the battlements had orders to shoot with cross-bows at the voyager, and either oblige him to draw nigh, or kill him for daring to pass without paying. You must understand that the baron who exacted this toll had done nothing to deserve it, and had no law in his favour. It was solely from his own will and pleasure that he demanded a duty on passing boats; a means of supporting himself, and of acquiring wealth without working for it.

'Everybody far and near feared this domineering rascal. He kept a band of men in another castle which he had at some distance, and with these he defied any one to challenge his assumed rights. Often he had battles with neighbouring barons, but he was generally victorious, and on such occasions he never made any prisoners. All who were taken he put to death with shocking barbarism and ignominy.

'Among other ways by which he gathered money was that of occasionally buying up, or rather taking for a small price which he put upon it, the corn grown by the peasants in his neighbourhood. Graaf was a very cunning man in this respect. He could very easily have taken all the crops for ten miles round for nothing; but the consequence would have been, that no one would have tilled any more land in that quarter, and so he could not have taken more than the corn of a single season. He was, as I say, too cunning for this; his plan was to make a show of kindness to the peasantry, but to take advantage of their necessities. Sometimes he sent the corn which he thus got at a trifling expense to Mayence, and procured large sums for it; but more frequently he kept the corn up till there was a dearth, and then he could get for it any money he liked to name.

'Year after year Count Graaf grew richer and richer with spoils of one kind and another; and every one said that he could not pass out of the world without some sharp and signal punishment for his greed and manifold oppressions. This, however, seemed long of coming about. Yet the time of vengeance arrived at last. He had become old and more hard-hearted than ever, when one year there arose a dreadful famine in the land. The summer and autumn were so wet that the grain did not ripen, and it continued still green when the snows of winter fell on the ground. In every town and village the cry of distress was heard; the husbandman saw his little ones fainting and perishing for lack of food, and the wealthy were becoming

poor, from being obliged to purchase at enormous prices small supplies of bread. Every one was suffering except the cunning old baron whom I am telling you of. While everybody else cried, he laughed and chuckled over the rare high prices he expected he should get for his great store of grain, which, for security, he transferred to the rooms and vaults of the tower in the river.

'Things during that awful winter became daily worse throughout the country. The poor of the villages flocked to the towns for assistance; but the towns being as badly off as the villages and hamlets, the famishing crowds were refused admittance, and they perished in thousands at the gateways. All animals fit for food were killed and eaten up, as I have heard; cows, oxen, horses, dogs, and other creatures. A very curious thing was now observed. Large numbers of rats began to roam about the country in quest of food; and so bold and ferocious did they become, that people fled before them. When accounts of these distresses were taken to old Count Graaf at the tower, he did not in the smallest degree commiserate the woes of the poor. Instead of opening his granaries and selling his corn at a reasonable cost, he declared that he should not dispose of a particle till the price of the loaf in Mayence reached as high as ten guilders.* "If the people are starving," said he jocularly, "why do they not eat rats, rather than allow so much good food to go to waste throughout the country?" This was a bitter saying, and was afterwards remembered against him. One night, when he was sitting in his tower there, congratulating himself on soon getting the price he demanded—for the loaf was now selling for nine and a half guilders—the warder from the top of the castle rushed suddenly into his apartment, and declared that the river was covered with armies of rats swimming boldly to the tower, and that some had already gained a landing, and were climbing the loopholes and walls. Scarcely had this intelligence been communicated by the terrified man-at-arms, when thousands of famishing rats poured in at the doors, windows, and passages, in search, no doubt, of something to eat, whether corn or human beings mattered not to them. Flight and defence were equally impossible. While host after host attacked the granaries, bands fell upon the wicked old baron, and he was worried to death where he lay, and almost immediately torn in pieces and devoured. The warder and one or two other attendants alone escaped, by throwing themselves into a boat and making with all speed for the nearest bank of the river. I need scarcely tell you that, when the news of Count Graaf's death was spread abroad, nobody mourned his fate, which indeed was looked upon as a just punishment for his great covetousness and cruelty. No one ventured near the tower for several months afterwards. When at length the heirs of the count visited it, they found that all the grain had been

* Sixteen shillings and eightpence.

eaten up, and that nothing remained of its former owner but a skeleton stretched on the cold floor of one of the apartments. Such was the end of the wicked Count Graaf; and although such famines may never take place in our times, his fate is not the less a warning to those who would sinfully, and for their own ends, prevent the poor from having a proper supply of bread.'

With stories such as this, Ludwig made the long passage up the river seem short to Walter, who, when the barge arrived at Strasbourg on the fourth day after leaving Rosenthal, was surprised to find that he was at the end of his journey. Bidding adieu to Ludwig and his companions, Hans and his son now arrived at the fortifications of Strasbourg, and entered the crowded city. The streets, the houses, the shops, all seemed like a scene of enchantment before the eyes of the country boy; and as the great clock of the cathedral struck eight, he listened in wonder and delight to its fine deep tone, which led to a reverie on clocks and watches, and clockmakers and watchmakers, till he was roused by his father stopping at the small door of a tall, dismal-looking house in a narrow, dark, dirty little street. He now made Walter follow him up a long staircase, which seemed almost endless to the boy, till they stopped at the door of a room in one of the upper stories, and knocked with his hand. The door was opened by his brother, who had just returned from his work, and gave them a hearty reception, leading them in to his wife, a tall, bony-looking woman, not very clean in her person, who was preparing the supper of onion-broth and salad. There was a strong smell of onions and tobacco in the room; but to this Walter was accustomed at home; though his aunt's untidy appearance, and the gloomy discomfort of the small room, were not so like home, and for a moment his heart sank within him. However, a kind reception and some warm soup, which, as he was very hungry, he was glad of, cheered him; and he was soon asleep on the straw mattress of the little wooden bed prepared for him in a recess in the next room. He slept soundly, and dreamed that he was a watchmaker, and had made the clock of the cathedral; but just as his father and mother, and Margaret and his brothers, and all the village, were assembled, and admiring his work, the whole steeple fell down with such a crash that he awoke; and, starting up in bed, saw his father, who had upset the only chair in the room in his hurry to call Walter to bid him good-bye, as he was returning home. He kissed the boy affectionately, bade him be good and obedient to his master and his uncle, and not forget his duty to God, or all that his mother and he had taught him, and left the room. Walter was alone for the first time in his life, and he sat up in his bed and cried bitterly.

That morning his uncle introduced him to his new master, a quiet old man, with a mild benevolent countenance and a gentle manner. He spoke kindly, and seemed sorry for the little pale boy who was separated for the first time from his family and home. Walter felt

his kindness, and was happier. There were a great many men and boys employed in the business, and his uncle could not be often in the same room with him; but Walter was inclined to be diligent, and was in a few days so earnest about his employment, that he forgot he was among strangers, and worked as happily as if he had been doing something for his father in his own home. He only felt lonely when he walked through the busy crowded streets to his dark dirty lodgings at his uncle's, and looked round at the four bare walls and his straw mattress in the wooden bed, which was its only furniture, excepting one chair with a hole in it. His aunt, too, was sometimes cross, and when he sat down with his uncle to his uncomfortable supper, he thought of his mother, how nicely she prepared the evening meal, and he longed to hear again the cheerful voices of his brothers, and Margaret's sweet merry laugh when the day's work was over. But these were foolish thoughts to indulge, as they made him discontented; so Walter seldom allowed himself this painful pleasure. He was becoming tolerably reconciled to his situation, when he unfortunately placed a little too much confidence in a new friend.

The boy who worked next him lived in a street adjoining Walter's lodging, so they generally walked back together in the evenings. An intimacy soon grew up between them, and it was not long before Walter communicated to him all his projects for the future, that he meant one day to be a great man, and to make a clock like that in the cathedral. He told him what he had already done, his inventions, the wooden watches that he had constructed for his sister's amusement, and that he was at that time working at one every night after he came home, by which he meant to surprise her next Christmas. The next morning the boy amused his companions in the workshop by a recital of these projects. Nothing could exceed Walter's indignation. His face changed from pale to red, and then paler than before. He did not speak, but his quivering lips and flashing eyes, and the vain attempt at a scornful laugh, which only excited more merriment from those around him, shewed the violence of his resentment, and at last, provoked beyond endurance, he advanced to give a blow to his tormentor, when the master entered in the midst of his passion, and commanded silence; but remarking Walter's angry countenance, he desired to speak with him when work was over. He then inquired from him the cause of the morning's disturbance, which the boy frankly confessed; and his master, after acknowledging the provocation, yet blaming Walter's violence and imprudent openness to one almost a stranger to him, continued: 'But we must all learn by experience, my boy. So you hope one day to distinguish yourself: I commend your ambition; but the less said, the more is likely to be performed. I would, however, caution you in one thing: the mere love of distinction is the desire of gratifying your own vanity, often at the expense of something better;

and if you do not work from a higher motive, you will fail in that. Let the desire of being useful to your parents in their old age be your first object, and then endeavour to perfect and improve upon the inventions and discoveries of others, which will lead to your making inventions and discoveries yourself, and to the distinction you covet: though, Walter, I warn you, by the time you acquire it, you will have attained something so much better than this boyish ambition is worth, that you will not care for its possession. However, work on, and I do not fear your doing something yet; only beware of vain projects which hasten you on to your ruin. Pray to God to put a right spirit within you; fear no labour on your part, and His blessing will go along with you.' Walter only half comprehended his master's words, but they sounded encouragingly, and he felt happy that evening, and swallowed his onion-soup with so good an appetite that his aunt was almost alarmed for the family expenses.

The boy's character became from that day more and more reserved: he worked diligently, but associated as little as he could with his fellow-workmen. His waking hours, his nightly dreams, were spent in the vain projects from which his master had warned him; and the desire for the approbation of his fellow-creatures seemed to increase in proportion as he shunned their society, and fancied he despised them. Vanity was his foible; and, as is usually the case, he was the last to perceive his own infirmity. He imagined there was something noble in rising above those who were born his equals. God had given them the same beautiful world to inhabit; He was their Father as well as his; and what superior talents He had bestowed on one more than another, were intended that that one might serve his fellow-creatures more, and receive his reward in the consciousness of that service; but Walter only saw in those talents a promise of his own elevation. True, he was only a boy; but the full-grown man is the development of the boy; and if we do not early cut away those branches which encumber the sapling, they will, in its maturity, consume the richest nourishment, and destroy the beauty and excellence of the tree.

Christmas came at last, and Walter would have returned home, but it was inconvenient to do so, the distance being considerable; and he continued, without repining, to labour diligently at his employment.

Years rolled on, and Walter became a man: still the same earnestness, the same ambition, the same desire of fame, scarcely more rational, though more determined in the man than in the boy, characterised him. His master had placed him in one of the most responsible situations in the house: he had won his regard by his honesty, diligence, and obliging manners; but Walter was not happy. He was restless and discontented because he was not known by the world: all his savings were spent in books and in materials for the work which now occupied him the greater part of

the night. The clock of the cathedral had been the object of his admiration since the day he first entered the city, and he was never tired looking at it. This extraordinary piece of mechanism was begun about the year 1352, and placed in one of the spires of the cathedral in 1370. Until recent times, it shewed a variety of movements, some introduced since the period of its first fabrication. The basement of the clock exhibited three dial-plates, shewing the revolutions of the year and seasons, with eclipses of the sun and moon. Above the middle dial-plate, the days of the week were represented by different divinities, supposed to preside over the planets from which their common appellations are derived. The divinity of the current day appeared in a car rolling over the clouds, and at midnight retired to give place to the succeeding one. Before the basement a globe was displayed, borne on the wings of a pelican, round which the sun and moon were made to revolve, and consequently represented the motion of those bodies. The ornamental turret above the basement exhibited a large dial in the form of an astrolabe, which shewed the annual motion of the sun and moon through the ecliptic, as also the hours of the day, &c. The phases of the moon were likewise marked on a dial-plate above. Over this dial-plate were represented the four ages of man by symbolical figures, one of which passed every quarter of an hour, and marked this division of time by striking on small bells. Two angels were also seen in motion, one striking a bell with a sceptre, while the other turned an hour-glass at the expiration of every hour. This celebrated clock has lately undergone repair, and is now considerably simplified; but at the time of Walter's residence in the city, it was in all its glory; and he thought, if he could succeed in discovering its mechanism, make a model of it, and then exhibit it from city to city, he would realise a fortune for himself and his family, and be on the high-road to distinction.

Full of this idea, our young watchmaker studied the history of every curious clock which he could hear of. Among others, he was deeply interested in the clock of Bern, in Switzerland, which is renowned for its ingenious contrivances; but more particularly a clock made by Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, which rivalled even that of Strasbourg.* Procuring as minute an account as possible of

* To amuse our young readers, we may mention that this clock was so constructed as to be capable of performing the following movements. There were exhibited on it a negro, a shepherd, and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. This clock was exhibited to the king of Spain, who was greatly delighted with it. 'The gentleness of my dog,' said Droz, 'is his least merit. If your majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the fidelity of this animal.' The king took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand, and barked so loud, that the king's dog, which was in the same room during the exhibition, began to bark also; at this, the courtiers, not doubting that it was an affair of witchcraft, hastily left the room, crossing themselves as they went out. Having desired the minister of marine, who was the only one who ventured to stay behind, to ask the negro what o'clock it was, the minister asked, but he obtained no reply.

these clocks, for the purpose of enlarging his ideas of mechanical combinations, he set ardently to work in making a model of the clock of Strasbourg, which should work perfectly in all its parts like the original. He kept his labours a profound secret, employing himself some hours every night for a space of two years. At the end of this time the model was nearly completed, and all the movements worked as smoothly as he could have wished. A feeling of pride now took possession of his mind. He almost looked with disdain and pity on the passengers in the streets; and became more distant than before to his fellow-workmen. He already felt as if he had reached the summit of his ambition. Sometimes his courage would sink, and then he was so forgetful of his business, that once or twice he nearly quarrelled with his good master; but the day at last arrived, the day he had reckoned on for years, the day he could shew the fruit of all his labours. His uncle was the first to whom he communicated his secret. He invited him to the garret, where he had lived and toiled since he finished his apprenticeship; and the astonishment and delight expressed by his uncle exceeded even his expectations. His uncle had always considered the clock as something beyond the reach of any human intellect but that of the great man who had invented it; and now his own nephew had, by his unassisted ingenuity, discovered all its mechanism, and produced an exact model, which performed all its evolutions, and if not so large, seemed to him quite as wonderful. The neighbours, who had watched his small lamp burning night after night in his garret till the sun's first rays broke into the narrow window, now hastened to satisfy their curiosity, and to express their surprise and delight. On the third day after the disclosure of his workmanship, as Walter was standing surrounded by eager admirers, the door opened, and Margaret threw her arms round his neck. She had been the only one to whom his secret had been confided. He had written to tell her of its completion; and she instantly set out on foot, with the young farmer to whom she was shortly to be married; but, tiring of this fatiguing mode of travelling, they had been fortunate in finding a diligence, which brought them to the scene of her brother's triumph. She could not speak; but her eyes told the fulness of her heart, and her silent pressure of Walter's hand was more grateful to him than all the words of praise and flattery with which his ears had been satiated the day before. The rest of the family followed in a few days, and a week was spent in nothing but rejoicing and proud congratulations.

Walter was not, however, satisfied with this, nor his master either,

Droz then observed, that the negro had not yet learned Spanish, upon which the minister repeated the question in French, and the black immediately answered him. At this new prodigy the firmness of the minister also forsook him, and he retreated precipitately, declaring that it must be the work of a supernatural being. It is probable that, in the performance of these tricks, Droz touched certain springs in the mechanism, although this is not mentioned in any of the accounts of his clock.

who now kindly proposed to him the alternative of becoming his partner in the business, or lending him money to set up for himself, as he had no doubt of his speedy success. Walter thanked his master, but refused both his proposals. His master was astonished, and gave him a week to consider them. Margaret was urgent with her brother to accept the one or the other.

'What do you propose, dear Walter?' she said gently. 'You, the pride of our family, to be settled here in Strasbourg, a watchmaker! What could you desire better?'

'To go to Paris.'

'Paris! Walter, what would you do there?'

'Yes, Paris. It is there—in the great metropolis of France, almost of the world—that genius is properly acknowledged. There I shall rise to be somebody; here I should be no more than our good master—a respectable tradesman. I will be one of the great men of the age; and where can I hope to become one but in Paris?'

And to Paris he accordingly went. All his savings, as well as his sister's, had been exhausted in his clock. His master refused to assist him in his wild projects, and lamented that so much talent and energy should be wasted: his father and uncle could not help him; but in this difficulty his fellow-workmen came forward: those whom he had so little regarded subscribed all they were able, and supplied him with a small sum for his journey. Walter hesitated whether to accept their loan, but his desire for fame was too ardent to be repressed; so, promising to repay them when he grew rich, which he had no doubt he would soon, he took a kind farewell of them all. He had procured a crazy sort of caravan, which contained his clock and himself, with a small bundle of clothes and provisions. His parents and Margaret accompanied him half a day's journey, and left him to proceed, buoyant with hopes and spirits as when he made his entrance into Strasbourg at the age of fourteen.

Ten days after, Walter, with his tired horse, both covered with dust, and wearied with travel, were traversing the Boulevards of Paris. Speaking French imperfectly, and not knowing where to get a night's lodging, with only two or three small coins remaining, he felt utterly helpless and forlorn. Turning down the first street he came to, he looked vainly on all sides for some small inn or beer-house, till chance happily favoured him in discovering written in a shop-window that German was spoken within. Fastening his horse to a post, he boldly entered the shop, and in spite of his miserable appearance, he was civilly received, and a young German who was employed there undertook to shew him the way to a place where he might lodge himself and his horse for the night: he even offered to lend him some money, with but slender chance of being repaid; and Walter, though unwillingly, accepted it, as he would rather incur a debt to a countryman than a stranger. The next morning the young German called to see him, and offered to assist him in finding a

room fitted to accommodate his clock, and to direct him how to advertise it. He was interested in the success of his countryman, and Walter's mild yet enthusiastic manners attracted him. Before the end of the week Walter established his clock in its new lodgings, and promised himself soon to repay the expenses incurred by his friend.

Now was the grand essay to be made. With mingled hopes and fears he opened his exhibition.

The first day did not seem to open very auspiciously. Morning passed away, and no visitors appeared. Walter tried to console himself by thinking it was too early for any but workpeople to be abroad. About three o'clock a visitor appeared, and Walter, in taking his money, felt relieved of an irksome anxiety which was creeping upon him. The visitor was an old man with spectacles, and a sharp snarling countenance. He minutely examined the clock, asked Walter a string of questions, or rather gave him a series of his own observations; and, finding he was not understood, he shrugged his shoulders, smiled contemptuously at the clock, and walked out again. A lady with two little boys succeeded him. The children attempted to handle the machinery, to see how it was made, and on Walter's remonstrating, the lady seemed offended, and departed very shortly. Two or three young men followed, who seemed by their gestures to approve; and one of them told him, in very bad German, it was a pretty toy. No more came that day; but he had earned enough by the end of the week to pay his friendly countryman, which was fortunate, as he was leaving Paris immediately, and bade Walter a kind farewell, wishing him success.

During the second week, a number of visitors came; but Walter, to his great sorrow, found that the debt for the lodging increased at a quicker ratio than his gains. After the first fortnight, he thought himself very happy if four visitors appeared in the course of an afternoon: these gradually diminished, till his exhibition-room was totally deserted. The bitterness of his disappointment was even greater than his anxiety about his circumstances: still he hoped some scientific man might, by a happy chance, drop in, and, struck with his ingenuity, recommend him to the notice of his friends. In the meantime, Walter began to consider if he could, by any means, procure some employment, while waiting in his exhibition-room. His landlady, who was kind and compassionate, had a friend who was a working-jeweller, and he agreed to let Walter do any little work, such as mending chains or watches, which he could take with him to his lodging. He ate little and saved all he could; but the expense of his lodgings was very heavy, and his purse very light: his health, too, was sinking, and his courage with it; but the man great in science and influence might still appear and set all to rights. His landlord now told him he must pay his debt or leave the house. The first was impossible: he had pawned nearly all

his clothes, and sold his old horse and caravan for half their small value, which only sufficed to pay for his daily maintenance; so, giving his landlord the remainder of his money, he removed his model to a small shabby room, which he hired at a very low price, and where he still hoped for those visitors who were not attracted by his more eligible quarters. In this obscure lodging there was no better success. Day after day passed, week after week, and still no one visited the exhibition. He earned still a scanty subsistence by the working-jeweller; but even that failed at last; for his sickly constitution gave way, more from sorrow than disease. The people of the house pressed for rent; they were poor themselves, and Walter knew it. One cold wintry day, as he sat shivering with a tattered coat drawn round his thin figure, he heard a foot on the stairs leading to his apartment: hope and joy once more lighted up his countenance: it might be a visitor. It was indeed, but not such as he expected; it was the officer appointed to seize his goods for debt. He had nothing left him but his clock; that on which he had toiled so long, in which he had seen so many bright visions of the future; the pride of his heart, the work of his genius, his friend and consolation when forsaking all others; which had seemed to speak words of hope to him, and shine like a beacon in the darkness which had gathered around. Alas! it had not warned him from the rock, but lured him on to his own destruction. He did not utter a word as they removed this his only treasure; but as he heard the last heavy footstep descending the stairs, he cast himself on the ground and wept like a child.

That night he had no shelter for his head, and he left Paris to beg his way, sick, hungry, and weary, to that home which he left in the pride of his heart and the fulness of hope and joy.

Six months had passed since Walter left Strasbourg, when, on the road to the little village of Rosenthal, on the banks of the Rhine, a lonely wanderer was seen dragging his weary limbs along: his cheeks were hollow, and his sunken eyes, still restless and bright with the fever of the mind, seemed to tell a long tale of misery. A ragged handkerchief was bound round his head, his clothes hung loosely on his thin shrunken body, and he leaned for support on a stick, which he seemed to have cut from a tree on his way. On he toiled till he reached a low bank near a solitary cottage. There he paused, and stretched himself on the green grass which covered it. It was a mild day in spring; the birds were singing merrily among the trees, and the flowers looked up with their little bright beautiful faces on the clear blue sky, and the cheerful sun, which shone on the green vineyards and danced in the broad blue river at a little distance. The sound of voices and busy feet from the cottage might be heard by the lonely stranger, who gazed silently at the happy scene, till the large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. There is something touching in the very loveliness and peaceful joyousness

of a spring day, when nature seems awakening from her long wintry sleep; but to the sad of heart, there is something in it inexpressibly melancholy, recalling as it does a thousand recollections of the past, and reminding him that there is a fresh source of happiness yearly springing up to all but him, and making him feel more lonely and desolate than before: but the stranger's grief was deeper than this; for he was Walter, and this was his home.

As he lay there he heard his own name pronounced, and he started from his reverie, and wished to conceal himself; but he was not addressed, though the voice that he heard was that of his own sweet sister Margaret. It was the day before her wedding, and she was talking with him who was soon to be her husband. She only wished that Walter could have been at home to witness her marriage; 'but,' she added laughing, 'he will soon despise us all, for I daresay by this time he is as great as he wished to be: God bless him, he was always a good brother to me.' This one kind word was too much for poor Walter; he groaned audibly, and Margaret and her lover turned and saw him. Margaret shrieked aloud, and the next moment he was in her arms. The whole family were soon assembled, and the poor wanderer was welcomed back more heartily to his home than if he had come laden with riches and honour. Shame and wounded vanity still struggled in his breast for an ascendency; but better feelings had been slowly winning their way there, and the hard lesson of adversity had not been learned in vain.

It was long before even the tender care of his mother and Margaret could restore his feeble health; but as his strength returned, he felt also the necessity of doing something for himself and others. 'It seems strange,' he said one day to Margaret, 'that I should have been permitted to live, when so many of the truly great and good are dropping off day by day. If I were to die, none would be less happy; and my vacant place, even with those who love me, would be soon supplied, for my life has not benefited even them.'

'Ah, Walter,' replied Margaret, 'live for what we are all made to live—to endeavour earnestly to fulfil the duties of that situation in which God has placed us. We may never know why these duties are allotted to us; it is enough they are ours; and the sum of each little day will be sufficient, if rendered faithfully to our Lord, in that time when our earthly labours are over. Live, dear Walter, to be good and happy, not to be great: were you to attain the utmost you desire, you would not be content; for were you greater than the greatest on earth, you would still be little compared with the angels in heaven.'

'Yes, Margaret, that is true; and, however slowly, we are still moving onwards and onwards. There is greatness in the thought of an infinite growth in wisdom and goodness, infinite as the Divine perfections. This is indeed glorious.'

Walter had not yet been again at Strasbourg; he could not resolve

to see all his old companions, and to come as their debtor instead of their benefactor; but Margaret was the good spirit who urged him to throw aside that weakness, so inherent in us all, which makes us ashamed of doing that which is right, more than that which is wrong. A humbled, yet a greater man, Walter returned to Strasbourg.

His first visit was to his uncle; this was also the worst; for it was hard to stand the prying eyes and curious inquiries of his old aunt, and harder still to feel he could be vexed by them. His old fellow-workmen had heard of his misfortune, and gave him a kind and hearty welcome, asking no questions. His last visit was to his master: he received him at first sternly, more to conceal his own tenderness of feeling than because he blamed the youth severely. Walter told him all; and his master, taking his hand kindly, spoke as follows: 'My dear boy, your experience has indeed been hard, but it has been of more use to you than all the advice of the wisest could have been. You have genius, talent, perseverance; with such qualities, you may indeed hope to rise to the highest position, but it must be by the same road as others who have gone before you. I offer you now what I offered you before; and, whichever you accept, I hope to live to see you attain the eminence you deserve.' Walter accepted the partnership gratefully; and, no longer the victim of self-deluding vanity, he led a life useful to his fellow-creatures, and we may hope that he presented his Talent with interest before Him from whom he received it.

SELECT POEMS OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

WORK-HORSES IN A PARK ON SUNDAY.

THIS Sabbath-day, the poor man walks
Blithe from his cottage door,
And to his prattling young ones talks
As they skip on before.

The father is a man of joy,
From his week's toil released;
And jocund is each little boy
To see his father pleased.

But, looking to a field at hand,
Where the grass grows rich and high,
A no less merry Sabbath band
Of horses met my eye.

Poor skinny beasts! that go all week
With loads of earth and stones,
Bearing, with aspect dull and meek,
Hard work and cudgel'd bones;

But now let loose to roam athwart
The farmer's clover lea,
With whisking tails, and jump and snort,
They speak a clumsy glee.

Lolling across each other's necks,
Some look like brothers dear;
Others are full of flings and kicks,
Antics uncouth and queer.

One tumbles wild from side to side,
With hoofs tossed to the sun,
Cooling his old gray seamy hide,
And making dreadful fun.

I thought how pleasant 'twas to see,
On this bright Sabbath-day,
Man and his beasts alike set free
To take some harmless play;

And how their joys were near the same—
The same in show at least—
Hinting that we may sometimes claim
Too much above the beast.

If like in joys, beasts surely must
Be like in sufferings too,
And we can not be right or just,
To treat them as we do.

Thus did God's day serve as a span
All things to bind together,
And make the humble brute to man
A patient pleading brother.

Oh, if to us *one precious thing*,
And not to them, is given,
Kindness to them will be a wing
To carry it on to heaven!

—R. CHAMBERS.

TO A YOUNG ASS.

(ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.)

POOR little foal of an oppressed race!
I love the languid patience of thy face:
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.
But what thy dulled spirits hath dismayed,
That never thou dost sport along the glade?
And (most unlike the nature of things young)
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?
Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
Meek child of misery! thy future fate?
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
'Which patient merit of the unworthy takes?'

Or is thy sad heart thrilled with filial pain
To see thy wretched mother's shortened chain?
And truly very piteous is her lot,
Chained to a log within a narrow spot,
Where the close-eaten grass is scarcely seen,
While sweet around her waves the tempting green!
Poor ass! thy master should have learned to shew
Pity—best taught by fellowship of woe!
For much I fear me that he lives like thee,
Half famished in a land of luxury!
How askingly its footsteps hither bend!
It seems to say: 'And have I then one friend?'
Innocent foal! thou poor despised forlorn!
I hail thee brother, spite of the fool's scorn!
And fain would take thee with me, in the dell
Of peace and mild equality to dwell,
Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his bride,
And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribless side!
How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
And frisk about as lamb or kitten gay!
Yea, and more musically sweet to me
Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest
The aching of pale fashion's vacant breast!

—COLERIDGE.

ETTRICK SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS TO HIS DOG HECTOR.

COME, my auld towzy,[1] trusty friend,
What gars ye look sae dung wi' wae?[2]
D'ye think my favour's at an end,
Because thy head is turnin' gray?

Although thy strength begins to fail,
Its best was spent in serving me;
And can I grudge thy wee bit meal,
Some comfort in thy age to gi'e?

For mony a day, frae sun to sun,
We've toiled fu' hard wi' ane anither;
And mony a thousand mile thou'st run,
To keep my thraward flocks thegither.

* * *

O'er past imprudence, oft alane
I've shed the saut and silent tear;
Then sharin' a' my grief and pain,
My poor auld friend came snoovin'[3] near.

[1] Shaggy. [2] Dejected with woe. [3] Poking.

For a' the days we've sojourned here,
And they've been neither fine nor few,
That thought possest thee year to year,
That a' my griefs arose frae you.

Wi' waesome face and hingin' head,
Thou wad'st hae pressed thee to my knee;
While I thy looks as weel could read,
As thou hadst said in words to me:

'Oh, my dear master, dinna greet;
What hae I ever done to vex thee?
See, here I 'm cow'rin' at your feet;
Just take my life if I perplex thee.

For a' my toil, my wee drap meat
Is a' the wage I ask of thee,
For whilk I 'm oft obliged to wait
Wi' hungry wame and patient e'e.

Whatever wayward course ye steer,
Whatever sad mischance o'ertake ye,
Man, here is ane will hald ye dear!
Man, here is ane will ne'er forsake ye!'

Yes, my puir beast, though friends me scorn,
Whom mair than life I valued dear,
And thraw me out to fight forlorn,
Wi' ills my heart do hardly bear,

While I hae thee to bear a part—
My health, my plaid, and heezel rung[1]—
I 'll scorn the unfeeling haughty heart,
The saucy look and slanderous tongue.

Some friends, by pop'lar envy swayed,
Are ten times waur than ony fae!
My heart was theirs, and to them laid
As open as the light o' day.

I feared my ain; but had nae dread
That I for loss o' theirs should mourn;
Or that when luck and favour fled,
Their friendship wad injurious turn.

But He who feeds the ravens young,
Lets naething pass He disna see;
He 'll some time judge o' right and wrang,
And aye provide for you and me.

[1] Hazel staff.

And hear me, Hector, thee I 'll trust,
As far as thou hast wit and skill;
Sae will I ae sweet lovely breast,
To me a balm for every ill.

* * *

I ne'er could thole thy cravin' face,
Nor when ye pattit on my knee;
Though in a far and unco place
I 've whiles been forced to beg for thee.

Even now I 'm in my master's power,
Where my regard may scarce be shewn;
But ere I 'm forced to gi'e thee o'er,
When thou art auld and senseless grown,

I 'll get a cottage o' my ain—
Some wee bit cannie, lonely biel',[1]
Where thy auld heart shall rest fu' fain,
And share wi' me my humble meal.

Thy post shall be to guard the door
Wi' gousty bark, whate'er betides;
Of cats and hens to clear the floor,
And bite the flaes that vex thy sides.

When my last bannock's on the hearth,
Of that thou sanna[2] want thy share;
While I hae house or hald on earth,
My Hector shall hae shelter there.

And should grim death thy noddle save
Till he has made an end o' me,
Ye 'll lie a wee while on the grave
O' ane wha aye was kind to thee.

There 's nane alive will miss me mair;
And though in words thou canst not wail,
On a' the claes thy master ware,
I ken thou 'lt smell and wag thy tail.

If e'er I 'm forced wi' thee to part,
Which will be sair against my will,
I 'll sometimes mind thy honest heart,
As lang as I can climb a hill.

Come, my auld, towzy, trusty friend,
Let 's speel to Queensb'ry's lofty height;
All warldly cares we 'll leave behind,
And onward look to days more bright.

[1] Shelter. [2] Shall not.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING ONE UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic 's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa so hastie,
Wi' bickering brattle![1]
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee
Wi' murd'ring pattle.[2]

I 'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
And fellow-mortal!

I doubtna, whyles, but thou may thieve:
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker[3] in a thrave[4]
'S a sma' request:
I 'll get a blessing wi' the lave,[5]
And never miss 't.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the winds are strewin'!
And naething now to big a new ane
O' foggage green!
And bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
And weary winter comin' fast,
And cozie[6] here beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble;
Now thou 's turned out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
And cranreuch[7] cauld!

[1] A short race. [2] Plough-staff. [3] An ear of corn now and then.
[4] A shock of corn. [5] The rest. [6] Snugly. [7] The hoar-frost.

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,[1]
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,[2]
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.

Still art thou blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But oh! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
And forward, though I canna see,
I guess and fear.

—BURNS.

THE WOOD-MOUSE.

D' YE know the little wood-mouse,
That pretty little thing,
That sits among the forest leaves,
Or by the forest spring?

Its fur is red, like the red chestnut,
And it is small and slim:
It leads a life most innocent,
Within the forest dim.

'Tis a timid gentle creature,
And seldom comes in sight;
It has a long and wiry tail,
And eyes both black and bright:

It makes its bed of soft dry moss,
In a hole that 's deep and strong;
And there it sleeps, secure and warm,
The dreary winter long.

And though it keeps no calendar,
It knows when flowers are springing;
And it waketh to its summer life
When the nightingale is singing.

Upon the boughs the squirrel plays,
The wood-mouse plays below;
And plenty of food she finds for herself
Where the beech and chestnut grow.

He sits in the hedge-sparrow's nest
When its summer brood is fled,
And picks the berries from the bough
Of the hawthorn overhead.

[1] Not alone. [2] Off the right line, wrong.

And I saw a little wood-mouse once,
Like Oberon in his hall,
With the green, green moss beneath his feet,
Sit under a mushroom tall.

I saw him sit and his dinner eat,
All under the forest tree—
His dinner of chestnut ripe and red;
And he ate it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there:
It did my spirit good,
To see the small thing God had made
Thus eating in the wood!

I saw that God regardeth them,
Those creatures weak and small:
Their table in the wild is spread
By Him who cares for all!

—MARY HOWITT.

THE DYING SPANIEL.

OLD Oscar, how feebly thou crawl'st to the door,
Thou who wert all beauty and vigour of yore;
How slow is thy stagger the sunshine to find,
And thy straw-sprinkled pallet—how crippled and blind!
But thy heart is still living—thou hearest my voice—
And thy faint-wagging tail says thou yet canst rejoice.
Ah! how different art thou from the Oscar of old,
The sleek and the gamesome, the swift and the bold!

At sunrise I wakened to hear thy proud bark,
With the coo of the house-dove, the lay of the lark;
And out to the green fields 'twas ours to repair,
When sunrise with glory empurpled the air;
And the streamlet flowed down in its gold to the sea;
And the night-dew like diamond sparks gleamed from the tree;
And the sky o'er the earth in such purity glowed,
As if angels, not men, on its surface abode!

How then thou wouldst gambol, and start from my feet,
To scare the wild birds from their sylvan retreat!
Or plunge in the smooth stream, and bring to my hand
The twig or the wild-flower I threw from the land:
On the moss-sprinkled stone, if I sat for a space,
Thou wouldst crouch on the green-sward, and gaze in my face,
Then in wantonness pluck up the blooms in thy teeth,
And toss them above thee, or tread them beneath.

Then, I was a school-boy, all thoughtless and free,
And thou wert a whelp, full of gambol and glee;
Now, dim is thine eyeball, and grizzled thy hair,
And I am a man, and of grief have my share!
Thou bring'st to my mind all the pleasures of youth,
When Hope was the mistress, not handmaid of Truth;
When Earth looked an Eden, when Joy's sunny hours
Were cloudless, and every path glowing with flowers.

Now, Summer is waning; soon tempest and rain
Shall harbinger desolate Winter again,
And thou, all unable its gripe to withstand,
Shalt die when the snow-mantle garments the land:
Then thy grave shall be dug 'neath the old cherry-tree,
Which in Spring-time will shed down its blossoms on thee;
And, when a few fast-fleeting seasons are o'er,
Thy faith and thy form shall be thought of no more!

Then all who caressed thee and loved, shall be laid,
Life's pilgrimage o'er, in the tomb's dreary shade;
Other steps shall be heard on these floors, and the past
Be like yesterday's clouds from the memory cast:
Improvements will follow; old walls be thrown down,
Old landmarks removed, when old masters are gone;
And the gardener, when delving, will marvel to see
White bones where once blossomed the old cherry-tree!

Frail things! could we read but the objects around,
In the meanest some deep-lurking truth may be found,
Some type of our frailty, some warning to shew
How shifting the sands are we build on below:
Our fathers have passed, and have mixed with the mould;
Year presses on year, till the young become old;
Time, though a stern teacher, is partial to none;
And the friend and the foe pass away, one by one!

—D. M. MOIR.

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN LOCH TURIT.

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watery haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:

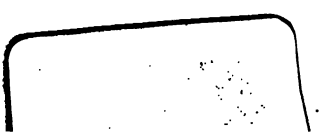
Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline!
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore!
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

—OLDYS.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
There they are privileged; and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.
The sum is this: If man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are—
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too.

—COWPER.



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